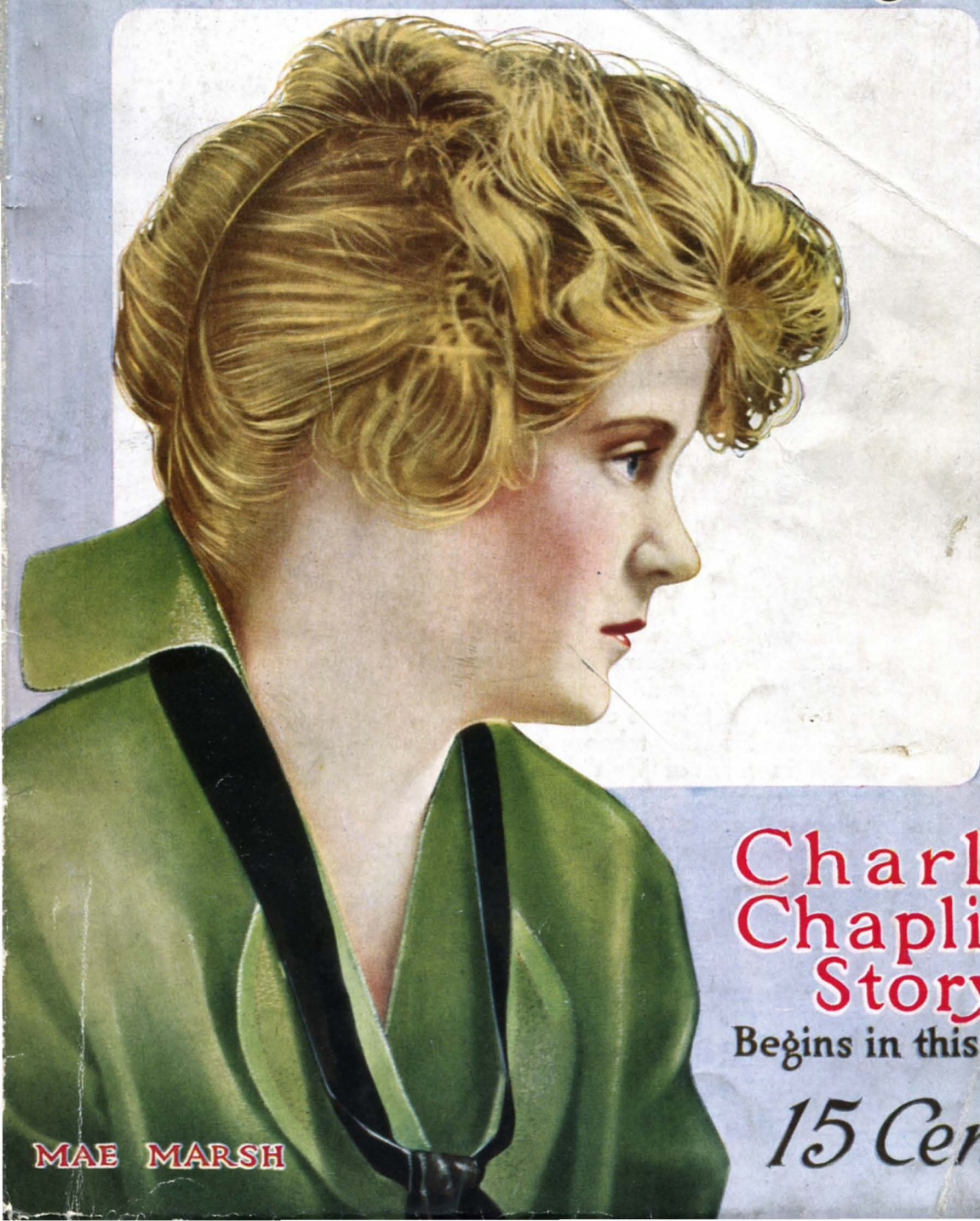


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VOL. VIII

No. 2

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From photo by Witzel, Los Angeles.

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Published monthly by the PHOTOPLAY PUBLISHING CO., 350 N. Clark St., Chicago, Ill.

EDWIN M. COLVIN, President JAMES R. QUIRK, Vice President ROBERT M. EASTMAN, Secretary-Treas.

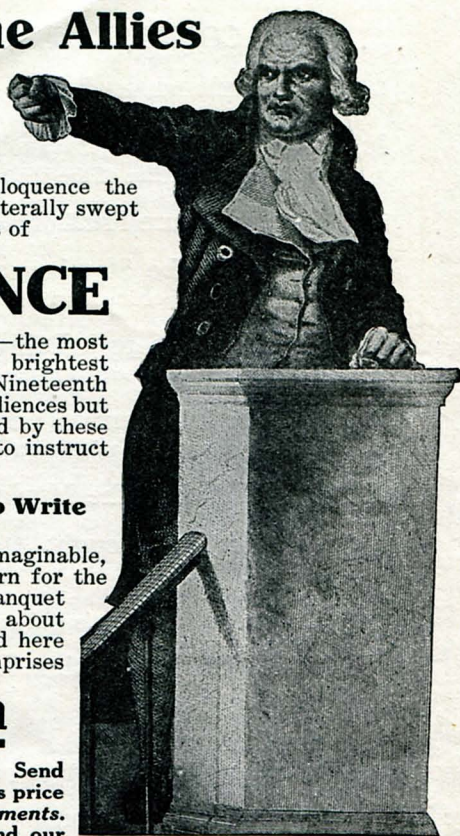
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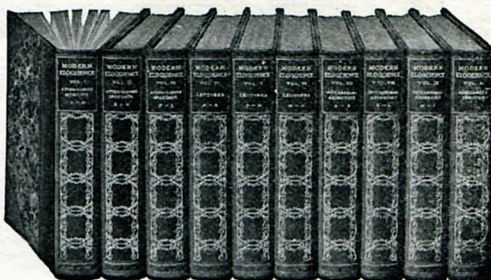
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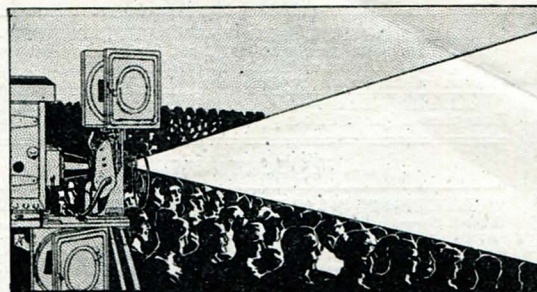
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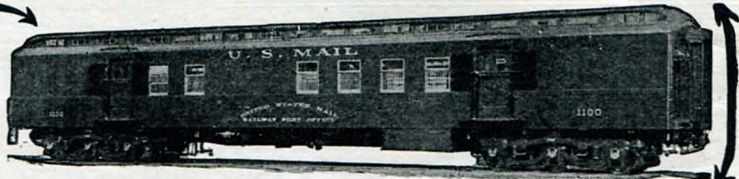
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ANITA STEWART

was born in Brooklyn, New York, February 17th, 1895. She is a sister-in-law of Ralph Ince and was introduced first to the Vitagraph studios on Long Island as an "extra lady." From that she graduated to the title role in "The Wood Violet." A whole series of photoplays have been written for her, each one of which has the more firmly established her, in spite of her youth, as one of the supreme artistes of visual drama. This summer she is starring in Gouverneur Morris' serial photoplay, "The Goddess."



GERDA HOLMES

is in private life the wife of Rapley Holmes, with whom she worked for some time at the Essanay studios in Chicago. Mrs. Holmes' work on the screen has been exceptional, and she has been playing in leading roles for some time. She is a native of Denmark, whence she came several years ago to appear in operatic roles in this country. Her first photoplay affiliation was with Thanhouser. She is now starring with the United Photoplay Company.



CARLYLE BLACKWELL

was born in Troy, Pa. He was seized early with the wanderlust typical of the artistic temperament, which led him eventually to the stage and a part in "The Gay White Way," a musical comedy. Following that, he appeared in several productions and eventually became affiliated with the Vitagraph Company. From the Vitagraph he went to Kalem where he built up a reputation as one of the most popular leading men in America. Mr. Blackwell is now with Jesse Lasky.



LOIS MEREDITH

made her initial theatrical appearance in a leading role as the little stenographer who is nearly led astray by the handsome gray haired villain in "Help Wanted." Her success in this venture was decisive, both in New York and throughout the country, and at the close of her engagement therewith, Oliver Morosco secured her services for the photo-dramatic version.



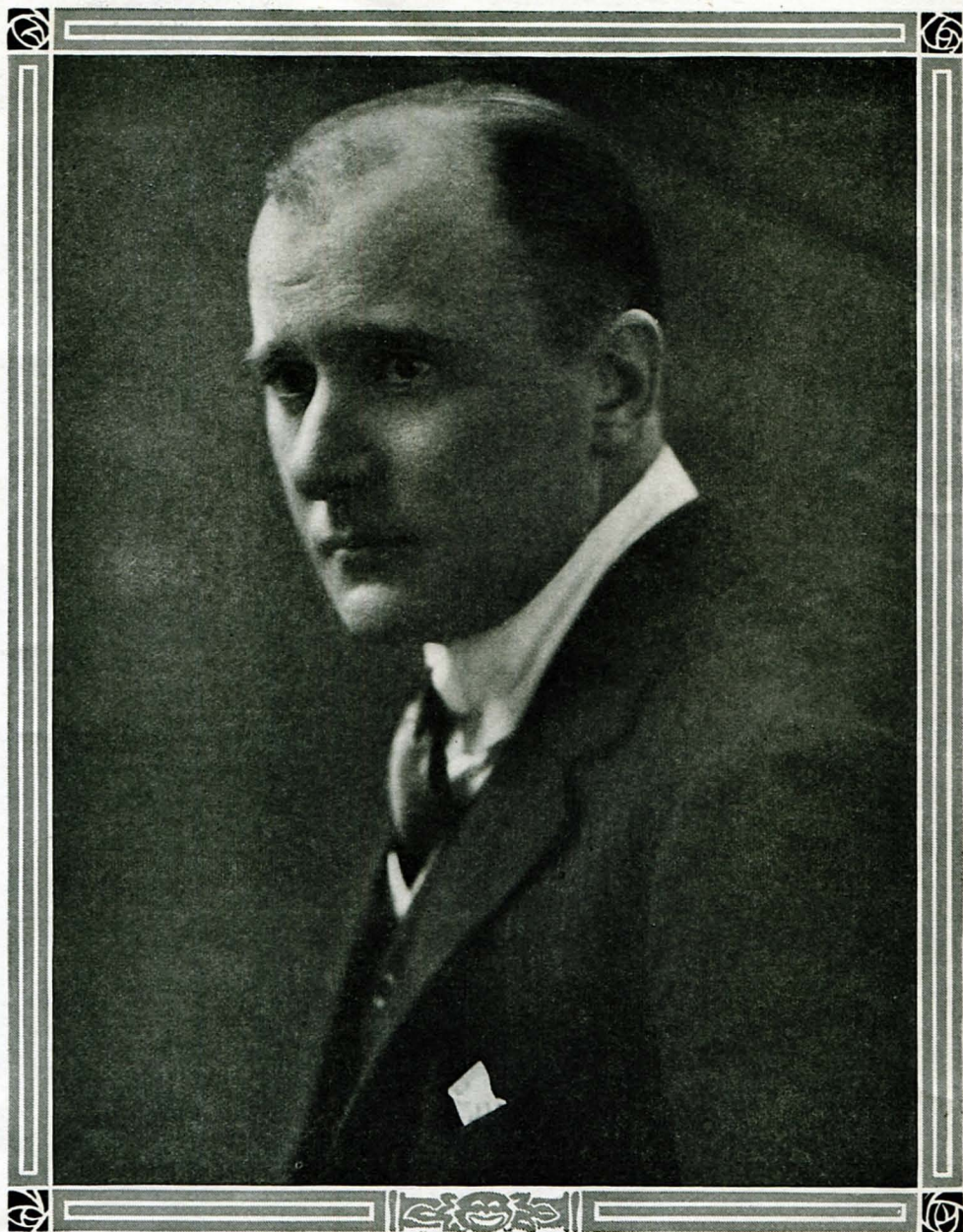
HENRY B. WALTHALL

was born in Shelby County, Alabama, in 1880, and is a veteran of the Spanish American War. He is at his best in strong roles of suppressed intensity, and is today looked upon as one of the most effective actors among the photoplayers. He spent seven years on the legitimate stage, and began his screen career with the Biograph Company and Pathe Freres from whom he went to the Reliance Company of the Mutual Film Corporation. He has been long in Los Angeles, but calls Bogota, N. J., his home.



ALICE HOLLISTER

is an emotional leading lady with the Kalem Company in the Florida studio. She was born in Worcester, Mass., Sept. 19th, 1892, and has never been on the stage, her first dramatic appearance being on the screen with the Kalem Company four years ago. She is unmarried and, when she has time, finds her greatest amusement in dancing and motoring.



ARNOLD DALY

one of the most distinguished American actors, is as well known upon the London stage as in America. He introduced George Bernard Shaw, the Anglo-Celtic satirist, to this country, by bringing over one of the Shavian comedies under his own direction, playing the lead therein at the same time. He is familiar to millions of photoplay audiences as the redoubtable hero in "The Exploits of Elaine."



LOUISE GLAUM

played ingenue parts for some time in leading stock companies in Chicago and with several George M. Cohan musical comedies. She was for a time, also, ingenue in Nat Goodwin's stock company in Los Angeles, and has appeared "on the road" in "The Melting Pot," "Officer 666," and "The Servant in the House." After going with the movies she played leads with the Kay Bee and Nestor companies. She is at present with the Universal.



ALAN HALE,

six feet, two inches of blond Biograph leading business, admits that grand opera, not a picture screen, is his first artistic love. Mr. Hale has already qualified as a dramatic tenor, and will likely be a Metropolitan Opera House Siegfried before the Osler age gets him. He has appeared with the Reliance Company, and calls Washington, D. C., his home.



HAROLD LOCKWOOD,

who has recently joined the Western branch of the American Film Company, at Santa Barbara, was one of the most popular leading men in the ranks of the Famous Players, and has appeared in many notable pictures. While he has supported some illustrious stars, Mr. Lockwood is now in a fair way to become an equally illustrious star himself—as his interpretations deserve.



MIRIAM NESBITT

an actress of unusual poise and grace, was born in Chicago, Illinois, and made her dramatic debut in Charles Frohman's production of "The Tree of Knowledge" in 1898. Afterwards she appeared in "The County Chairman," "Peter Pan," "The Road To Yesterday," "David Harum," "The Embassy Ball" and "The Travelling Salesman." She has been with the Edison Company six years and is unmarried. She has brown hair and gray eyes and her favorite amusements are travel and the theatre.



Copyright, Vitagraph

HARRY MOREY

was the "leading heavy" in the Vitagraph feature, "A Million Bid," and is to be featured extensively this summer by this company, with which he has been for some time and has established a reputation in character and straight roles. Morey is a big fellow with a full-fisted punch in his acting that makes him a dominant figure in every play in which he appears.



LAURA HOPE CREWS,

one of the most distinguished women of the dramatic stage, will make her screen debut in "The Fighting Hope," a Lasky-Belasco photoplay. Miss Crews has been winning year-long plaudits in "The Phantom Rival," at the Belasco theatre in New York; previously, her name was for years identified with Henry Miller's big successes.



MARGARITA FISCHER

is a graduate of grand opera and vaudeville as well as the "legitimate" stage. She was with the Imp company for quite a while, and at the present time is featured with the American studios. Margarita Fischer loves motoring, but claims to have no desire to do housework.



MARIN SAIS

is a descendant of one of the oldest Castilian families of California, and was born in Marin County, after which she was named. She was educated at the College of Notre Dame, in San Jose. Upon her graduation, she secured a position with a dramatic stock company, and thence, after several other engagements, went into the movies with the Kalem Company.



CHARLES CHAPLIN

the most popular comedian that the motion picture industry has yet produced. His own story, as narrated to Harry C. Carr, begins in this issue of Photoplay Magazine. It will be a document of vital interest for every one of America's thirteen million picture-loving individuals.

Charlie Chaplin's Story

AS NARRATED BY MR. CHAPLIN HIMSELF

I am going to reconstruct, as far as possible, Charlie Chaplin's story just as he told it to me, in various little lulls and calms between pictures, or baths, or dinner engagements, or whatever seemed to be coming interferingly between us. I found him a quiet, simple, rather lovable little chap, with no especial ambition except to be of entertaining service to the world. He balked at the idea of writing his own autobiography or having it written "to sign," said he'd read fifty autobiographies of more or less well known people which were just full of words which they'd never heard in their lives, so what was the use? But as I said, I will endeavor to tell his story as nearly in his own words as I can:

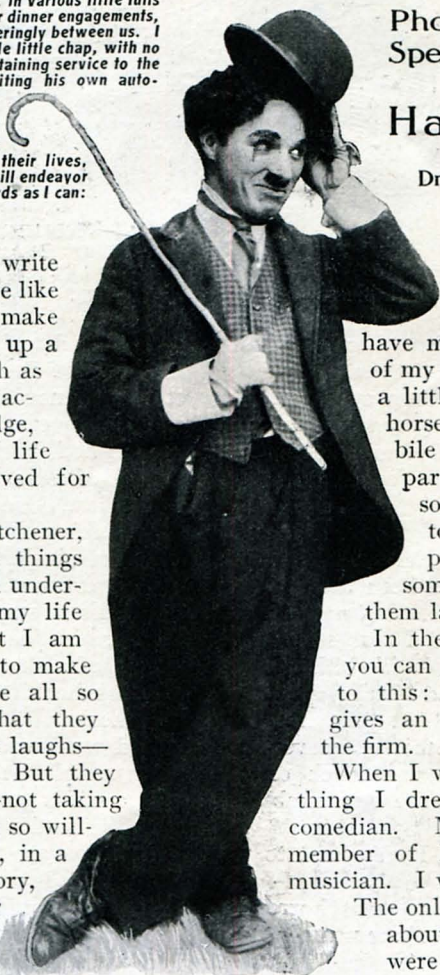
To
Photoplay Magazine's
Special Representative

Harry C. Carr

Drawings by E. W. Gale

ACTORS trying to write autobiographies are like girls trying to make fudge. They use up a lot of good material—such as sugar and ink—and don't accomplish much. Like fudge, the story of a fellow's life ought really to be reserved for his immediate relatives.

If I were Lord Kitchener, doing things and saying things that made history, I could understand why the story of my life ought to be written; but I am just a little chap trying to make people laugh. They are all so anxious to be happy that they eagerly help me make the laughs—the audiences, I mean. But they give me all the credit—not taking any themselves for being so willing to laugh. So I feel, in a way, that in telling this story, I am just talking it over with my business partners—the end of the firm that



really makes the laughs.

Some day when I have made money enough out of my share, I am going to buy a little farm and a good old horse and buggy—automobile agents can read this part twice—and retire; sometimes I will ride into town and go to a moving picture show and see some other fellow making them laugh.

In the circumstances, I guess you can just put this story down to this: that Charley Chaplin gives an account of himself to the firm.

When I was a little boy, the last thing I dreamed of was being a comedian. My idea was to be a member of Parliament or a great musician. I wasn't quite clear which.

The only thing I really dreamed about was being rich. We were so poor that wealth seemed to me the summit of

all ambition and the end of the rainbow.

Both my father and mother were actors. My father was Charles Chaplin, a well known singer of descriptive ballads. He had a fine baritone voice and is still remembered in England. My mother was also a well known vaudeville singer. On the stage she was known as Lillie Harley. She, too, had a fine voice and was well known as a singer of the "character songs" which are so popular in England. She and my father usually traveled with the same vaudeville company but never, as far as I know, worked in the same act.

In spite of their professional reputations and their two salaries, my earliest recollections are of poverty. I guess the salaries could not have amounted to much in those days.

My brother Syd was four years old when I was born. That interesting event happened at Fontainebleau, France. My father and mother were touring the continent at that time with a vaudeville company. I was born at a hotel on April 16, 1889. As soon as my mother was able to travel, we returned to London, and that was my home, more or less, until I came to America.

The very first thing I can remember is of being shoved out on the stage to sing a song. I could not have been over five or six years old at the time. My mother was taken suddenly sick and I was sent on to take her place in the vaudeville bill. I sang an old Coster song called "Jack Jones."

It must have been about this time that my father died. My mother was never very strong and, what with the shock of my father's death and all, she was unable to work for a time.

My brother Syd and I were sent to the poorhouse.

English people have a great horror of the poorhouse; but I don't remember it as a very dreadful place. To tell you the truth, I don't remember much about it. I

have just a vague idea of what it was like.

The strongest recollection I have of this period of my life is of creeping off by myself at the poorhouse and pretending I was a very rich and grand person.

My brother Syd was always a wide-awake, lively, vigorous young person. But I was always delicate and rather sickly as a child. I was of a dreamy, imaginative disposition. I was always pretending I was somebody else, and the worst I ever gave

myself in these day-dreams and games of "pretend" was a seat in Parliament for life and an income of a million pounds.

Sometimes I used to pretend that I was a great musician, or the director of a great orchestra; but the director was always a rich man.

Music, even in my poorhouse days, was always a passion with me. I never was able to take lessons of any kind,

but I loved to hear music and could play any kind of instrument I could lay hands on. Even now, I can play the piano, 'cello or violin by ear.

Syd had a lofty contempt for these dreams of mine. What Syd wanted was to be a sailor. He was always pretending he was walking the bridge of a great battleship, ordering broadsides walloped into the enemy's ships of war.

We didn't stay long at the poorhouse. I am not sure just how long, but my impression is of a short stay. My mother recovered her health to some extent and took us back home.

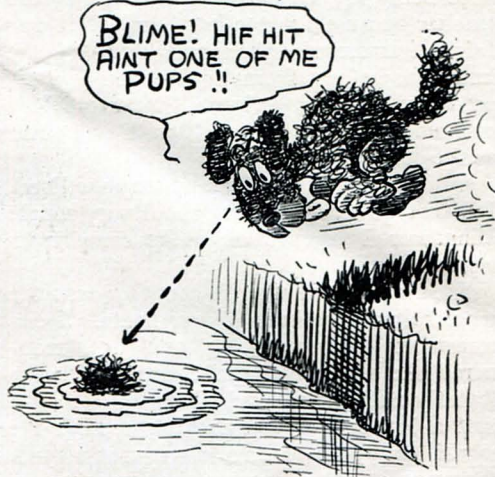
Syd went away from home immediately after we left the poorhouse. He was really very anxious to be a sailor and my mother sent him to the Hanwell school, in Surrey, where boys are trained for the sea. Many boys from the poorhouse went to this school. I dare say that is where Syd got the idea.

My mother sent me to school in London. I don't remember a great deal about it. The strongest recollection I have of school





WHEN A MERE CHILD HE PLAYED THE CELLO, VIOLIN AND PIANO.



THIS IS HOW HE HAPPENED TO BE SAVED FROM A WATERY END IN THE "TEMS" BY A WOOLY DOG



AS A CHILD HE WAS WONT TO SIT IN THE CORNER AND IMAGINE HIMSELF RICH!



CHAPLIN MADE HIS FIRST PUBLIC APPEARANCE AT THE AGE OF SIX - AND IT WASN'T "SILENT" EITHER !!

is of being rapped over the knuckles by the teacher because I wrote left-handed. I was fairly hammered black and blue on the knuckles before I finally learned how to write with my right hand. As a result I can now write just as well with one hand as the other.

On account of the random way we lived, I didn't go to a regular school very much. Whatever I learned of books came from my mother.

It seems to me that my mother was the most splendid woman I ever knew. I can remember how charming and well-mannered she was. She spoke four languages fluently and had a good education. I have met a lot of people knocking around the world since; but I have never met a more thoroughly refined woman than my mother. If I have amounted to anything, or ever do amount to anything, it will be due to her. I can remember very plainly how, even as a very small child, she tried to teach me. I would have been a fine young roughneck, slamming around the world as I did, if it not had been for my mother.

I don't remember ever having had any definite ambition to go on the stage or of being attracted to the life. I just naturally drifted onto the stage, just as the son of a storekeeper begins tending to the counter.

With both my mother and father, however, it was a definite intention to put me on the stage. I can't remember when the talk of this began. It always seemed to be a fact generally understood in the family

that I should be an actor. I can remember how carefully my mother trained me in stagecraft. I learned acting as I learned to read and write.

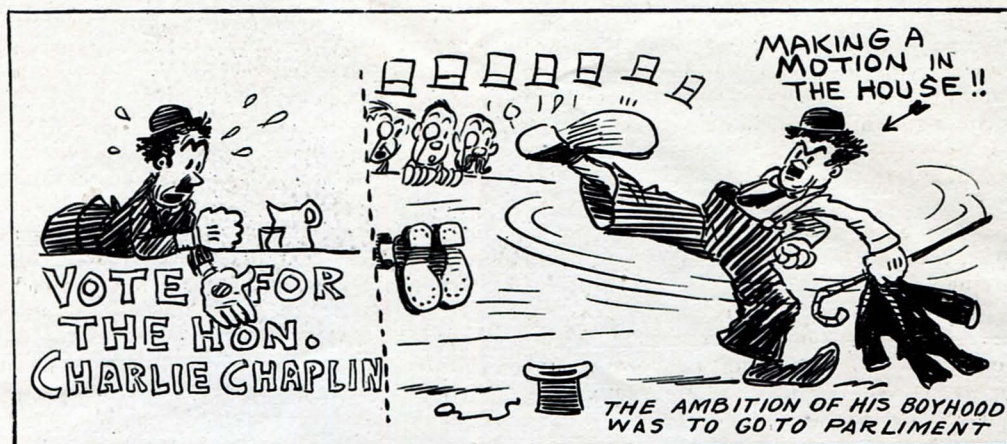
I don't remember when I began regularly as a professional, but I remember that I was already working on the stage when I had a narrow escape from drowning.

I remember that I was on tour with a show called "The Yorkshire Lads." It seems to me that I could not have been much over five or six years old; but I suppose I must have been a year or two older. Two or three of the boys of the company were throwing sticks into the River Thames and I slipped into the stream. I can remember how I felt as I was swept down the river on the current. I knew that I was drowning, when I felt a big, shaggy body in the water near me. I had just consciousness and strength left to grab hold of the fur and hang on, and was dragged ashore by a big black woolly dog which belonged to a policeman on duty along the river. If it hadn't been for that dog, there wouldn't have been any Charlie Chaplin on the screen.

I don't remember anything about the show I was acting in at that time. I suppose I must have been acting or singing at intervals during those years, but the first show I have any very definite recollection of was a piece called "Jim, the Romance of Cocaine," by H. A. Saintsbury, who is a very famous playwright on the other side.

This was my first real hit on the stage. I





had a part called "Sammy, the newsboy," and I will have to admit that between the part and myself we made a terrific hit.

I got some fine notices from the big London newspapers, and from that time I began to go ahead.

I liked playing a regular part much better than I did the vaudeville work. It seems to me that I had made up my mind at this time to become a legitimate actor. I don't remember that comedy appealed very much to me, either. I think my parents both had the same ambition for me that I had for myself. My vaudeville work with them was only incidental. Both parents being in vaudeville, it was very natural that I should occasionally be used in one capacity or another in the show. This is the almost invariable fate of children of the vaudeville. But, as I remember my mother's training, it was all looking toward a career for me as a legitimate actor.

The next important part I remember, after appearing as Sammy the newsboy, was in "Sherlock Holmes," in which I had the part of Billy. I toured all over England in this part and did well.

After this I began to encounter what Americans call "hard sledding." The worst period in the life of an actor who starts as I did is the period between boyhood and ma-

turity. I had a hard time getting along then. I was too big to make boys' parts convincing and too small and immature to take men's parts.

I will reserve for another chapter my real start as a grown up actor.

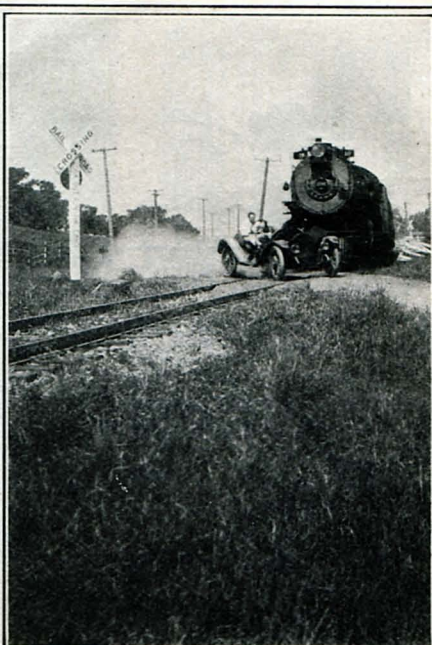
It seems that the story of nobody's boyhood is complete without the account of his boyhood sweethearts. I am afraid I have nothing thrilling to tell in this regard. I was not the type of boy who was very strongly attracted to girls in real life. I was too busy with the people of my games of "pretend." Most of my boyhood sweethearts were wonderful creatures of my day-dreams. I have a vague recollection of certain wonderful charmers of my own age; but it is not quite clear in my own mind which were the real little girls and which were the dream children. The little boy-girl flirtations never appealed to me. The young ladies available did not live up to the standard of grandeur set by the young ladies that I imagined.

If, in some way, I have relegated to the mists of unreality some little girl whom I really adored and whose name I have forgotten, to her I present my profound apologies. I will fall back on slang and say that she was a dream anyhow, which ought to square it.

NEXT MONTH

Chaplin in the legitimate, and his movie beginnings; anecdotal "one-foot corners," and more pen impressions by Gale.

"Over-the-Cliff" Winning His Name



*Cummings shakes hands with death
at a grade crossing.*



Driver Thompson actually making an unparalleled plunge over a cliff seventy feet high, in the taking of "The Diamond from the Sky," at Santa Barbara, California. At the right, below, Irvin Cummings driving a machine at a mile a minute, while the cameraman, hazardously perched in front, takes a close-up of the "racing face."

In The Dark

By Elliot Balestier

A LITTLE RIFT WITHIN THE LUTE WILL MAKE THE TUNE GO FALSE

Illustrations from the Kaufman-Clayton photoplays by the Lubin studios

LEO LECHMEER turned toward his companion and looked down at the coiled masses of red-gold hair that crowned her bowed head.

He was a handsome man of thirty-five, tall, well set-up, immaculately groomed, with the assured manner and confident poise that wealth, good birth, and consciousness of power—both mental and material—alone can give. A clever man; a man of the great world, in the broadest meaning of the term, charming, attractive, brilliant, he was, in the pursuit of his own pleasures and whims, as coldly selfish, as cruelly cunning and as patiently persistent as a tiger.

The ironical smile he hid behind the long slender fingers, that delicately fondled his small moustache and imperial, was strangely at variance with the tense earnestness of his voice.

"I am not blind, Edith. Can I stand by and see you neglected by the one who should cherish you?" He broke off with a short, almost harsh, laugh.

"Look!" he whispered.

A couple were threading the maze of the masquerade, in the close embrace of the tango. The man was young,

clean-cut, good-looking; the fancy dress he wore was of his own designing and set off his virile young figure to advantage, but in spite of his youth he carried himself with the modest assurance of success achieved.

The woman was a different type. An unmistakable Latin, she had the rich, passionate coloring of the south, dark yet vivid and intensely feminine. Tall and slender, but beautifully formed, with the lithe, sensuous beauty of a panther—or a snake—her every movement was the very apotheosis of grace. She was gowned as such women always are—in some exotic but wonderful creation of her own, as effective as it was daring.

Absorbed in his partner, the man did not look toward the alcove, but the woman did. The night-black, fathomless eyes that smoldered so languorously beneath the half-closed lids, were very keen; they did not

miss the two behind the palms, and the thin, vividly scarlet lips, half parted in the ecstasy of the dance, twitched ever so slightly, with cruelly sardonic mirth; a mirth subtly terrifying in the depth of its knowledge of evil, and as pitiless as the Inquisition.



"That night she knelt in agony beside her bed to pray—but she did not pray."

Lechmeer suppressed an answering smile, and turned once more to the girl at his side.

"Edith, it is more than I can bear!" he exclaimed passionately. "Rex is—"

"I cannot listen," she interrupted quietly, an almost pathetic dignity in her tone, "Rex is my husband. I—I love him."

Lechmeer repressed the exclamation of annoyance that rose to his lips.

"Forgive me," he said humbly, "it is hard to remain silent. And there is more than my words to forgive too, Edith. It was I who brought Rex and Julia Duval together. I cannot forget that. I feel that I am in a way to blame—"

"Oh, but you must not," interrupted Edith. "That is unjust to yourself. You gave Rex the opportunity of his life; it is no small thing to be chosen to paint the portrait of the most beautiful, the most talked of actress of a day—a chance the most famous artists in the world were striving bitterly for. You could not foresee the—the complications. It is—the price of success, I suppose."

Lechmeer smiled slightly. "Rex had fame without that," he murmured; it was a part of his method to lead her to present his defense for him. It would be more convincing so.

"Yes, he had success," returned Edith, "but this picture will be his masterpiece. It will make his fame international. And oh, Leo! You do not know how I prayed for this success. You cannot conceive what those years of sordid poverty in garret studios meant to me, while Rex labored on day and night, working, always working, but always hopeful, always cheery."

"And when at last the art world began to recognize his genius; when Fame came, and money, and we moved from the poor studio to the big house with servants and automobiles—I was happy—so happy."

She paused, staring unseeingly at the gay throng, beyond the palms. Lechmeer smiled behind his hand. He knew the value of silence as well as of speech.

"But even then," she went on after a moment, "even before the—the Duval came, I saw that success had a price. The change in our circumstances meant nothing to Rex. It pleased him that I should have the things I desired, but he, himself, enwrapped heart and soul in his work, cared little for the material success. His studio

was no longer in the house—and I was lonely—lonely—and then you came."

She arose, shivering slightly, though the significance of her last words altogether escaped her. Indeed she was scarcely conscious that she was speaking aloud. Lechmeer understood, however, and a gleam of triumph lighted his cold eyes. He was satisfied for the moment.

"Shall we dance?" he asked quietly, rising also, "it is chilly in here."

Edith shook her head. "I am tired," she replied, "and my head aches. If you don't mind having them call my car, I think I will go home. You will tell Rex, won't you?"

Lechmeer bowed; it was a mark of his subtlety that he neither urged her to remain nor offered to accompany her.

Rex Mansfield looked surprised and none too pleased when Lechmeer carried Edith's message, but he made no comment. Mademoiselle Duval was still his companion. "*Voilà!*" she remarked gayly. "*Madame* is—how you say—ze boss in ze house. She depart *sans ceremonie*."

Rex frowned slightly, but said nothing. Lechmeer only smiled.

That night Edith knelt in an agony beside her bed to pray—but she did not pray.

It was late when she arose the next morning. Rex had already gone to the studio. Mademoiselle Duval was to pose, she remembered—a final sitting that would see the wonderful portrait's completion. And then?

Edith pushed away her untasted breakfast and wandered restlessly into the drawing-room. She was nervous and *distract*; she had not slept well, and the headache that had served as an excuse for leaving the ball the night before was a reality now. She was unwontedly depressed too, and a vague apprehension, a dull foreboding of impending evil beset her, so that so simple a thing as the ringing of the doorbell sent her hastily to the drawing-room door, her hand pressed to her breast to still the heavy pounding of her heart.

Who was it? That it might be anyone from a book peddler to a reporter did not occur to her. Instinctively she knew it was neither. The butler opened the door, and Leo Lechmeer's voice spoke her name.

Leo! At that hour of the morning.

Before the butler could reply she was in the hall. Lechmeer was as immaculately

and correctly clad, his manner as self-possessed, his bearing as calm as ever; but the usual charming smile was missing. His face was very grave, and there was pity and sympathy in his eyes. One look at his face was enough; she flew to his side.

"Leo!" she cried anxiously. "What is it? Why have you come so early? What has happened?"

Very gently he led her into the drawing-room and forced her to sit down.

"Something *has* happened," he replied gravely. "But you must not lose your pluck, Edith. There has been an accident—at the studio. It is serious—but might be much worse."

"Rex!" she exclaimed, "something has happened to him? He is—"

"No," he returned hastily. "He is not dead nor in any danger of death, but—there has been an accident. At least Rex insists it was an accident. I can't understand how it happened; but there was a bottle of acid, and in some way it was spilt—in his eyes."

"His eyes," she repeated uncomprehendingly. "You mean that they are injured! That he may be—"

Lechmeer spoke the word she could not.

"Blind," he said very gently. "Yes! You must be brave, Edith. Rex will never see again."

"Rex will never see again—Rex blind." The words rang in her brain meaningless, unrealized. And Leo said it might have been worse. To him, yes. To the majority of people perhaps, but to Rex. Life *meant* sight to him. Blindness would be but a conscious death.

And then
a n o t h e r
t h o u g h t o b -

truded itself, a wicked, horribly selfish thought it seemed to her; a thought that she strove to banish but that would not be denied and that persisted, all during the nightmare drive, in Lechmeer's limousine, to the hospital where Rex had been taken.

"If he were blind, then, at least, the Duval would have no further use for him." "*If* he were blind!" Even now when she knew that in a few moments she would see him, her mind refused to grasp the fact, nor until she knelt beside his white cot in the great hospital, and looked at the pale face and bandaged eyes, did she realize the full horror of the sentence a pitiless Fate had passed upon him.

Life to him meant light, color, form; now he was in the dark forever.

They did not let her remain long, and presently she found herself again in the limousine. She was still dazed, her mind numb from the shock. The events of the last hour seemed dim and far away, and she reviewed them as one reviews a dream, or an incident of childhood.

But gradually, as she became calmer, her brain more normal, the smaller things that had been lost in the shock of the main fact began to assume their proper proportions. What was it Leo had said? "A bottle of acid." "An accident, Rex insisted." "*Rex*



"Not until she knelt beside his white cot in the great hospital—did she realize the full horror of the sentence a pitiless fate had passed on him."

*"There was a doctor:
a massive, masterful
man, with gray hair
and keen, compelling
eyes."*



type. A man would have to have all the chivalry of the combined Round Table—or," he added after a perceptible pause, "be more in love than Abelard, Paolo and

Romeo put together to do a thing like that."
Edith

insisted?" Was there doubt then? She turned suddenly to Lechmeer.

"Mademoiselle Duval?" she asked. "She was to have posed. Where was she when it happened?"

Lechmeer appeared to hesitate, looking out of the window to conceal a slight smile, half of amusement, half triumph, that he could not repress.

"She had left the studio," he replied at last. "He was alone, but was able to reach the telephone and call Doctor McVicar—the great specialist. By luck I happened along at about the same time. The accident happened a few minutes after Mademoiselle Duval left—according to Rex."

"Why do you say 'according to Rex'?" she demanded.

"Is there any doubt?"

Lechmeer looked at her with well simulated embarrassment. "Doubt?" he returned. "Why should there be?" He laughed constrainedly. "Good Heavens, Edith, you don't imagine she did it and he is shielding her, do you? Rex is not the

leaned back against the soft cushions of the luxurious car, and closed her eyes wearily. Lechmeer's manner had had its effect as he intended. She knew he believed exactly the thing he pretended to deny; the truth was plain. Rex loved the woman. Loved her so deeply, that even after she—either by accident or design—had deprived him of that which was more to him than life itself, he shielded her.

She felt her world slipping from her. She had thought him fascinated by the Duval's exotic beauty; believed him the victim of a sudden momentary infatuation, but such a love as this she had not dreamed of. Now her last hold was gone; her last mooring slipped.

The thought that had disturbed her during the drive to the hospital recurred to her. But what did it matter now if the Duval *did* throw him over? The love that could survive such a test as his had would survive that too. The woman might go out of his life, but the love would remain—and the portrait.

The portrait—he could not see it, but her imagination—morbidly active now—pictured him, sitting in his studio before it, worshipping—in the dark. That afternoon she went to the studio alone.

The portrait was there on its easel—uncovered, for no one had thought of it after the accident—and for a long time she stood staring at it, trying to see wherein lay the power of the woman it pictured.

It *was* Rex Mansfield's masterpiece. There was no doubt of that. A work of transcendent genius, vivid, glowing, *alive*. Almost it seemed that it would speak to her—that the scarlet lips would curve in that all-comprehending, evil, sneering smile, mocking and triumphing over her.

In a sudden access of fury she seized a brush cloth, and swept it across the fathomless eyes that seemed to look through and beyond her, and the glowing face became an unsightly blur. Edith laughed aloud. Reckless now, she drew the cloth back and forth up and down over the wet paint, until the entire canvas was but a ghastly, unrecognizable smudge of paint.

Then the reaction came, and too weak from the excess of emotion to be frightened at what she had done, too numb and dazed to care, she went home.

Each day of the months that followed became an increasing torture to Edith. Rex came home after a few weeks, when all hope of restoring his sight had been abandoned. Outwardly he was unchanged; a little thinner, a little paler, perhaps, but his eyes showed no visible sign of the acid that had destroyed their sight, and anyone seeing him, seated, or even moving confidently about his own house, would never have imagined he was blind.

But he was no longer the cheery, hopeful Rex, of the old garret studio days. Daily he grew more depressed and silent, more morbid and irritable; financial difficulties came too, for now that Rex could no longer work, their income had ceased, and it was but a matter of time when they would have to give up the big house and sink once more to poverty.

Lechmeier was a frequent visitor now; sometimes when Rex was home, more often when he was not, for Rex now spent hours alone in the studio, and Edith, picturing him worshipping before the portrait he could not see, felt a grim satisfaction in the knowledge that it no longer existed.

But Leo now was her main interest in life; recklessly she abandoned herself to the current, drifting, hopeless. And Lechmeier was not slow to press his advantage. Day by day he became more open in his pursuit, more passionate, more insistent. And then one day the burden became greater than she could bear, and she decided. Quite calmly she dressed for the street, summoned a taxi and drove to Lechmeier's bachelor quarters.

He was seated at his desk when she en-



"He was only just in time."

tered, but he sprang up with a cry of joy and triumph, and hastened towards her.

"I have come," she said quite simply, as he clasped her in his arms.

Almost immediately she released herself, however.

"We must go away as you promised," she went on, holding him off. "We cannot remain in the city: We must go—far away—to the other side of the world."

"Of course," he replied eagerly. "My affairs are all arranged; but, darling, I am almost mad with joy." He glanced hurriedly at his watch. "There is a boat at three to Liverpool, and it is nearly one now: I'll go and secure passage. You must wait here. I'll be back in an hour."

Once more he took her in his arms, with incoherent words of love—for so far as his selfish nature would permit he was, for the moment, sincere—then he seized his hat and hurried away.

With a deep sigh, that might have stood for either relief, regret, or despair, Edith walked slowly to the window.

Lechmeer stood at the curb glancing impatiently up and down; but no taxi was in sight, and he started across the street. Half way over, his passage was blocked by a heavily loaded motor-truck, and turning to go around it he saw Edith at the window and paused to wave his hand. He did not see the rapidly approaching car, coming from the other direction, and he was hidden from its driver by the truck.

But Edith saw it; saw too what must happen, but her wild scream of terror could not be heard, and her frantic signals came too late, even could he have guessed their meaning, for in that second he was struck down.

The next half hour passed, as a nightmare passes, vague, half-remembered; only the sense of sickening terror lingered. She remembered watching the crowd, an ever-moving sea of hats, that swirled and eddied about the central point of tragedy. Then a little knot of men, policemen, some of them, broke away, and they bore a burden that sagged and doubled limply. Then they were in the room and had laid that which they bore upon a couch.

Afterwards they had asked a thousand questions, and she had answered—she knew not what. There was a doctor: a massive, masterful man, with gray hair and keen, compelling eyes; it was his car that had

run down "her husband" (they all seemed to take that for granted) he told her; he was hastening to an operation, and must be off now, but he would return and do what he could for *her*. For the silent form on the couch nothing could be done.

Then they left her—alone with her dead. "*Her* dead!" The irony of it. Too weak to stand, Edith sank into a chair. Again and again she asked herself:

"What shall I do? What shall I do?" but her mind refused to respond. She felt as if she was going mad.

Then as she became calmer she saw what she must do. She could not go home—to Rex. Leo, the man she was to have gone with, was dead. In death she must join him. But how?

There was no gas; the lights were electric. She walked to the window and looked out, but the idea repelled her—and it was by no means certain. If she only had a pistol! She looked about the room. Leo's desk, where he had sat when she entered, stood open; perhaps there—

She began pulling open the drawers, one after the other, then suddenly she paused, staring open-eyed at the photograph that looked up at her from an open drawer.

Julia Duval! What was her picture doing here? Slowly, almost fearfully, she picked it up and turned it over. Scarce comprehending, she read the words written in the Frenchwoman's bold, unusual hand, "To Leo, my lover."

"Leo, my lover." A dozen times she repeated the words before their full meaning penetrated her numbed brain. So Julia Duval had been, perhaps still was, Leo's mistress, and he had introduced her to Rex, not out of kindness—not as the wealthy dilettante and art connoisseur, assisting the rising artist—but that she, the adventuress, might win the artist's love, and undermine his wife's faith.

Clearly now she saw it all, and the atmosphere of the room became turgid and stifling; the dead man she had thought so noble, the very prototype of evil.

Without another thought, without a glance behind, she sprang to her feet and fled—home.

Whether she rode in car or taxi, or walked, or ran, she could not have told. At the next conscious moment she was in her own room, and someone was knocking upon the door.

It was her maid, a girl who had been with her since Rex first began to succeed, and her eyes sparkled with excitement.

"Oh! Madame!" she exclaimed. "Thank heavens you are home. There is such good news. Doctor McVicar, the famous specialist, is here, and he has made a great discovery. He is in the library now with the master trying it, and if the operation is a success the master will see again."

For a moment forgetful of self, a great hope, a mighty joy, surged up in Edith's heart, and in that same moment she realized that in spite of all she had done—all *he* had done—she loved her husband.

Then as in a moment's time a storm-cloud blots out the sun, the memory of her own horrible position blotted out her joy. If Rex recovered his sight, he would discover what she had done to his masterpiece. He would discover—what might he not discover?

But strangely enough this new shock had cleared her brain; she was no longer numb and dazed with terror. A cold calm had descended upon her. Dismissing the maid, she went downstairs and crouched outside the library door, striving to learn from the sounds within how the operation was

progressing; but only the soft rustle of garments and the occasional click of metal came to her, and soon even this ceased.

Then suddenly the door opened and a man stepped out of the room, closing the door quickly behind him.

With a gasp of dismay, Edith started up, staring wildly, for the man was tall and massive, gray of hair and beard, and his keen, compelling eyes fixed sternly upon her seemed to read her very soul.

It was the doctor who had run down Leo, and in a flash of intuition she realized who he was—her husband's friend—of whom she had heard so much but had never seen—the great specialist, Doctor John McVicar.

It was obvious too that the recognition was mutual, for both surprise and suspicion showed plainly in the doctor's face.

"What are you doing here?" he asked sharply. "What do you want?"

The icy coolness that had taken possession of her with the possibility of Rex's recovery did not desert her now.

"I am Mrs. Mansfield," she replied evenly. "I want to know the result of your experiment."

For a moment the doctor did not reply,



"Lechmeer was a frequent visitor."

but his eyes held her as he studied her; then slowly the harshness died out of his face. Whatever she was, whatever she had done—and the circumstances were certainly suspicious—there was no doubt that she had suffered, almost mortally, and the tale of that suffering was written upon her face, for all with eyes to read.

His voice when he finally spoke was much kinder.

"I am glad to say it has been an unqualified success," he replied. "In less than a month the cure will be complete."

A slow flush mounted to Edith's brow, and her eyes dilated strangely. "Thank you," she said quietly, and turning, walked slowly into the next room.

For a moment the doctor looked after her, frowning thoughtfully, then with sudden decision he strode swiftly after her. And he was only just in time. Edith stood in the center of the room, and the little pearl-handled revolver she had brought with her from her room was already pressed to her temple.

With a bound the doctor was at her side and grasped her wrist. The struggle was very short. McVicar was a powerful and active man, and Edith was quickly disarmed. Very gently he led her to a chair.

"Sit down, my child," he said quietly, and his voice was that of a father speaking to a beloved daughter. "There is nothing in life to fear—save Fear itself—and for the act you contemplated there is no excuse—ever. I am Rex's friend and yours. Tell me all you wish."

Then for the first time the unnatural calm that had possessed her broke, and she wept, and weeping told him all; candidly, fully, without quibble or reservation, she told him the story of her life from childhood.

And the great doctor—and great man—listening, knew from the fullness of his experience with human children, that she spoke the truth.

"Edith," he said when she had reached the end—and the use of her Christian name thrilled her, for she knew by it she had won his faith, "there is a great and sacred oath we doctors swear—to preserve inviolate the secrets of those who trust us—our patients. But there are times when the most sacred oath must be violated in the letter to keep it to the spirit, and this is one of them. You, like Rex, have been groping in the dark; it is time I let in the light.

"Rex never loved the Duval. The admiration was purely that of the artist for a perfect type of beauty. His love was always yours, and it was because he told her this when in a whim of her erratic passion she threw herself in his arms begging him to divorce you and marry her, that she—scorned and cast aside, as she chose to see it—in a moment of mad rage threw the acid in his eyes.

"That he shielded her, and forced me to also, was only his exaggerated and quixotic chivalry, for he felt that his open but impersonal admiration might have misled her. And now, my child, will you go to him?"

Edith started to her feet, doubt and a great joy struggling in her eyes.

"But the portrait," she cried anxiously, for it seemed incredible that even this man who swept away the blackest clouds with a wave of his hand could dispose of that obstacle.

Doctor McVicar smiled. "There is no portrait," he returned. "Rex himself, unaware of what you had done, destroyed it utterly. And now will you go to him and forgive and forget? He bade me tell you that this big house will have to go. That you two will have to begin all over, if not at the bottom—"

But she stopped him with a gesture. She did not answer in words, but the light in the eyes she turned upon him as she went towards the library told him all that he could wish to know.

Turning Misfortune into Fortune

MIRIAM NESBITT one time enjoyed a reputation as a daredevil diver and swimmer until when making a sensational high dive while bathing with girl friends, she broke her ear drum. Fortunately there was at the time in Chicago a noted Vienna specialist who was able to overcome

the misfortune though Miss Nesbitt was deaf in that ear for a time. It was while thus handicapped that she learned to read lips—an accomplishment which has aided her in many ways, particularly in "getting over some of the strongest scenes which depend upon the words spoken.

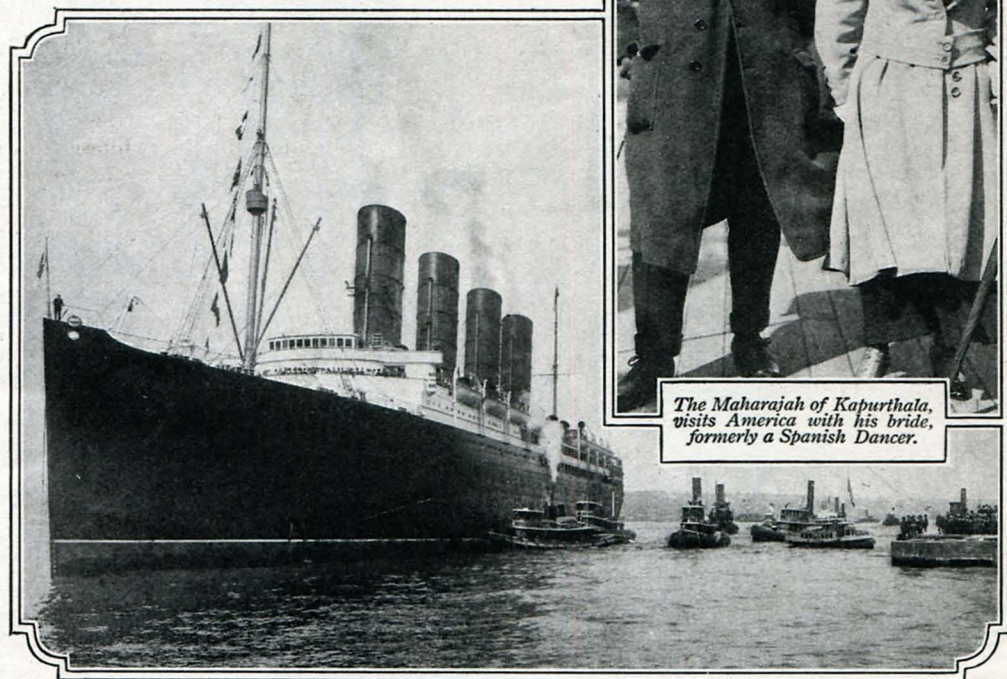
Sky-Sea Disaster—A Two-World Romance



Still Pictures Copyright by Underwood & Underwood; Motion pictures by Mutual Weekly, produced by the Gaumont Company.
British soldiers carefully removing an unexploded Zeppelin bomb from the English seashore.



The Maharajah of Kapurthala, visits America with his bride, formerly a Spanish Dancer.



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S. S. Lusitania, lovely bride of the insatiable sea, and cause of the gravest international complications.

The Camera's Record: War, Always War!



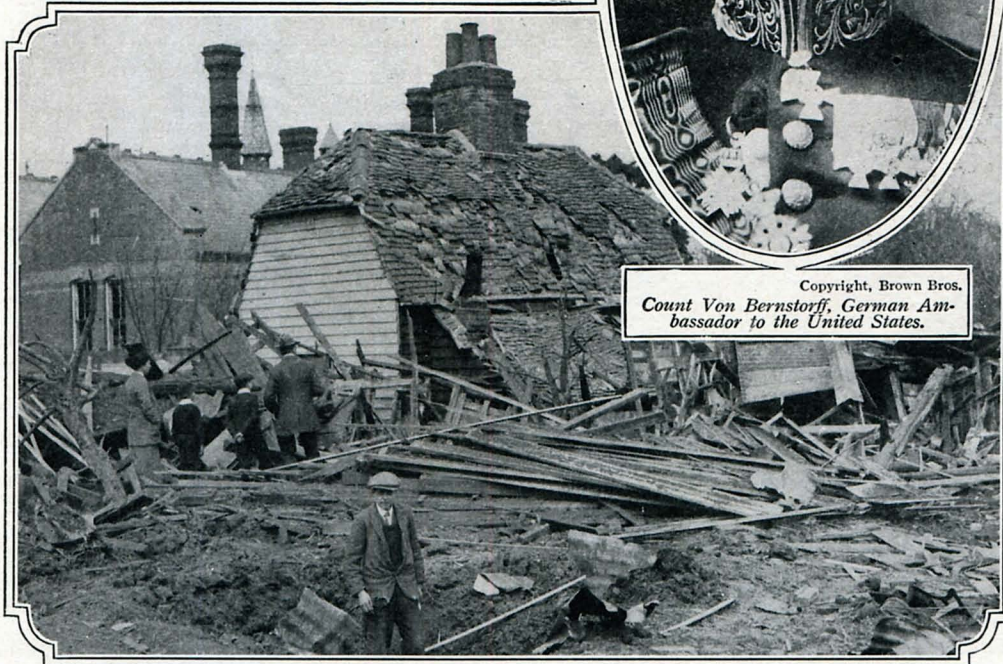
Still pictures by Underwood & Underwood - Motion pictures by Mutual Weekly, produced by the Gaumont Company.

A photo made solely by cannon-flash in a black midnight on the Flanders battle line.



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Count Von Bernstorff, German Ambassador to the United States.



What a Zeppelin did to cottages at Maldon, England.



Mary and Lottie Pickford,
photographed for Photoplay Magazine near the Famous Players studio in Los Angeles. This was one of their rare meetings, as their work in different companies leads to year-long family separation.

The WILD GOOSE CHASE

By FRANK WILLIAMS
from the Play by William C. DeMille

MONSIEUR CUPID PERMITS HIMSELF TO JEST

Illustrations by the Lasky studio

SINCE the sun shines alike upon the just and the unjust, it scorches equally, then, the meddlesome and the victims of officious affection.

Messieurs Paul Bonat and Pierre Courtot shook their white heads and pounded their sticks in the garden of the Chateau Fleur de Lys as they deplored the direction of modern tendencies. When all was said and done, they agreed, France and French customs were the best and, especially for the young, the safest.

"Eh, bien!" shrugged M. Courtot, and tasted his vermouth sparingly, "we weakened once, and have been left to a lonely old age. It serves us right for letting our daughters marry Americans."

M. Bonat snorted fiercely.

"Ha! You amuse me, Pierre. Well I remember your letting Yvonne marry that rascal Wright—after they had come back from the church. Let her! Ha!"

Courtot snorted in turn.

"And do you forget how sheepishly you blessed your Clotilde and that Randall when they had eloped under your stupid nose?" he retorted.

"There, there!" Bonat poured oil on the troubled waters. "We were a couple of softheads. But I suppose we wanted to see our children

happy no matter how we ourselves felt."

"They defied us and our country's custom to take the men of their choice," Courtot's old eyes gleamed with a certain pride. "And now there are the grand-children. Ah, who would have thought—" He picked up from the table beside him two photographs, one of a laughing, bright-faced girl, the other of a clean-looking, cheerful youth.

M. Paul Bonat smote one thin hand upon his knee.

"See here, Pierre, since our children defied us, let us make our grand-children do as we wish. They must marry each other."

"With all my heart! Our revenge, eh?" Courtot dug his stick into the earth. "And listen. If they obey our commands, I will settle two million francs on them."

Bonat blinked and gasped for a moment. Then he rose to the occasion.

"And I will duplicate the amount," he declared stoutly. "And now let us each write a letter to our grand child telling them of our wishes and what it will mean to them. I don't think there will be any opposition, *hein?*"

"Not when their French blood hears of the four million francs," said Courtot dryly.

A week later the



"Messieurs Paul Bonat and Pierre Courtot shook their white heads and pounded their sticks in the garden of the Chateau Fleur de Lys."

shadows had commenced to lengthen at the Chateau Fleur de Lys when, allowing for five hours difference in longitude, the sun stood at high noon in Briar, Pa. The thermometer stood at 90 degrees, but the rest of the town was in motion, for Bob Randall was sprinting down Main street about three kicks ahead of a constable, and behind them streamed half the Junior class at Briar College, and a large proportion of the citizens. Up the street, lonely and bereft, stood a wooden cigar store Indian, the innocent cause of it all.

The constable earnestly desired to rap for assistance on the fugitive's skull, but young Randall, sensing his ambition, threw on his third speed and commenced to draw away. At the next corner, with nothing left but his breath, and that blowing, he was thirty yards to the good but failing fast.

Round the corner he sped, and there, beside the curb, stood salvation with an angel accompaniment—a throbbing motor car with the driver gone and a young lady checking a shopping list in the tonneau.

Bob, waiving the usual preliminaries, took a chance. With one leap he was behind the wheel, had released the brakes, and pressed the accelerator. The gears snarled, the car shot forward, and the young lady in the tonneau shrieked.

"Thief! Thief!" yelled the constable and the excited citizens, but Bob Randall, setting his jaws grimly, added the speed laws to the rest of his plunder, and made for the open country.

For a little all went well. Then, ten miles out, on a deserted road between farms, the old tractor coughed, spat, and

died, and they came to a grinding stop. After pushing and pulling everything he could lay his hands on, Bob knew the reckoning had come and turned to face his accuser in the tonneau.

"Wha— what have you done?" Betty Wright demanded angrily through tears of fright. "How dare you! Where are you taking me?"

The young man's heart sank. He had never supposed she was so beautiful. He had hoped during that wild ride that he was kidnapping the maid or somebody, but now—

"I'm sorry," he said contritely. "I acted like a cad to frighten you so. I'm not a thief, really. I was just helping some of the fellows to move a cigar-store Indian when that constable interfered." He smiled with such engaging frankness that Betty Wright's red lips relaxed from their angry line and her eyes gleamed mischievously.

Bob took heart. "Of course I'm sorry I frightened you," he said, "but I swear I can't feel guilty about running away with you—now. Can you ever forgive me?"

"Not yet—er, I mean, no!" She drew herself up. "You have no right to speak to me like this. It only makes matters worse. Hadn't you better try and fix the machinery, or whatever is the matter?"

"I've done enough damage to the car as it is." Again his ingenuous smile, and this time she responded to it with a little gay laugh. After that they got along together famously, until, in the midst of his hay-making, a pursuing car loaded with brass buttons and eager hickory topped the hill half a mile away.



"Betty Wright took matters into her own hands. Knotting the sheets of her bed together, she let herself down from her window and set out to face the world alone."

"Oh," cried the girl in quick alarm, "they've followed you. I don't want them to catch you, really. Please go!"

With swift gratitude he seized her hands impulsively.

"You're a little brick, and I—"

"Oh, please! You mustn't do that! Hurry!"

"But where shall I go?"

Then as he climbed down she told him of a cave a quarter of a mile through the woods through which he could escape, and,

"I shan't marry any man I've never seen or heard of for all the money in the world," she said. "I'll die an— an old maid first," she added with a renunciatory pang for her involuntary chauffeur of the afternoon.

But this was approaching insubordination, treason, and lese pocketbook, and the girl's parents, one on each side of her, applied the screws. It was a long ordeal and ended in tears and open defiance on one side, and threats and continued insis-



"Horatio Brutus Bangs, at the head of his own theatrical troupe, and known from one end of the bushes to the other as the man who put the ham in Hamlet, was in a quandary."

with a final pressure of her hand, he sped away.

An hour later, safe at home, he suddenly sat bolt upright in his chair.

"Oh, I'm a four-ply ass!" he told himself. "I don't even know her name or where she lives!"

That night in Briar, Pa., two letters postmarked France were opened, and two sets of proud and happy, not to mention eager, parents proceeded to lay down the law.

"If your grandfather says this young Mr. Randall is suitable for you to marry," remarked Betty's mother in a tone of finality, "you may take his word for it that he is, and consider the matter settled."

Betty shook her head with its mass of golden hair rebelliously, but replied quietly enough.

tence on the other.

Meanwhile, in another part of town, Bob Randall was resisting the French patriarchal system with equal determination and no better success.

"Father," he said, "you seem to forget what our ancestors fought for at Lexington. The idea that I must marry a woman just because she has money is contrary to the spirit of American liberty, and an insult to my intelligence."

"But not to mine," said the other feelingly. "I've had to work for a living."

"I shall only marry the girl I love, and that ends it!" was Bob's ultimatum.

"We'll talk it over again to-morrow night, son," said his father.

Young romance thrives on resistance, and one night, after a week of persecution and coercion, Betty Wright took matters

into her own hands. Knotting the sheets of her bed together, she let herself down from her window and set out to face the world alone. And that same night, Bob Randall, with a few dollars in his pocket and the dream of an ideal in his heart went forth to make his fortune.

II

Horatio Brutus Bangs, at the head of his own theatrical troupe, and known from one end of the bushes to the other as the man who put the ham in Hamlet, was in a quandary. The juveniles of The Shakespearean Stars Inc. had inconsiderately deserted him owing to a chronic hiatus in what Mr. Bangs referred to as emolument, but which the company termed wages. On this bright June day he stood outside the Odd Fellows Hall in Beesburg and cursed the commercialization of Art.

To him, then, as he gloomed, came a girl with a wealth of golden hair, limitless ambition, and no visible means of support.

"I know I can act," she told him earnestly, when they had talked awhile, "please give me a trial."

"I am most exacting, young lady, and our standards are very high, but I never refuse young talent an opportunity, never," was the gist of the eminent tragedian's reply; "sign here." And Betty became a Shakespearean Star Inc. But because she knew her parents were searching for her she gave the name of Julia Temple.

That evening when the company reached the railroad station they found a lonely and disconsolate young man waiting for the train. In a moment Bob and Betty had recognized each other, and shyly renewed their interrupted romance.

"So you're an actress!" he exclaimed, when she had explained her presence there. "Well, I'm

going to travel with this company if I have to be the audience."

"But Mr. Bangs needs a young man to act—" began Betty, but he was gone. When he came back fifteen minutes later, he also was a Shakespearean Star Inc.

"And now," he said, sitting down on a baggage truck beside her, "Will you please tell me your name? I've been trying to imagine it for the last two weeks."

"Julia Temple," she said gravely, "and yours?"

He hesitated a moment, for he suspected that his parents, too, were on his trail. Then he said, "Jack Nevins" and resumed where he had left off a fortnight before.

Bangs had promised to give the young people a trial, but thereafter the trials were his. For lack of better material Bob and Betty were cast for the title roles in "Romeo and Juliet" and the company went



"For lack of better material Bob and Betty were cast for the title roles in 'Romeo and Juliet'."

into rehearsal when it wasn't going into debt. But Mr. Bangs found the difficulty of getting his young stars past the balcony scene; something new in his experience.

"No, no!" he would storm, "That won't do! You don't have to hug the girl forever just because the action indicates it here."

"But I have to show I mean it, don't I?" Bob would expostulate, "and every lover I ever heard of had to be driven away by force—"

"But my dear young man, if you will listen to one whose right to preeminence has been acclaimed from one end of the country to the other,—"

"All right, Mr. Bangs, we'll do it over again," and they would go back to the beginning of the scene.

Thus swiftly and happily the days passed for the willful and incorrigible run-aways; June days of youth and love that made each tank town a new Arcady, and

each mixed train a chariot as swift and glorious as their dreams. And their life presented an extraordinary paradox, for the farther they fled from the galling necessity of marrying each other, the nearer they approached to it. Often both felt a strong desire to reveal their real identity to the other, but now the fear of showing a blemish of untruth on a page of life as innocent and sunny as June itself, prevented them.

If swallows made the summer for H. Brutus Bangs, it was a lark to these two, and they worked hard towards their debut at Yellville.

But here, when the company had arrived, they met unexpected difficulties, the first of which presented itself in the person of the Opera House force.

"Haow kin I change scenery when I'm sellin' tickets aout front?" he wanted to know with unassailable logic.

"I shall be charmed to assist you," offered Mr. Bangs. "While you are getting the stage ready I will gladly look after the box office, and—"

"No, ye wun't!" shouted Mr. Hoople, triumphantly, "I know you city fellers. I'll bet right naow ye hain't paid Seth fer



"The jail, a single square concrete room barred at door and windows, engulfed them. To Bob and Betty it was a little square section of Paradise."

truckin' yer stuff up here from the station. Naow *hev* yeu?"

"A mere trifle." Horatio wafted it to the infinite with a motion of his long hand. "The fellow will be paid after the matinee performance."

But it was good corn and bad Shakespeare weather in those parts, and the house scarcely numbered a corporal's guard. To make matters worse, bad luck was with the performance from the first. Juliet's balcony, a plank across two packing boxes precipitated her into the arms of her lover prematurely, and Bob's tin sword bent almost double in the duel so that he had to bill-hook his opponent to slay him.

But this was not the worst. When the ordeal was over, the company was met at the door by two determined-looking men, one of whom announced himself as the sheriff, the other as the local hotelkeeper.

"Pay up fer that dinner you et to my place," the latter demanded firmly. "There was only two-forty in the haouse this afternoon, and as Gabe gets two dollars of that, I want to know where I git off."

It was the beginning of the end. From that moment matters proceeded by logical steps to their inevitable conclusion. With their baggage attached, no money for board, and salaries unpaid a fortnight, there remained but one path for the company to tread—that leading to the village lock-up. And Bangs talking largely of a telegram he had sent to his bankers, led the way.

Bob and Betty followed hand in hand without a murmur. Jail would have as little effect on their love as the weather on the song of a bird, or a flower-pot on the color of a rose.

"Jail!" he whispered ecstatically, "and together! I'd have gone through it a dozen times for you, but *with* you—"

"Can you ever forgive me for leading you into this disgrace?" she pleaded.

"Disgrace!" he laughed aloud. "It'll be the making of me! A prison record is the sure ticket to a real job these days, and when I'm an office boy, at thirty-five a week—"

"Yes, yes."

"Will you?"

"Oh, Jack, how many times must I promise?"

"A million, and even then I won't believe it."

The jail, a single square concrete room barred at door and windows, engulfed them. To Bob and Betty it was a little square section of Paradise, but to the others it looked like a fire-proof corner of—!

"Well," said the heavy, who could always discover a silver lining, "at least we'll eat fairly regularly after this."

Presently came a youth with a basket of bread and a jug of switchel, and the Shakespearean Stars Inc. crowded on the two hard benches that furnished the place, made what, during a general famine, might have been termed a meal.

Then as the sheriff was lighting the lantern which served to illuminate the dungeon, two strangers, a man and a woman, worn, white-faced, and with clothes that showed the wrinkles of much travel, presented themselves at the barred door.

For a moment they looked from one to the other of the culprits. Then the woman held out her arms to the girl who sat beside Bob, her hand nestled in his.

"Betty, Betty, my darling!" she cried.

For a minute, as she recognized her mother, all the old bitterness that had driven her away from home returned. But the next instant she knew that, however unjust the other's will had been, her own act had been infinitely more cruel, and she went eagerly to that enfolding and protecting embrace.

Her father cleared his throat noisily. "Forget it all, dear, and don't marry anybody, ever," he said huskily when she kissed him. "We can't live without you."

Then, when the greetings were over, Betty pleaded hard for the almost extinguished Stars, and father, unable to express his emotion any other way, peeled a big roll of bills, skin by skin as you peel an onion, until board, baggage, and car fare back to New York had been provided.

With a generous sweep of his battered silk hat, H. Brutus Bangs did his benefactor the honor of a profound bow. Then he turned to the sheriff.

"Release us, my man, and lively about it," he ordered. "You perceive I suppose, that my telegram was efficacious."

So the bars swung open, and, as the bedraggled Thespians walked out Betty, clinging first to her mother and then her father, introduced them all.

Bob came last, and she met his gaze a little shame-facedly.

"I have a confession to make," she said. "I am not Julia Temple at all. My name is Betty Wright, and these are my parents."

"Betty Wright?" he repeated densely, telling himself that the name had a deucedly familiar sound. Then it came to him with a rush, and his shout of laughter caused farm hands a half mile away to remark that the 8.07 was ahead of time again to-night.

"Betty Wright!" he cried again a minute later. "Well, listen to me Betty Wright. I've got a little confessing to do on my own account. I'm Bob Randall."

Mr. and Mrs. Wright looked at each other in consternation. That subject was supposed to have been finally and decently buried.

But Betty's eyes were like stars as she murmured the name, and, with a swift im-

pulse, Bob held out his arms to her. She came to them eagerly, gladly, in complete surrender.

Mr. Wright spasmodically bit his cigar in two, and then whirled around in time to catch Ma if she fainted in his direction. But Ma was rooted with astonishment. Then he measured what remained of his roll with a speculative eye.

"I wonder if you two young idiots—" he addressed the rising moon—"could be induced as a special favor to—"

The sheriff who had been absent for a moment, suddenly reappeared and placed a table containing writing materials by the jail door.

"The marriage license beerow is naow open fer business," he announced as he sat down. "Line forms on this side, an' hev yer fees ready."

Une Petite

Étoile

WHY the French? Because this young girl, who three years ago was a pale little chorus girl doing set dances with fifty other girls in New York, blossomed out this year as the very Frenchiest of French villainesses in the mammoth World production in which William Elliott stars as an American youth lured to destruction in Paris by "Woman and Wine." When destruction comes in such a guise as this, what man is safe?

Dorothy Green

*She is, after all, just
"A Little Star," no
more nor less; but
she's twinkling very
brightly on the
screen just now.*



Roll Up, Australia!

DONALD HERBERT FRENCH, of Australia, an ex-newspaper man, won the prize of \$100 offered by the producers of the film "Prohibition" for the best story on the picture at a private hearing for derelicts only, recently.

The Cow-Girl

LARIAT and quirt and spur
And the laughing eyes of her!
Hat thrown back and hair flung free
How she stirs the heart of me!
Sudden dark—the gay scene changes
To the silence of the ranges,
Sagebrush old and gnarled and gray
And the long hills far away.
Look, her pony tops the rise!
Down the dusty trail she flies.
Happy little Movie Maid
Riding free and unafraid,
Do you know you bring to me
Ranch days as they used to be
Long before I found my way
To the maelstrom of Broadway?
That is past!—But now and then
All the old days live again;
Streets and subways fade from view
While I ride the range with you!

—Mary Carolyn Davies.

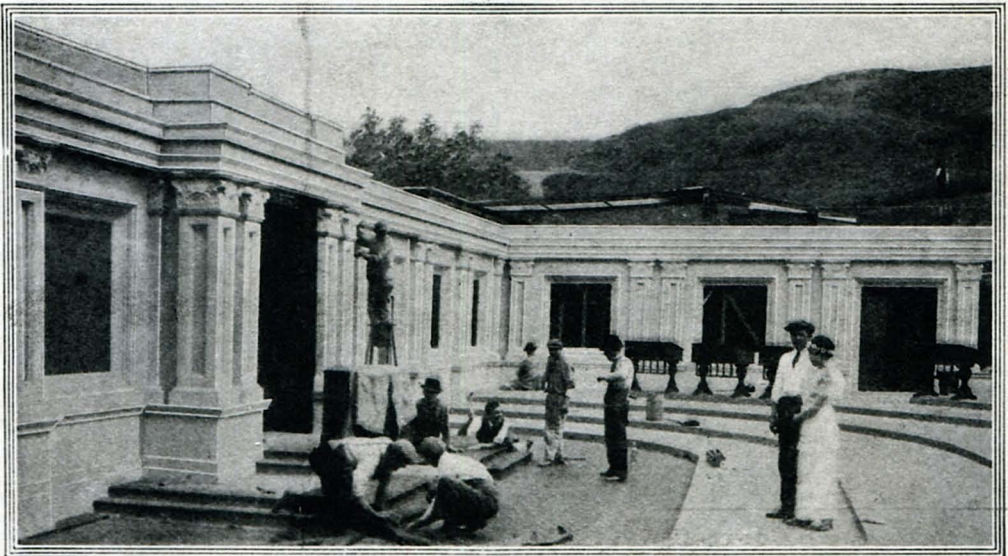
Tom Mix Injured at Rodeo

TOM MIX, ex-soldier, United States Deputy Marshal, and for these several years back daredevil rider before the camera, was severely injured at the rodeo at Los Angeles on May 5th during the chuck wagon race. Two four-horse teams collided head on. Curly Eagles of Ely, Nevada, was driving close, leaving just enough room for a wagon to pass. As Tom closed on him, a bridle strap broke on Eagle's leaders. There was a crash and Eagles and Mix literally mixed it, and were both carried off the course in pretty bad shape.

Eagles was painfully and seriously injured. Tom suffered a broken jaw, crushed chest, fractured leg and dangerous internal injuries.

War Pictures from the Clouds

M. MAURICE, technical manager of the Eclair Film Company of Paris, is serving with the French army in the capacity of Sergeant in the Aviation Corps, and has been given permission by his Government to take a movie camera aloft with him for the purpose of taking pictures of the war from aloft. These pictures will later be exhibited in America.



Santa Monica Senate Chamber

An amazing replica of the Upper House of Congress, made in the fastnesses of Santa Monica Canon for a feature photoplay, "The Man from Oregon." Open to the sky, this arena of parliament is correct in every Washingtonian detail.



ETHEL CLAYTON

"I am by no means a sociologist. I am only a player reproducing life as I see it when it swims through my own little pond of existence: but even so much observation has taught me to be an optimist."

"What My Pictures Tell Me A Wife Should Be"

By Ethel Clayton

IN WHICH AN IDEAL WIFE OF PHOTO DRAMA
POINTS OUT THE LESSONS OF HER RECENT ROLES

Illustrations from the Kaufman-Clayton photoplays by the Lubin studios

WHEN PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE asked me to write a story on my recent work I answered: "That is something that you will have to get some one else to do; I try to interpret, but I am quite sure that I am not at all literary."

Being persistent, the Editor replied: "We are not after a literary effort; what we want is an expression in your own words; don't try to 'write': just tell us what your pictures tell you that a wife should be."

So under that heading I will try to tell my friends about some of my recent parts. I will make this just a sort of letter. I'll tell you what each one of those parts has meant to me, and what I've endeavored to give in its interpretation.

In the first place, it was PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE which discovered that Mr. Kaufman and I were doing a real series of "domestic drama" pictures. We didn't dare announce them; we didn't know just how the public would take to the screen problem play. So we went ahead, doing them, and we were very happy to see that the people liked them—although neither of us had given the series its real title until PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE announced it in the June number.

In this series of our plays I name as the



"It's charm which keeps men tied to their own living room radiators."

most representative: "A woman Went Forth," "In the Dark," and "The Blessed Miracle." They are all stories of the home—dramas of husband and wife. I believe that as intense a love interest may be developed in a play about husband and wife as about any Romeo and Juliet who ever sighed over a balcony. I think the interest may be even greater, even as the lives and emotions of a man and a woman are bigger and broader than the lives and emotions of any boy and girl, no matter how ardent.

In these plays, which have been directed by Mr. Kaufman, the dominant notes are the need of mutual sympathy, forbearance, tact, and most of all, absolute honesty. I cannot lay too much stress upon that frankness—especially where little things are concerned—which should exist between husband and wife. Over and over again there have come moments for all of us in which a word of explanation, or even a glance of sympathetic understanding, would have averted a breach.

Even the wife in "The Blessed Miracle," herself not at all to blame for her husband's amour with the meddlers so temptingly played by Rosetta Brice, might have prevented this person's small success, had she striven to make up for the ab-

sence of children with her own sweetness. Doesn't just this thing happen again and again in the homes of people you know? I don't believe any man will remain absolutely faithful through a sense of duty. It's charm which keeps men tied to their own living-room radiators—yet when the average wife feels herself neglected, she casts all her remaining charm aside and becomes a sort of mild, weeping shrew.

The story of a wife's love of society, at the sacrifice of children which might have been hers, is the subject of "A Woman Went Forth." Now this is nothing new to the stage or the novel, but I do not believe this peculiar phase of domestic unhappiness has ever been so poignantly revealed on the screen; for the good reason that no one has ever thought to make a feature photoplay out of it. The butterfly wife has been incidentally considered, many times. What we endeavored to do was to describe her realistically and absolutely as she is.

If only this wife had made slight concessions to this husband's striving to give her more advantages! If, on the other hand, had he planned a quiet little dinner

somewhere away from the crowd; had he gently reminded her that their engagements did not correspond; that they were drifting apart—is it reasonable to suppose that the wife, who had married her husband for love only, and must therefore still love him, would not have seen the thing from his viewpoint? Therefore one of the basal reasons for the near-tragedy in "A Woman Went Forth" was that lack of frankness of which I have spoken, that peculiar isolation which makes people die of soul-thirst rather than ask for one drink of understanding. Of course the wife's was the chief fault; this play was the antidote to that unfair thing which describes a man as perennially "neglecting" the woman he loves, simply because he is "wrapped up" in his business! How silly! Don't we all know many a man who sticks at his desk until his nerves collapse, merely that his wife may maintain her position, her ease and her luxury in a world of merciless competition? Yet she says, and the world hypocritically believes, that he "neglects" her. I have found the world ready to believe many a nice untruth like



"I believe that as intense a love interest may be developed in a play about husband and wife as about any Romeo and Juliet who ever sighed over a balcony."

that, just because it is hypocritical enough to cover up its own sins with the sins of somebody else. If there was one lesson above another which I hope this play taught wives it was appreciation for the bitter, bitter struggle husbands are making for their protection.

Another wifely fault—one which cannot be too strongly over-emphasized—we exemplified in our production of "In the Dark." I refer to that instinctive, unconscious lack of confidence which is a common fault with average wives. All the tragedy of their particular misunderstanding grew out of the distrust which the wife felt when her artist-husband asked her not to come too often to his studio. His reason was good, and it was fully explained. His frankness was all that could be desired. He told his wife the truth—that her too-frequent presence distracted the sitters—and she chose not to believe him. When a rather piquant actress happened to be his next subject, the wife chose to put the worst possible construction on her husband's simple request. Then came her weakness; she listened to the schemer's persuasion, and the peril to which she exposed both honor and happiness. I'm a woman, and really—I don't think it unreasonable to expect a woman to be reasonable.

However, if she had been, there wouldn't have been any lesson to teach, and there wouldn't have been any play. I think that we all like to see plays and read stories in which other people make our own mistakes. Now, isn't that the height of human interest? I am never really so happy as when

I find some mimic character floundering around in my petty vices.

Human nature is most interested in observing itself unobserved, and just so long as it is, the drama and comedy of life will be the same. We are all shouting for somebody else to pay the piper of justice—perhaps thinking that in his collections elsewhere our own debt may skip his mind.

I am by no means a sociologist; I am only a player reproducing life as I see it when it swims through my own little pond of existence, but even so much observation has taught me to be an optimist. I believe that the young married people of today are Oh, ever so much happier than their grandparents! Why? Because they know more.

I am quite sure that there is a dreadful mistake in the Book of Genesis. I feel positive that Adam and Eve were not put out of God's park for eating the apple of knowledge, but for deliberately munching the persimmon of ignorance.

I consider the prime importance of our series of photoplays an experimental importance: there were a great many people who believed that the photoplay was for just these things: thrilling adventure, comedy, and young love. People really believed that the finer shades of dramatic emotion had failed to register on the screen. We put on this series of exceedingly intimate dramas just to give ourselves, and our manufacturers, a great, big, whole-hearted faith in the intelligence and human sympathy of the American public at large—and we found it in abundance beyond our dreams!

Visualizer of "Les Miserables" in America

ALBERT CAPELLANI, the great French director, who photo-dramatized Victor Hugo's terrible master-thrust of realism, "Les Miserables," is a recent addition to the direction staff of the World Film Corporation.

He has created photoplays from the works of Daudet and Zola as well as Hugo, and, as he speaks English fluently and will not therefore be handicapped in that direction, the world of the movies is looking forward to his forthcoming productions. He is a master of detail, and is said by many to be the greatest of European scenic craftsmen.



Albert
Capellani,
the master-
director of
French
literary photo-
dramatiza-
tion.

Those Lips—Here's the Answer

MANY and varied were the guesses made as to "whose lips they were." It was a hard row to hoe, and everyone who had the courage to try a hand at it is to be congratulated. Only the brave deserve the crown of laurel reserved for those who do and dare.

Indeed, the contest was so difficult that only one answer out of many hundreds was correct. That one was sent in by Miss Ida Frank of The Blythewood, Lakewood, N. J.

Most of the contestants tripped up on No. 2, nine out of ten of them stating that the lips were those of J. Warren Kerrigan. It is a compliment to J. Warren, perhaps, for they are those of Cleo Madison.

Another stumbling block was No. 8, whose lips many identified as those of Mack Sennett, the Keystone managing director. They belong to House Peters. Nobody missed Roscoe Arbuckle, Francis X. Bushman or Mary Pickford though—well, one or two, perhaps, but not more than that.

The proper owners of those baffling lips are as follows:

1. Alice Joyce
2. Cleo Madison
3. Clara Kimball Young
4. Ethel Clayton
5. Beverly Bayne
6. Marc McDermott
7. Marguerite Snow
8. House Peters
9. Florence La Badie
10. Mary Fuller
11. Anita Stewart
12. Thomas Santschi
13. Kathlyn Williams
14. Edith Storey
15. Roscoe Arbuckle
16. Mabel Normand
17. Francis X. Bushman
18. Bryant Washburn
19. Hobart Bosworth
20. Mary Pickford

There'll be another contest soon.

Fashion A La Japanese

MISS TSURU AOKI, the Japanese queen of the movies, says she sends her cast-off clothing to her sisters in Japan.

"They live in a remote village," she said, "and I had of course no idea what use they made of them, but as the styles here change so quickly, the clothes are in good condition. I got a picture the other day, showing the two girls in my clothing, looking proud as Punch. I wish you could see them!

"One wore a dress with puffed sleeves and a long corset on the outside, and the other a low-necked evening gown with short gloves and a sailor hat!

"Mother says the girls are very proud of themselves and the neighbors all think they are wonderful, and borrow and copy the things whenever they can. At a little party the other day, my sister relates that all the girls had somehow got hold of or made themselves corsets, and all appeared with them on the outside of their dresses!"

The Course of True Love

MARGARET MAYO tells an amusing story of how one day she didn't wed Edgar Selwyn, her present husband.

"We had decided to be married," she said, "and one day we actually started out to find a certain justice of the peace. But I saw some strawberry shortcake in a restaurant window, and said:

"Oh, I must have some of that!"

"We stopped, and it was so good, I had two pieces, and then there wasn't time to be married that day. Next day we started out again, and came near not being married for lack of a witness. Mr. Selwyn wanted to bring one along, but as we were always having little scraps, I was afraid we might have one before we got to the Justice of the Peace who was to marry us. We got there in peaceful frame of mind all right, though, and called a painter down from the roof of the Justice's house to act as witness. He said he would have gone home in another minute!"

The Girl on the Cover

MAE MARSH, ARTIST IN IMPERTINENCE AND PATHOS

By
Robert Bruce

THE pitiful part of the climb for fame in the moving picture business is that those who work the hardest are seldom those who get the highest. The most brilliant successes of film drama have been made by little girls who tripped airily up and picked off the peach from the tree.

Marguerite Loveridge, for instance, is a hard-working, conscientious, successful actress. Her home name was Marsh and she had a little sister named Mae.

Four years
ago, Mae
was a



Four years ago, Mae was a snub-nosed, scrawny little girl who watched with longing when big sister went to the Selig studio to "play-act" before the camera.



snub-nosed scrawny little girl who watched with longing when big sister went to the Selig studio to "play-act" before the camera. Sometimes, she used to hang around the doorway and beg to be taken along. She said she couldn't see why they wouldn't let her be an actress; lots of young girls worked in the pictures.

"Don't be silly, Mae," said her sister, "A little skinny, scrawny

girl like you—what would you do in the pictures?"

So little sister Mae had to be content to stay at home and stage wonderful dramas of her own authorship. Her mother says she never could make much out of Mae's dramas except that Mae always seemed to be a queen with all the other children in the neighborhood standing around fanning her and spreading carpets for her to walk on.

One day, Miss Loveridge relented and took little sister Mae out to the Biograph studio where she was working in a scenario called "The Siren of Impulse." The leading lady was "Dot" (Dorothy) Bernard, and the director, D. W. Griffith.

Griffith noticed this queer little wisp of an old-fashioned girl standing wistfully at the edge of the group watching the acting.

"Who is that odd little girl?" he asked some one. Miss Loveridge said it was her little sister.

"Come over here and sit on this stump," said Griffith.

Mae, scared half to death, took a seat on the stump next to a young man. "Look up at the sky and sigh," said Griffith.

Mae gave a squint at the sky and sighed.

"Now jump up and turn around and sit down again," said Griffith.

The queer little girl jumped up and turned around and sat down again.

"That will be all for today," said

Griffith. "None of the rest of you need come back to-morrow except this little girl and the leading man."

That was the start of Mae Marsh. Her sister couldn't believe it. "It must have been me that he wanted to come back; you don't know anything about acting," she said. But Griffith was quite sure he wanted the odd little girl.

Mae Marsh said that she took her honors with extreme hauteur and made a tour of the neighborhood inviting every one she knew to come to see "my picture" as if Dot Bernard and the rest of them were mere incidents compared with her sitting down on a stump and sighing and standing up and sitting down again.

The next week, she worked in "The Sands of Dee." From that time she never missed a day. She started in as a \$3 a day extra girl and was advanced to a \$5 a day job and very soon thereafter got a regular part and a regular job with the company.

Big sister is still a pretty, talented, conscientious actress but the queer little girl is one of the most famous women in pictures.

When Griffith went from the Biograph to the Reliance-Majestic,

Mae Marsh was one of the stars who went with him. Her work as the little sister who



"One of the charms of her work is her free and unhackneyed technique."



"Her work as the little sister who killed herself to escape the negro in 'The Clansman' is recognized as being as fine as anything yet seen on the screen."

killed herself to escape the negro in "The Clansman," is recognized as being as fine as anything yet seen on the screen.

One of the charms of her work is her unconventional method—her free and un-

hackneyed technique. It amounts to genius.

Most picture people work on the rubber stamp plan. When a young lady clinches her hands; looks up and bites the starboard corner of her mouth, that means, "This is

cruel, but I must endure it." No one knows what it would mean if the young lady bit the port side of her lips; because they always gnaw at the starboard side. When a young man winks brightly and hurriedly with both eyes and heaves a long sigh as he looks after the blonde, that means, "Some day I will rescue that goil from a villain and marry her."

Mae Marsh's work throws away all this old stuff. Everything she does is unexpected and naive and un-worn. She suggests a promise of the future when photoplays will be acted by a new order of actors who are not recruited from some other kind of theatrical work, but who have been carefully and specially trained for the screen.

"The pictures have, thus far, produced just one real genius," she says, "That is Mr. Griffith. (Are there really no others, Miss Marsh?—Ed. PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.) He has combined a natural literary instinct with trained stage craft and another instinct that few men ever learned called, 'Being camera-wise.'

"Whatever success I have made is mostly

due to his directing. I can't work with other directors. I feel like a horse with a driver that doesn't know the road. It always seems so clear in Mr. Griffith's mind as to just what he wants."

Miss Marsh sighs, however, for a job in which she doesn't have to die to such a liberal extent. "I'm always either dying or getting married. Of the two estates I don't know which is the worst. I have never tried either in real life."

One of her favorite parts was a comedy role—"Applepie Mary," in "Home Sweet Home." Out of her anxiety to get another such role, she has written two scenarios of her own. The scripts are all finished, but she has a case of stage fright and is afraid to turn them in to the scenario department. "I think I'll turn them in under an assumed name. If the scenario editor rejects them, I'll die all over his front steps—just to show him."

Miss Marsh lives in Los Angeles with her mother and sister, in an attractive bungalow near the studio, in a rather old-fashioned part of town.

Poor Bobbie Hunter!

JOHNNY BROWN'S parents allow him to go
Once in a while to the Picture show;
Rosy McCarty on Saturdays
Always goes to the picture plays.
But Bobbie Hunter has never seen
The sights on the moving picture screen.
Though Bobbie's parents have the dough,
They won't take Bobbie to the Picture
show.

Bobbie, I'm sure, has plenty to eat,
And lives in the best house on the street;
His parents have bought him nice new toys
That tickle the hearts of little boys.
But Bobbie Hunter, take it from me,
Is not like some other boys, you see,
They won't let him go, so I've been told,
Because he is only two weeks old!

—*Ottie E. Colburn.*

Water-Babies, in "The Baby," a Recent Release



The three children, from left to right, are Olive Johnson, Mutual, and Frances

Carpenter. People who have no fine feelings might call Mutual a dog.

Marguerite Snow Now Bushman's Leading Lady

MARGUERITE Snow left New York for Los Angeles on May 6th to become leading lady for the Metro Company with Francis X. Bushman.

She took with her, her Mercer runabout, eighteen trunks and the Belgian seamstress over whose destinies she has presided since war took the place of hemstitching in Flanders.

No less than sixty photoplay actresses were interviewed, it is said, before Miss Snow was definitely approached with the offer to become leading lady for the Apollo of the screen. As Bushman is an actor whose work reflects his own physical bigness and power in every detail, it was felt necessary that he should have a leading lady with equal magnetism and strength of personality combined with what the untranslatable screen expression terms "facial strength."

Miss Snow has long been an admirer of Mr. Bushman's work before the camera, and has expressed great satisfaction at the opportunity which has been presented to play opposite him. She is herself, one of the most popular of the movie actresses.



Marguerite Snow

His Mother Says—

THEY told me that my boy was dead
And buried on the Aisne,
One of a host, the letter said,
Who were in battle slain.
But surely they were misinformed,
For there upon the screen,
My boy, so gaily uniformed,
Goes marching o'er the green.

He sees me. Look! He waves his hand.
That kiss was meant for me!
God bless him in whatever land,
His spirit now may be.
My heart will put aside its pain,
My boy would have it so;
For he who died along the Aisne,
Still lives to come and go.

—H. J. Krier.



Photo by International News Service

Canine Movie Fans

By Ernest A. Dench

A FRIEND of mine in London has a dog who always follows her when she goes to the movies. He isn't content with sitting in her lap, but always takes good care to use a whole chair for himself. His way of applauding a film is to wag his tail against the metal back of the chair, and if he does not like a picture he is bad mannered enough to turn his back on the screen. He reminds his mistress when the program has been given the once over by tapping her with his paw.

Up in Scotland I once heard of a Glasgow fan who had a bow-wow of the canine variety. Once she took him to see the movies and the dog was so befogged by his strange surroundings that he went to sleep in the arms of his mistress. After a number of these visits he began to sit up and take notice. Strong drama causes him to bark loudly, while when a comedy comes on the screen he pricks up his ears.

I am not going to try and make you believe he laughs, but my own small opinion is that it is the canine way of expressing the emotion.

An American fan, on seating himself to enjoy a photoplay performance, had an unwelcome visitor in his dog, who had entered without paying. At first he behaved himself like a gentleman, but when a hold-up appeared in a Western drama, he barked and then attacked the screen as if to attack the wrongdoers. Fortunately, however, the operator had viewed the incident through his peep-hole and had sufficient presence of mind to turn on the lights. This saved the situation, for the dog hastily retired when the film disappeared, and looked at the screen with a puzzled stare. He then walked back meekly to his master.

Some time ago a building contractor residing at Lakewood, New Jersey, took his dog to a local photoplay theater. The canine became such an ardent movie fan

that he ambled in the show for forty days in succession without his master's authority. How the man discovered this was by receiving a bill for four dollars, specifying the number of visits his dog had made. The artful exhibitor had decided to turn the canine's infatuation to profitable account—and who could blame him?

The unintentional victim, however, refused to pay the amount, and when sued in the county court stated that his mongrel had no business to be permitted to enter unless he had a ticket.

Going further afield—India, to wit—a *motion picture exhibitor related to me an incident which occurred at his theater.* This took place when he put on a film entitled "The Police Dogs of Paris," revealing a bunch of these intelligent creatures pursuing some Apaches.

A stray dog somehow managed to wriggle into the show unseen when this picture was being shown and the police dogs struck him as being so real that he made a dive for the screen, barking furiously all the time. Just as he reached the screen an Apache shot at the dogs, when the audience was astounded to see the real life dog fall down helplessly.

The real explanation was that the dog, on butting into the wall of the building, had been momentarily stunned. He soon revived, however, and his many howls gave evidence that he resented his defeat, after which he made his getaway.

Two ladies struck up an acquaintance while on a railroad journey. One of the ladies had a pet dog, which she was trying to account for its unusual restlessness and bad temper.

This, she informed her fellow traveler, was due to the fact that she had gotten into the habit of taking Fido to see the movies every day, when he watched the screen all the time, but she had been forced to cut out her visit that day owing to catching the train.

The August issue of PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE will be on the news-stands July 1st. Order your copy now. Don't miss the second installment of Chaplin's story.

The AWAKENING

By EDITH HUNTINGTON MASON

THE STORY OF A MAN WHO
FOUND HIMSELF

Illustrations by the Vitagraph Company of America

THE dispensary had been crowded all the morning. Dr. Thane had been too busy even to think of Vivian, except subconsciously. She was going to call for him in the car to take him out to luncheon, but he had been too much absorbed in attending to the wants of the long row of patients to remember that it was necessary to eat to live.

How he loved his work! No clientele of wealthy patrons, he was sure, could mean as much to him—could make him feel so much as if he had work to do in the world—as the sufferers in this slum neighborhood, teeming with the vicious, the poor and the miserable.

He sighed. If only his fiancée had not wanted him to leave Rosalie Court!

A girl stole into the room, a brown-cheeked, faithful eyed girl, her look of familiarity with hardships and trouble consorting oddly with her exceeding prettiness.

"I'm Josephine Wood," she said, fixing him anxiously with her large eyes, "I help at the settlement. I haven't any card, and there was no one in the hall so I just came myself. I want you to help me."

He was struck by her charm of manner. "What can I do for you?" he asked gently.

She leaned rather weakly against the table, and held out a piteous little hand. "I was hurrying to get Jimmie's breakfast," she said, "so he wouldn't be late to school, and I spilled the kettle on my wrist."

He sat down beside her on the table's edge, and took the blistered fingers in his.

"Don't be afraid," he said, "we can fix you up all right," and skilfully began the task of dressing and bandaging the wound.

She was standing by his side thanking him for his kindness, when Miss Grey swept unannounced into the room. She acknowledged only by a slight bow, the doctor's introduction of the settlement worker and the minute the girl had gone, fell to berating him for not being ready.

"These horrid slum people are always keeping you from me," she pouted.

Doctor Thane's smile was rather forced. He had been humoring Vivian's aversion for his patients for a long time.

"I admit," he said, as they went out to the automobile, "that most of my patients belong to the great unwashed, but for all that, I love them and would rather serve them than any other class of people."

It was always a source of wonder to Doctor Thane that Vivian Grey had engaged herself to him. Ever since his graduation from Harvard Medical School, he had been buried in his work at the Rosalie Court Dispensary. He knew so little of her world—the world that belonged to the seekers after pleasure. He was too simple and unassuming a man to fathom the glamor which his reputation as a surgeon had for the young heiress.

On the way back to the dispensary that afternoon, Vivian told him that the furni-



"I was hurrying to get Jimmie's breakfast," she said, "so he wouldn't be late to school, and I spilled the kettle on my wrist."



"She acknowledged only by a slight bow the Doctor's introduction to the settlement worker."

ture she had ordered for the room in the dispensary hospital which she planned to endow, had arrived. He felt a twinge of compunction. Vivian was generous, even if she didn't like poor people.

"We'll stop and see it," he said. "What a dear, unselfish girl you are!"

But a glimpse of the room in the paralytic ward which was to be called after his fiancée, filled him almost with dismay.

"Vivian!" he cried, "is this the sort of furniture you ordered?"

The young woman, who had been vivaciously pointing out to a nurse the glories of the blue silk curtains and delf toned oriental rugs, turned to him in surprise.

"It certainly is," she said, "why not?"

Thane controlled himself.

"Nothing," he said, "except that I told you we didn't like curtains and rugs in our rooms, and I hate to see you buy such expensive things. It isn't necessary."

The heiress tossed her head.

"It doesn't matter whether it's necessary or not. I wanted it. And I don't see why you're so disagreeable. I shan't show you my surprise now!"

She pouted again like a spoiled child. He felt that he had, perhaps, been too short with her.

"Forgive me," he said, "of course I'm satisfied so long as you're pleased; let's see the surprise."

She turned eagerly to the chiffonier. "Look," she said. "Pajamas! All ready for the patient to put on!"

Thane was staggered. Common-sense might have told his lady-love that supplies for hospitals were for use, and not show.

"Very pretty, dear," he said, mechanically, then, to himself as they moved away down the corridor: "Blue silk pajamas for paralytics.—Good God!"

That evening Doctor Thane dined at his fiancée's house. It was a dinner party and there were present numbers of men and women whose leisure time had enabled them to make a science of amusing themselves. The evening passed pleasantly enough for the doctor until he happened to catch a snatch of conversation at Miss Grey's end of the table.

"O, yes," she was saying, "Dr. Thane is going to give up his slum-doctoring when we're married. He's too distinguished, I

tell him, to waste himself on Rosalie Court. We're going to endow a hospital, and he is to be the head of it. I'm not going to let him hide his light any longer, am I, dear?" she ended, catching Thane's eye, and throwing him an arch glance that he felt was meant for the whole table.

Thane was distressed. Vivian had often mentioned the hospital plan before, but now, even in spite of her tactful use of the plural pronoun, he felt for the first time a sense of humiliation in the fact that the talked-of scheme would be financed entirely by the woman he was going to marry. A troubled impression that it was not interest in his work that inspired her, but a wish to exploit her future husband seized upon him. At first he had thought her enthusiasm sincere, but lately it had seemed to him that her interest was only that of the stage manager. She liked to move the puppets about. He recalled with chagrin, the time, only a little while ago, when he had made a gratifying discovery in connection with a tubercular serum, and of her frivolous treatment of the event, when he had at last persuaded her to come to his laboratory to view the result of his research.

A footman entered the room and addressed Miss Grey in a low voice. She frowned.

"There's a call for you, Roscoe," she said to Thane. "Some of your slum friends. I suppose you'll have to

go?" Her tone was unmistakably ironical.

He rose. "Yes," he replied. "It might be important. Will you excuse me?" He left the room.

One of the workers at the settlement with which the Rosalie Court Dispensary was associated, was on the wire. A boy had been injured in a street car accident. The doctor in charge was talking of amputation, but the speaker was of the opinion that Doctor Thane could save the arm.

Thane returned to the dining-room with the news, but its reception startled him.

Vivian looked at him in amazement. "We're going on to the Devereux's dance," she said, following him out into the hall. "You positively cannot go!"

He looked at her charitably; after all, perhaps it wasn't her fault that her parents had spoiled her all her life.

"I'm afraid I must," he said, gently. "I do hope you will forgive me," and went down the steps out into the street, wondering how it was that he was going to marry a woman to whom he had to apologize for doing his duty.

Perhaps it was the new strip of brown carpet or the plant at the window which appeared to fill with such light and peace, the boarding-house room in Rosalie Court, to which he had been summoned. But

Mrs. Brown, the settlement worker who met him at the door, said she thought it was the spirit of the girl who lived there with the young brother who had been hurt. "I never saw anything like her. Such character! Ever

"You little curly-headed flatterer!" he said."



since her mother's death she has supported that boy and made a home for him! Poor Jimmie!" The kind woman put her hand to her eyes.

A doctor came out of the bedroom at that moment. He was a drab, elderly little man, who had long ago allowed the pessimism of the tenements to master his soul.

"How de do, Dr. Thane," he said, "it's a bad case in there,—the ambulance is coming, and the minute we get him to the hospital, I think we'll have to amputate."

A girl came out from the room behind him, a young girl with faithful eyes, and a chin with a dimple in it, that Thane well remembered—it was the girl who had come to him to have her scalded hand dressed.

She stood looking from one man to the other, her whole soul concentrated on that one word—"Amputate!"

"I can't bear it," she said, softly, as if to herself,—and then, with a sudden cry, ran to Thane and hid her face against his coat. "Don't let them do it!" she wailed, "don't let them cut off Jimmie's arm! You can save him, I know you can!"

Doctor Thane was touched. He was used to inspiring confidence,—it was his gift, but this young girl's trust stirred him as never before.

"I have not seen such faith, no, not in Israel!" he murmured to himself.

And afterwards the story of how Doctor Thane saved Jimmy Wood's arm from amputation was a nine days' wonder in Rosalie Court. It had been a hard fight, and there had been dark days when even the great surgeon's heart had failed him. But victory had at length rewarded his patience.

The days of close association with a



"The girl apparently only heard one part of the speech; 'Oh!' she cried; 'you are going to leave Rosalie Court?'"

common object in view, had done wonders toward establishing an intimacy between the doctor and the young girl. Josephine, or "Jo dear," as her brother called her, had of course nursed the patient herself, and ever through the dark hours of doubt, the doctor had been sustained by her unfaltering faith in him.

"You see," said Jo, slowly nodding her dark, curly head, "the reason I was so determined that they shouldn't take Jim's arm off, was because I know he is going to make a fortune for both of us with those hands of his. He

has always wanted to be a surgeon himself."

Thane was interested.

"You don't mean it," he said, "you didn't tell me that. So he wants to be a surgeon, does he?"

"Yes," she said, "and the reason I think he's really going to succeed," she was very serious now, "is because he has hands like yours, long, wonderful fingers that look as if they had spent a life-time helping other people."

Her tone was such that Thane found to his surprise that for a moment he had difficulty in answering her.

"You little, curly-headed flatterer!" he said at last. "I wish I could do something for Jim. If I were going to stay with the Dispensary, I would start him in here as my assistant, as soon as he is through school; but unfortunately I shall soon be leaving."

The girl apparently heard only one part of the speech. "Oh," she cried, "you're going to leave Rosalie Court?"

He walked to the window and looked out on the street below,—squalid if you will, but dear and familiar for all that.

"I'm sorry to say that I am," he told her. "I'm going to take charge of a new hospital on the other side of the city. Of course it means bigger things in a way but—"

She interrupted him.

"Do you mean to say," she said, and her lip curled, "that you're going to leave us, leave Rosalie Court just to get more money? I wouldn't have believed it!"

The surgeon hung his head like a school-boy. "I'm not doing it for money," he protested.

"Then why do it?" she said, and as he stood silent, she came to him and laid her hand on his arm.

"Don't leave us," she said. "I beg you not to! Think of the poor mothers," her dark eyes filled with tears, "the little babies, the girls, the boys, who depend on you for help! What will they do when you go away? Oh, don't desert us; we need you!"

Roscoe Thane was stirred. He seemed to hear in the girl's tones, the cry of the poor, the helpless, the old and the suffering. He heard it and his soul awakened. In a moment, clear as a light from Heaven, he saw which way his duty lay. The feeling of distaste, of humiliation which had come over him at the thought of accepting a hospital at the hands of a rich wife, vanished. He was himself again, he knew what it was he wanted to do, he saw with a clarity of vision that nothing could ever again cloud, that his life lay with these people of Rosalie Court, who loved him and needed him, and that it would be a coward's action to desert them.

He caught up his hat in a flame of feeling. "Good bye," he exclaimed

to the astonished girl, and hurried out.

At the door of Miss Grey's home on the Drive, he was told that she was out of town, that she would not be back until the following week. In his absorption in Jim's case, he had not called upon her since the night of the dinner party, and she had very properly sent him no word of her plan to visit Lakewood.

He was distressed not to see her, it would have been so much more to his taste to have had it out face to face. As it was he was obliged to have recourse to a letter.

"My dear Vivian," he wrote, "I am writing to tell you of my decision not to leave Rosalie Court. I feel like a pygmy in my own estimation when I think of all that you offer me, but I cannot think that I am justified in giving up my work at the Dispensary. These people need me, I feel, much more than the class of people which your hospital will serve. My duty is to them. I shall hope that this decision of mine will not interfere with our plans for an immediate marriage.

Yours always,

Roscoe Thane.

He did not receive a reply to this letter for the reason that the following day he fell ill of a contagious fever, and his fiancée, returning to town, made up her mind to reserve discussion of the matter until he had recovered.

She sent fruit and flowers to his sick room, at the settlement, but took it as a matter of course, that he would not expect her to try to see him until the danger of contagion had passed.

At last the time came when the fever left Thane, and he awoke to find himself looking into the anxious brown eyes of Josephine Wood. She had been a con-



"He awoke to find himself looking into the anxious brown eyes of Josephine Wood."

stant visitor during his illness and the nurse, had left her in charge while she went for a walk.

"Where's Vivian?" asked the young man, wondering that it was not his fiancée who was at his side.

Jo hid her pain bravely. She loved this man, this great-hearted surgeon who had saved her brother from becoming a cripple; but she knew that he belonged to someone else.

"Miss Grey has been sent for, Doctor Thane," she said quietly, "she could not come before, she feared the contagion."

The girl had not meant to indict Miss Grey, but the young man's harsh laugh told her what she had done.

"My God," he said bitterly, "and I thought she cared for me!"

Jo's faithful eyes suffused with tears. She feared his bitterness was the smart of wounded love.

"Don't!" she pleaded, "don't feel badly! I can't bear it!"

He half sat up in bed, and an altogether new look came into his eyes, as he searched her face deeply.

"You can't bear it?" he asked, "you're crying just because you think I'm unhappy? Why child, I'm the happiest man alive I—"

Speech forsook him and instead, he gathered her into his arms and she put her head on his breast and sobbed like a child.

Outside in the court a motor horn sounded. Miss Grey was alighting before

the door, but the two in the room above, neither knew nor cared.

If Vivian had had any doubt of the love which the people of Rosalie Court had for Doctor Thane it would have been set at rest by the sight she saw at the dispensary. The entry way, the hall, the staircase were packed with poor people waiting to get word to Thane of their rejoicing that he was out of danger. School children, mothers with shawls about their heads, babies with ragged bunches of flowers in their hands, all were there who had had their burdens lightened by the man upstairs who had himself lain so long at death's door.

Perhaps the imperious young heiress was touched by this powerful evidence of the truth of Thane's plea that the people of Rosalie Court had need of him, perhaps she even thought regretfully of the man she was giving up because she could not bring herself to be wife to a doctor who lived in the slums, but if so—she did not show it.

She swept through the crowd without so much as a glance at them—and climbed the stairs.

No one answered her knock, so she opened the door.

One glance was enough. It did not need the sound of the girl's sobs and the comforting murmur of Thane's voice to convince her that her errand was in vain. Another visitor had been before her in that room, not with a message of broken faith, but of Love.

Our Picture Show

WE'VE a picture show in our town now—
 An' Mother an' me are glad;
 'Cause Daddy's got a place to go now nights
 'Thout makin' us feel bad.

He used to go down to a dreadful place
 An' drink, an' stay, an' stay;
 "Because," he said, "a man must have some fun
 When he's worked so hard all day."

An' better'n that he takes Mother an' me;
 An' we see the whole thing through.
 "For," he says, "a woman works hard all day,
 An' needs a bit o' fun, too."

—Elizabeth Wilson.

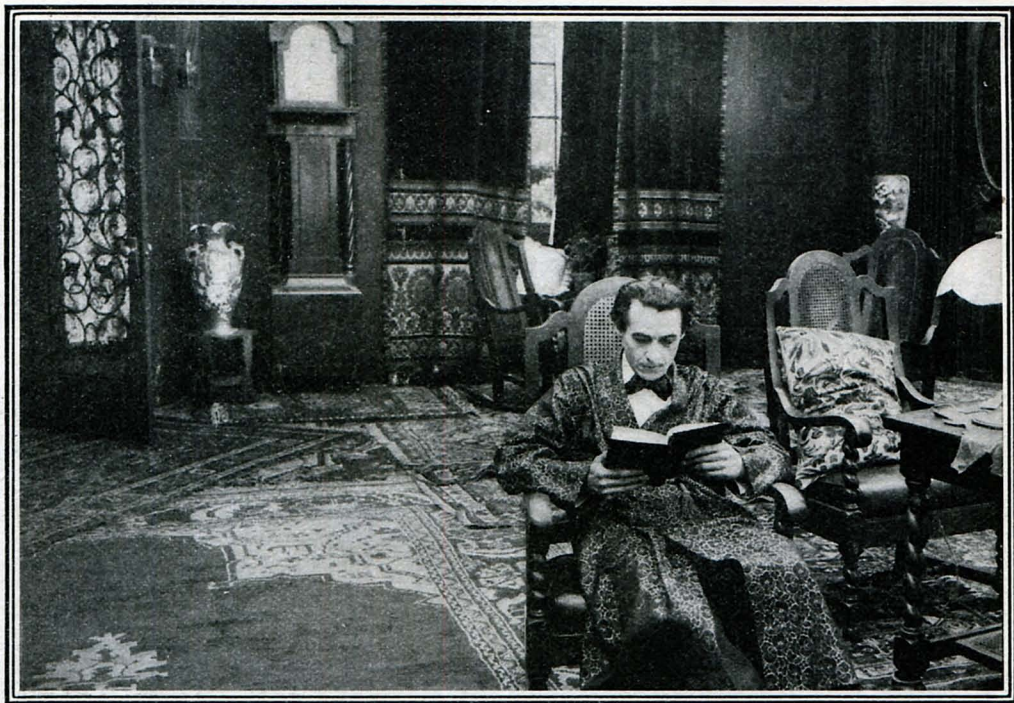
The Player Is No Longer a Wanderer



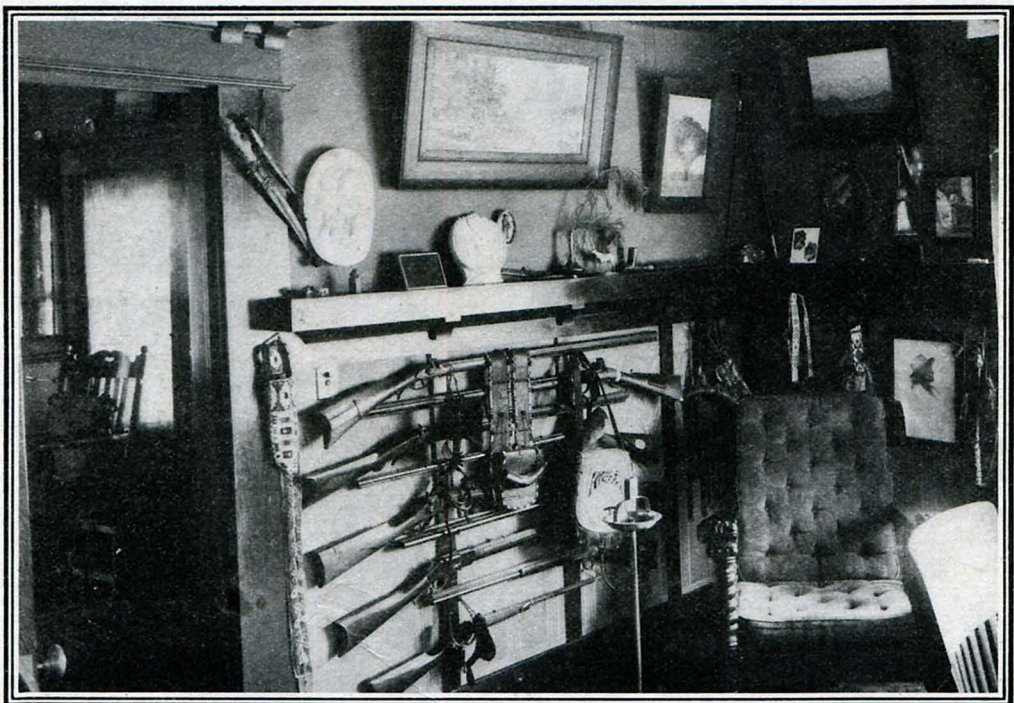
House Peters' Home

is on a slightly side-hill location in Los Angeles. On the retaining wall sit Mr. Peters and his wife. Their beloved fox terrier looks on interestedly.

The Camera Has Raised Its Own Cities



Henry Walthall's Library
reminds one of the sombre and majestic roles he has played.



Hobart Bosworth's Gun Collection
is of most unusual sort. Every weapon has a history of thrilling service.

Where the Players Prosper and Reside



*Fat is a Dreadful Calamity,
but see what it has done for Roscoe Arbuckle! Who wouldn't be afflicted?*

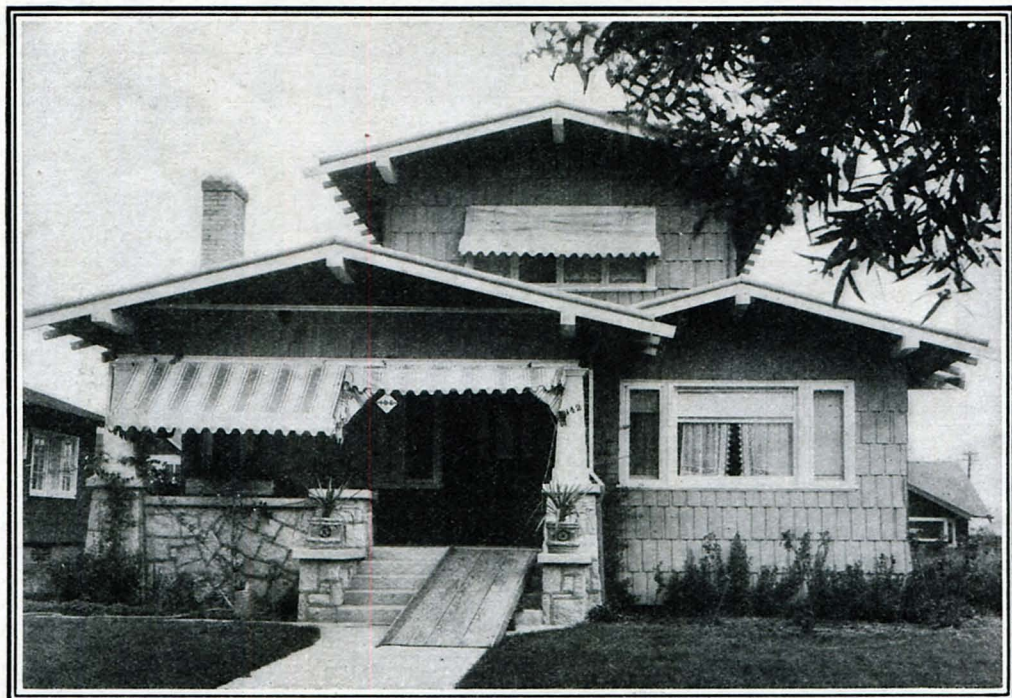


*Al Filson,
a picture veteran, is the proud possessor of an orange ranch which pays dividends.*

Thespis Is Now Come Into His Own



The Hollywood Home
of Fred Huntly and his wife, who very evidently enjoy the outdoors.



Cleo Madison
also lives in Hollywood. A homelike place—and the ice sign is working.

LITTLE PAL

By FRANK WILLIAMS

"NEITHER LAW OF GOD NOR MAN RUNS NORTH OF 'FIFTY-THREE'"

Illustrations by the Famous Players Studio

SID JERUE with one brutal push of his great paw sent the girl spinning through the door from the crude yellow pine bar of the "Monte Cristo" to the kitchen beyond, and strode after her. His heavy-jowled face was pale beneath its tan and dirt, and to see Sid Jerue pale was a notable event in Killisnoo, Alaska, even in gold rush times. But where his pocket-book was in jeopardy, the keeper of the gambling hell could have fainted like a woman.

When the door had closed behind them he seized his daughter roughly by the arm. She was a slim, lithe girl whose dark skin betrayed the blood heritage from her dead Indian mother, and who met his gaze with level black eyes as soft as velvet.

"I'm goin' to stake ye, d'ye understand?" he growled, almost beside himself. "That devil Black Brand's won everything I've got in the world—the bank, the house, the whiskey—everything. He's wanted to marry ye for a year an' he'll stake all he's won for a chance to git ye. Damn it, girl, don't stare at me like that! He *can't* win again! Such hell's luck wouldn't hold for nobody!"

The girl's features, softened and refined by the white strain in her to a cameo-like clearness of line and form, grew pinched with terror. The stoicism of her mother's people

"'Little Pal!' It was they who had called her that, because she would marry none of them."





"His eyes devouring the girl, Black Brand strode to the bar."

clogged her tongue but her woman's fear of the triumphant ruffian in the next room found voice.

"Not him, father—anybody else—you mustn't do this—"

Infuriated, he crushed her arm until she could have shrieked with pain. "I stake ye, d'ye hear?" he hissed, his dark, congested face close to hers, "and not a word out of ye, either! I'll not lose everything I own just for you, ye little half-breed!"

Conquered by brute strength she accepted her fate as she had accepted every vicissitude of her life with this hard man. Gallant, uncomplaining, she opened the door and walked out into the bar.

Instantly she was in the midst of a wild scene. Two sleek-haired men were dealing cask liquor to a row of roughly clad miners across a pine bar and weighing the dust and nuggets offered in payment by a great black brute of a man who stood at one end. The lamps set along the wall gleamed yellow through the rank tobacco smoke that eddied thick whenever the heavy door opened to admit a newcomer. There was a steady and deafening roar of noise, homeric laughter, coarse shouts, the mur-

derous snarls of two men fighting in a corner, and the tinkle of a piano played by a painted woman.

At sight of the girl Black Brand left the end of the bar bellowing with joy, his little bloodshot eyes alight. "Well, Sid," he greeted her father, "is it the Monte Cristo against the girl?"

Jerue nodded surlily and pushed his way through the jam to a table where a pallid youth with thin white hands and a cigarette pendant from his lower lip, called monotonously at a roulette wheel.

The knowledge of what was about to take place brought a half hush to the crowd, for this was not white man's play. Still, since the girl had apparently acquiesced, it was no one's business but Jerue's and Black Brand's. On this point the unwritten code was strict, and only because it was, did Black Brand dare his desperate game. For in winning Little Pal, should he win, he would gain the angel of Killisnoo, the idol of the whole camp.

The girl knew the code and played the game scrupulously. Not a murmur broke from her as the preparations went on, not

a glance pleaded. But she looked about among these rough men with a new sort of tenderness—the tenderness of farewell.

"Little Pal!" It was they who had called her that, because she would marry none of them; and it was they who, pooling together, had bought her the coat of silver fox skin she prized above everything on earth. Now meeting their angry glances with a brave smile, she thought whimsically of little particularities that endeared each of them to her; Shorty Wood's lisp; Prester Mayfield's lies, which amounted to works of genius; Pill Box Andy's belief that quinine would cure anything.

Her eyes sought the man next to Pill Box Andy, and her lids fluttered down to veil the swift emotion that leaped to them, for of all the men in Killisnoo she loved John Grandin.

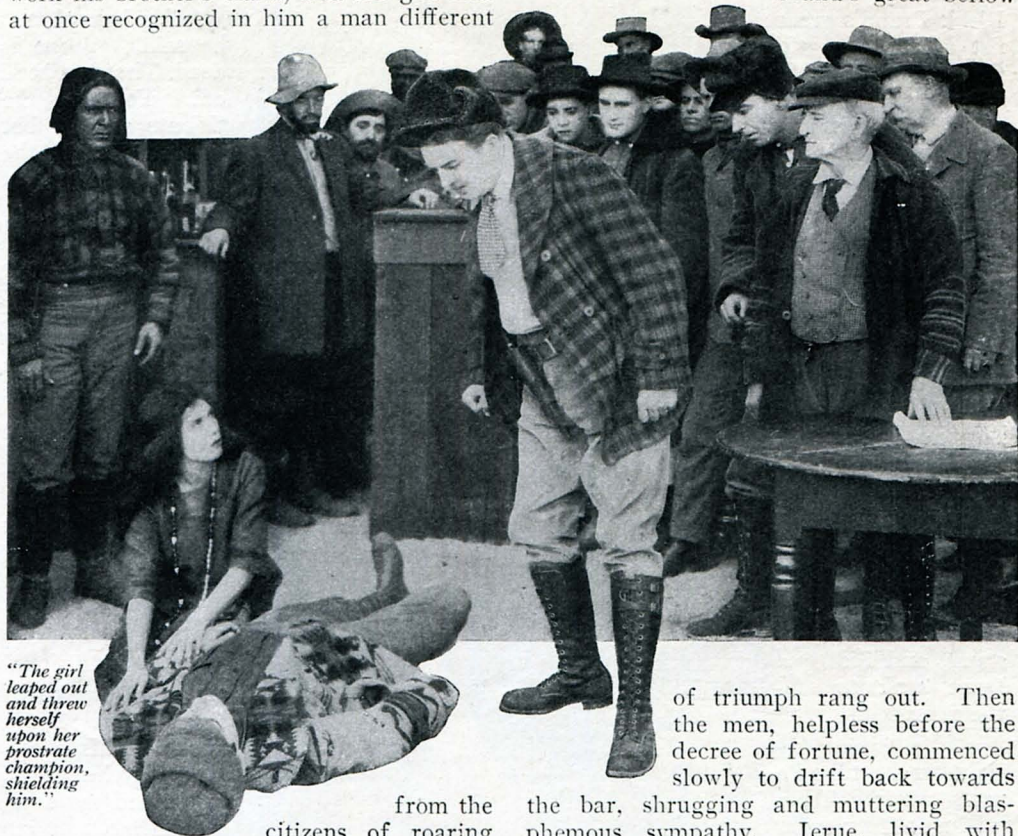
Grandin had left his wife in Texas and come north with the first spring thaw to work his brother's claim, and the girl had at once recognized in him a man different

her too vivid imagination, that bitterest curse of mixed blood.

She lifted her dark eyes shyly to his face again, and saw it pale with pity and anxiety for her. Pity and anxiety! That was all he had ever shown her, aside from a delightful, merry comradeship. Even this present hateful business did not rouse a deeper feeling; she was still merely his "little Indian girl."

"Ah-h!" It was a long murmur of breathless suspense as the croupier spun the wheel and the little ball clicked and leaped among the spaces. Still now, with tense faces and strained muscles, the men watched, crowding close but leaving space for the girl's frail figure. Slowly and more slowly the wheel revolved, the ball rattling now instead of leaping. It paused, it ran, it rested; ran again, wavered, and came to rest on the red.

In the instant's death-like silence Black Brand's great bellow



"The girl leaped out and threw herself upon her prostrate champion, shielding him."

from the citizens of roaring Killisnoo, those congenital pioneers destined forever to chase the will-o'-the-wisp of gold. Something about him had stirred

of triumph rang out. Then the men, helpless before the decree of fortune, commenced slowly to drift back towards the bar, shrugging and muttering blasphemous sympathy. Jerue, livid with chagrin and loss, steadied himself against the table, grinning like a death's head.

Flushed with victory, his eyes devouring

the girl, Black Brand strode to the bar.

"Step up and give it a name, boys," he roared, "the place is yours!"

Shuffling, half unwillingly, the men moved forward, and the bartenders swiftly dealt the liquor. Then Brand, turning, seized Little Pal's arm and dragged her forward close to him. He raised his glass.

"The new Mrs. Brand!" he shouted, and two dozen elbows crooked.

But a single glass remained untouched on the bar. It was Grandin's.

Brand saw it and lowered his own.

"Here, what's the matter with you?" he demanded, savagely.

"Drink that!"

"I'll drink to no such marriage, you shameful beast!"

"Drink, I tell you!"

"Never!"

Like a pistonrod Black Brand's great fist shot out to Grandin's jaw. He staggered, clutched at the bar for support, and fell. With an animal-like snarl of rage, Brand gathered himself for the bone-breaking jump upon his enemy. But in that instant the girl leaped out and threw herself upon her prostrate champion, shielding him.

Quickly the men nearest laid hold of Brand, but at that he lost all control, and drawing his gun, fired wildly. There was a grunt, and Sid Jerue sank to the floor.

Instantly there was panic. The painted women screamed, coins scattered across the floor with a metallic

jingle, as chairs and tables were overturned in the scramble for safety. The next moment the place was empty, but in that moment, as Brand stood master of the field, his smoking revolver in his hand, Grandin, whose brain had cleared, drew and shot him through the arm. Then, holding him covered, he helped the girl to her feet and got up himself.

Presently, hearing no further sounds of struggle, the miners returned.

"Look after Jerue," Grandin directed them and, too, knelt by the gambler's side.

"He don't need no lookin' after," said one a moment later, "his checks is in."

Grandin turned to Brand who, disarmed, leaned sullenly against the bar, the blood dripping from his fingers.

"You hear that?" he said. "Jerue is dead. That last bet's off. You get the 'Monte Cristo,' but you don't touch the girl. Does that go, boys?"

"It goes," Pill Box Andy told him, speaking for the crowd, and Grandin, thrusting his revolver into its holster, left the place.

II

Late that night



he was awakened from sleep by a knock at his cabin. Dressing hurriedly, he opened the door, gun in hand, to see Little Pal standing in the darkness, trembling and

"The claim, like so many others, had proven worthless."

miserably alone.

"Please," she begged, falteringly, "let me come in. I have nowhere to go. Brand owns my father's place now, and he wouldn't let me stay there even till morning."

Grandin, mentally cursing the man, took the shivering girl in. He built a roaring fire and boiled her hot tea. Then when she had recovered somewhat, he asked:

"And what are you going to do now?"

She did not answer at once, but searched his face steadily.

"You are so good and brave!" she said then wistfully. "I am not afraid when I am with you. Let me come and live here. I have nowhere else to go."

So simply and innocently was the proposal made that Grandin almost smiled. But he knew her request was impossible to grant and told her so.

"But you sleep here tonight," he said, "and I'll bunk with Pill Box Andy. Then tomorrow we'll start you a little cabin next door, and you and I'll be neighbors. How will that do?"

She could not reply for gratitude, and he left her standing there before the fire, mutely worshiping him and all the homely articles about her that breathed of him.

Next day, as he had promised, he began the cabin, and soon she was installed, safe from the clutches of Black Brand.

Then between them began a strangely sweet idyl. Grandin hired an Indian servant, Cultus, who cooked and worked for them both, and day after day they went together to the stream where his claim was, and washed the sand for gold, making a game of it and weighing their day's dust against each other for trivial prizes—a ribbon or a plug of tobacco.



"She left the cabin and stole down to the sandy river bank."

That brief, hot northern summer, among the rocks and pines, brought to Little Pal such happiness as dreams are spun of. If she had loved Grandin before, she adored him now, and the only cloud upon the clear sky of her romance was the fact that he did not love her. Of the wife he had left at home she did not know, and he, because she concealed her love for him so well, found no necessity for telling her.

Thus the weeks passed, until a day when Grandin was stricken with fever. Then the long-pent feelings of the girl found eager expression in service.

Working the mine daily, she still found time to nurse him, soothing his hot brow with her cool hands, and calming him through the long night's delirium.

Side by side with her worked Cultus, the Indian. And just as she loved Grandin, so he worshiped her. Mute, faithful, with a passion which, like hers, found happiness in service, he watched over her and protected her when she went alone about the streets of the camp.

Then, almost synchronous with the crisis of the fever, when Grandin had recognized her for the first time, Little Pal met the crisis of her life.

The week before the mine had suddenly petered out. Day after day she had worked it, but no cheerful gleam of yellow gold specks in the bottom of the sluice box rewarded her labor. The claim, like so many others, had proven worthless.

Tonight as she entered the cabin, all her exhaustion and discouragement forgotten for the moment in the thought of seeing him, she came face to face with a stylishly dressed woman whose air of proprietorship clutched her heart with a vague foreboding.

"That you, Little Pal?" Grandin asked weakly from the bunk, and like a homing bird she flew to him.

He took her hands, toil roughened in his service, between his own wasted ones.

"Dear Little Pal,"

he said, "your slavery is over at last.

Frances — my wife — has come at last."

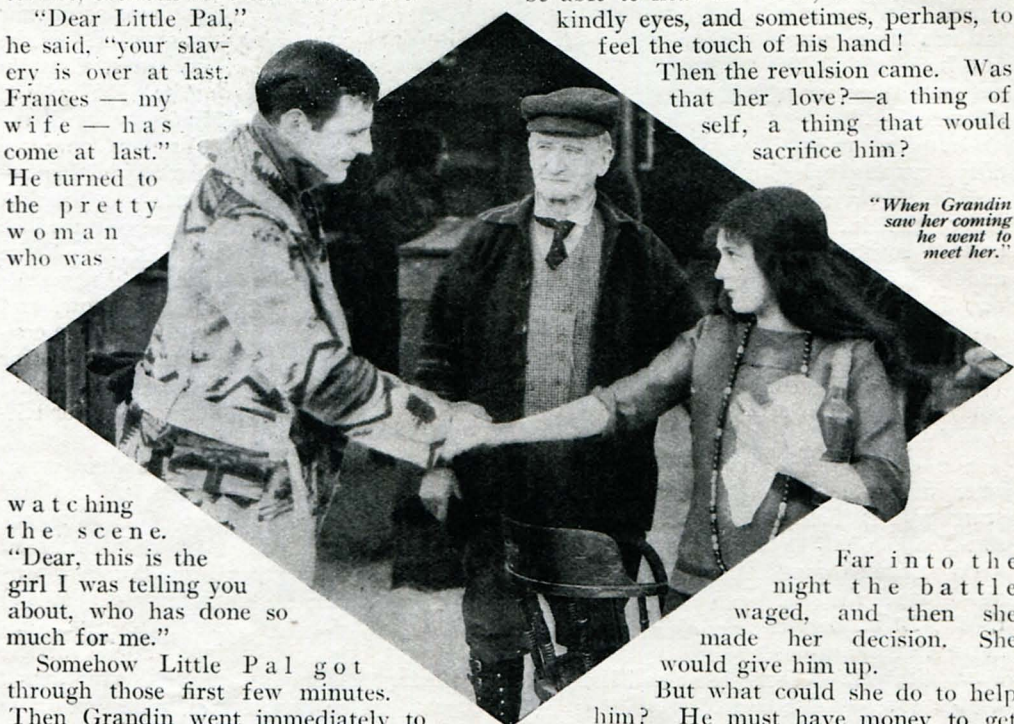
He turned to the pretty woman who was

Grandin responsible for concealment. He had been too honest, too genuine, for that.

And now he must go! Ah, to keep him here, even though it meant his death! To be able to hear his voice, to look into his kindly eyes, and sometimes, perhaps, to feel the touch of his hand!

Then the revulsion came. Was that her love?—a thing of self, a thing that would sacrifice him?

"When Grandin saw her coming he went to meet her."



watching the scene.

"Dear, this is the girl I was telling you about, who has done so much for me."

Somehow Little Pal got through those first few minutes. Then Grandin went immediately to the subject that was causing him the greatest concern.

"What luck at the mine to-day, Little Pal?" he asked, with his usual bright cheeriness, "any hen's egg nuggets?"

She shook her head. "No. Not a speck of gold; not one."

His face fell, and there was a pregnant silence that was broken only by the roar of the north wind in the forest outside.

"What shall we do?" said Frances Grandin, helplessly, turning to the girl. "The doctor says John must leave this climate at once—that a winter here might kill him."

"Yes, I know," said Little Pal, at a loss before the question.

Later, in her tiny cabin that he had built for her with his own hands, she fought her battle. The presence of this woman, this interloper, seemed like the presence of death. She felt that the sun had been taken from her world, the heart and soul out of her life, leaving but a physical shell that ached and ached. And yet she did not hold

Far into the night the battle waged, and then she made her decision. She would give him up.

But what could she do to help him? He must have money to get away, and his own mine was worthless. More clearly with the hours it was borne in upon her that there was only one thing to be done.

Donning her outer garments, she left the cabin and stole down to the sandy river bank where the men worked during the day. And as she robbed them of their gold, she knew that in the shadow of the trees Cultus, faithful and loving her even in this, stood on guard.

III

"So the mine's really paying again," said Grandin a week later. He could sit up now, and would walk in a few days. "I thought at first it wouldn't last, but there must be a real placer in that claim. Ten days more like this, and we'll have enough to go home."

"Yes, it's paying again," Little Pal told him, "and I'm—glad."

Ten days more! Could she keep it up that long? Every night made her task more hazardous, for the men, aware now of

the constant robbery, had posted guards about the diggings and sluice-boxes. She knew that the fate of the marauder, if caught, would be swift and sure. But whatever the risk, or hardship, her purpose did not waver. By what other sacrifice could she show her love?

The ten days passed, and on the last night she stole from her cabin and drifted down to the river bank like a shadow among the trees. Behind her, as always, silent and alert, moved Cultus.

At the edge of the diggings she halted until she had located the guard. His stertorous breathing told her that fortune favored her, and that he was asleep. Then, like a wraith, she started across the sand towards the claim she had selected.

Suddenly behind her sounded heavy footsteps and a low laugh of triumph, and she turned to face Black Brand. The next instant he had clasped her in his arms, and was forcing her lips to meet his.

"So it was you!" he breathed hoarsely. "Well, you can rob the claim, you can have everything, if you'll just—"

With silent fury she fought him, writhing in his arms with all her supple strength. He relaxed his grasp a moment to seize her more firmly and, like an eel, she had slipped away from him and fled towards the sheltering forest.

An instant the man stood baffled. Then his caution went down in the hurricane of his temper, and, drawing his revolver, he fired after her. She felt a hot stab in her arm and stumbled. Then she was aware of the strong and tender arms of the Indian closing about her, and knew no more.

The next instant the guard, awakened by the shot, sprang up. Before him among the workings in the starlit river bed loomed Brand's huge bulk, and without thought or hesitation he fired. The bullet went true and Black Brand died on his feet.

As the depredations ceased after that night, the miners always believed that he had been the thief, and rejoiced in his death.

Carrying Little Pal to her cabin, Cultus laid her on her bed. Then with deft, gentle fingers, he probed the wound, cleansed it, and bound it. Far into the night he sat beside her, an immobile bronze figure of devotion.

Next day the Grandins left. Before the stage came that was to take them away,

Little Pal dressed carefully in her newest and brightest things. She wore all the little trinkets he had given her, and the ribbons she had won from him in the happy days when they had washed pay dirt against each other at the mine.

When Grandin saw her coming he went to meet her. His deep gratitude for all she had done surged over him, and he led her away from the friendly crowd that had come to witness the departure, and along a forest path they had often trod together in the old days.

And there beneath the friendly pines he told her of the debt he owed and could never repay her, and of how, so long as he lived, her memory would shine in his heart next only after the thought of the woman he loved.

And then he left her.

After that the days passed in a blurred, gray monotony, and though the courage to live was in her, the desire to live was not. Slowly she wasted like a flower deprived of water.

But in her misery she felt always near and about her like a warm garment, the ceaseless service and love of Cultus. What was endurable during these barren days he brought into her life. Sometimes he talked to her, trying in his inarticulate way to comfort and divert her. But she could not respond, could not seem to rouse herself from the lethargy that was devouring her life like a slow poison.

"I shall die soon, and then you will be free," she told him once, and then, for the first time, she learned of the depth of his love.

"If you die, I die," he told her simply. "Where you go, I go. I love you."

She smiled and said nothing, but this new, warm knowledge of being loved was like a transfusion of blood to her veins. The desolation, the loneliness and futility of existence, became neutralized; and the thought that it was in her power to make this good man happy, comforted her and became a motive for living. Gradually her strength flowed back.

In time she married Cultus, and was happy with him.

But never, though she grew to love him very deeply, could she ever forget Grandin or the bitter-sweet memories of their brief idyl that had bloomed so warm and fair against the background of the iron north.

Five Little Girls at School



A Jolly Bunny Reminiscence.

This group, in a Vitagraph comedy of other days, shows the late John Bunny and Julia Swayne Gordon in the foreground, and lined up in the background—from left to right—are Norma Talmadge, Dorothy Kelley, Edith Halleran, Edith Storey and Lillian Walker.

Chicago Gets Big One

CHICAGO, not to be outdone by any municipality, now has a big down-town photoplay theater devoted to feature releases, and a combination program of drama, travel and comedy, after the manner of the Strand Theater in New York. Chicago's Strand occupies Orchestra Hall, on Michigan avenue, one of the most noted temples of melody in the United States. There is a large orchestra, and many paramount productions are shown.

MR. AND MRS. TYRONE POWER are at the Los Angeles studios of the Selig Company. Mr. Power is studying several characterizations for future productions.

William is So Thoughtful

AT a dinner party given Elsie Janis at the Athletic Club at Los Angeles, where she was filming for the Bosworth, somebody mentioned that the German Emperor had given his brother the iron cross.

"Yes," said Miss Janis, quickly, "the German Emperor gave the iron cross to his brother, the double cross to the Belgians, and honorable mention to the Lord!"

WILLARD MACK and Forest Winant are to be out West hereafter to do leads and features and things with Thomas H. Ince.

JOSE COLLINS is now with the Famous Players.

Ince: Rodin of Shadows

IMPRESSIONS OF AN EFFICIENT GENIUS

By Harry C. Carr

A COMBINATION of Rodin, the pre-eminent genius of modern sculpture; of "Hurry-up Yost," the cyclonic football coach; here and there a touch of David Belasco and Terry McGovern—that's Thomas H. Ince, big chief of Inceville, where New York Motion turns out the most terrific effects that have yet been attempted in pictures.

Ince is the only man who ever put a full-

him the less accurately are you able to make him out.

On the way down to Inceville, we rode with a well known magazine writer who was also making a pilgrimage to see Ince. "He is the Rodin of America," he said. "He must be a dreamer of weird dreams with the mechanical efficiency to grab his dreams ready-made out of the blue ether. No man could cold-bloodedly figure out such stupendous effects."

We told this to one of Tom



"His face is round and strong, with a small, relentless mouth and penetrating gray eyes—the

grown earthquake and volcano into a picture; he was the first to put an almost life-sized battle on the screen.

Ince is a most inscrutable figure—the enigma of the picture drama. The nearer you get to



eyes that one often sees in professional soldiers; Kitchener eyes. His expression is absolutely inscrutable."

Ince's star scenario writers and he gave a snort of scorn. "He is about as full of dreams as John D. Rockefeller. The secret of Ince's big stuff is a very simple one. He has the unusual ability to visualize a scenario. He can see what things are going

"Like most highly organized men, Ince is a willing listener to advice. He hears what everybody has to say, then turns on his mind with a crack, and it is decided."



to look like. He doesn't figure things out; he thinks in mental pictures.

"We scenario writers weed out the best scripts for him; these he takes home at night and works over himself. When he reads over the script it is for him just like looking at the play it would make. It is the same thing with actors. Not long ago, some one brought a very beautiful girl to Inceville and we thought we had made the find of our lives. Ince turned her down with one glance. He said she was beautiful, but wouldn't look well on the screen. Some other moving picture company employed her and spent a lot of money discovering what Ince was able to visualize. Ince is a great director for the reason that he has one of the peculiar minds that thinks in terms of photography."

After the scenario writer had taken his departure, one of Ince's directors confided in us that this was all "bull."

"I'll tell you the reason he gets this big stuff over," he said. "He knows the theater game. His people were all actors before him. He has been a playwright, a stage manager, a vaudeville actor and all the rest of it. He knows all the mechanics of the stage. Beyond that, he is a wholesaler in ideas.

"It is the same in other jobs. There are

politicians who work in wards and precincts. There are other politicians, not a bit more skillful who think in terms of international treaties and world policies. So there are stage managers who think in terms of vaudeville sketches and others who think in stage terms that take in thousands of supers and stages as big as European principalities. Ince happens to be the latter. There are lots of stage managers who can get fine battle effects out of a back drop and ten members of the National Guard and a wooden cannon. Ince gets his battle effects out of a regular battle, with charging batteries, trenches, cavalry and everything nearly on a life-sized scale."

We found one of Ince's cowboy actors coming down the hillside from a Wild West scene staged somewhere upon the 18,000 acre Ince Studio in the Santa Monica mountains. He had his own ideas of the power behind the little big boss of Inceville and his idea was like none of the other ideas.

"It aint no dreams," he said. "What have they been giving you! It's just pep and ginger. My Gawd, that man Ince is awful. He is a nice young feller you understand. We all think a lot of him. In fact he's about as swell a guy as I

ever see; but I'd rather try to lasso wild bulls with a piece of wrapping twine than to work in a play he is directing. Last summer, he put on some of our Wild West stuff himself and he like to killed off all the stock.

"He'd get us out as soon as the light was good enough to take pictures and he'd go tearing up the trail on his broncho as fast as the pony could lick it. All the rest of us would be streaming along on the trail behind, trying to catch up. Before we could catch our breath, he'd have through three or four scenes; then he'd straddle that bronc again and yell, 'Come on; we are going to take a scene on the beach!' And we'd go tumbling down the mountain trying to catch up again. Before we had time to find out what the play was about, he'd have us half through four more. The only thing that ever stopped that guy was the sun going down. I'll tell you on the level, mister, I look to see him start a studio in the attic where the sun sticks around for twenty-four hours at a stretch. That would be a swell place for this guy Ince."

The only one on the whole ranch who seemed unable to explain how Ince gets over the big stuff was Ince. He promised to tell us all about it; but at the last

moment, he got a plain case of stage fright and ducked in terror. To my mind, this was a delightful and characteristic incident. I imagine that if the late William Shakespeare came to life and blundered in upon a young ladies' Shakespeare class, it would scare him back into his grave. Shakespeare was a practical theater man. From time to time, he found need of a play, so he grabbed anybody's plot that seemed to be handy and fussed it up with what he probably regarded as some good fast snappy lines. The idea of being great never entered his head. Ince is hardly in the Shakespeare class, but the principle is the same. Men who do big things seldom know how to account for the bigness thereof. They just do them.

The best key to Ince is not hearing Ince making a lame attempt to tell about it; but Ince in his own workshop. When we arrived at the studio, there were half a dozen plays being put on—an East Indian drama down on the sea shore—a Hart Wild West show up in the canon—a college play in one of the interior studios—a huge political drama in the big studio.

Ince was personally directing the political drama. The United States Senate was in session. A corrupt senator was trying to jam through a crooked bill over the protests of a young reform politician. The Statesmen were in their seats; the galleries were filled with people.



"A man's voice is said to be an index to his character. Ince's voice is quick, sharp and incisive. His words snap out with a sting in which there is not a trace of temper."



Down by the vice president's desk was a figure that never should have been in the United States Senate—a small, rather stocky man in a sweater vest. He was apparently in the early thirties. His face was round and strong, with a small, relentless mouth, and penetrating gray eyes—the eyes that one often sees in professional soldiers; Kitchener eyes. His expression was absolutely inscrutable; you couldn't tell whether he was glad or sore. His face was a mask. Behind the mask was Thomas H. Ince.

One thing that struck us at the first glance was the remarkable discipline that prevailed, and the remarkable power Ince seemed to have over the supers. The usual "big scene" buzzes like a Sunday school picnic. In this picture the senate gallery filled with extra people sat as though they were made of stone. It was as still as death over the whole scene while Ince walked slowly round through the senate aisle, his small, sharp eyes darting from one spot to another. Stepping up on a little platform back of the senators, he suddenly cried: "Now, gallery; get excited; lean over the balcony; talk among yourselves!" It was as though some one had pulled the string of a mechanical toy. The whole gallery sprang into action. He waved his hand and it was still again.

A man's voice is said to be an index to his character. Ince's voice is quick, sharp and clear—incisive. His words snap out with a sting in which there is not a trace of temper. It is like a well-built machine made for yelling purposes. Like everything else on his ranch, Ince's voice is one hundred per cent efficient. They say that Ince sometimes gets very angry and tears things up. I can't imagine it. It would be like a high-tension machine torn loose and pounding to pieces. I can't imagine his doing anything that didn't count for anything—like getting angry.

After the "push" senator sat down, the young reformer got to this feet and made a ringing speech. "Gentlemen of the United States Senate," he declaimed, "I say to you here and now that the top screen has shifted a little and there is a sun spot on the side of the vice president's desk (bringing his fist down with a thump on his desk). Gentlemen, I say a sun spot. Unless you fix the screen this picture is going to be spoiled."

The fact of this unexpected speech was extremely funny but not the shadow of a smile crossed the face of a single actor in the big company of extras until Ince cried, "That will do." Then everybody burst out laughing. It was a remarkable instance of control.

Ince never heard the end of the laugh. He had slipped down a flight of stairs; hurried down to the second producing stage just as Bessie Barriscale was putting a big scene in a college play.

"Wait," he ordered. In an instant, he had shifted the whole scene. Without lingering to see the effect of his changes, he hurried down the hill to the sea beach where Harry Woodruff and Tsuru Aoki, the charming little Japanese girl, were putting on the big scene from "The Beckoning Flame," an East Indian drama with elephants, wedding processions, rajahs and a lot more visual chutney.

Then he dashed into the main office to give an order about the ship that belongs to the Ince company and is kept anchored at San Pedro ready to act its part in sea dramas.

Ince impressed the literary man as a Rodin; the scenario writer as a wonderful visualizer; the director as a star stage mechanic; it may have been suspected by the reader that he impressed me as an efficiency expert.

Were I a futurist painter, he would make me think of a lot of shiny electric buttons, cabinets, electrical instruments, charts with wriggly day-to-day lines scrawled across them. If he dreams dreams, no doubt they are all highly systematized dreams; pink elephants invariably after lobster a la Newburg; wild dogs after cheese, etc., etc.—well regulated nightmares.

The whole Ince studio-ranch crackles with system. The supers and extra people, for instance, are all employed on regular salaries instead of being engaged hit-or-miss by the day. Whenever they start a new play, Ince gets the directors together and deals out the extra people for the different plays like poker hands.

Like most highly-organized men, Ince is a willing listener to advice. He hears what everybody has to say; then turns on his mind with a crack, and it is decided. Once decided, he is a philosopher without regrets. He is his own court of last appeal.

Ormi and Fido



Despite Her Little Pet,

Miss Hawley scarcely looks happy. This giant python of pleasant fireside name was borrowed from a circus by Director Terwillinger for a Lubin feature, "The Eternal Sacrifice;" a story of mother-love throughout the ages. Yes, he trotted home again and Ormi is still among us.



The Moving Picture Trust of Rombaloo

By
Gordon Seagrove

1

On an isle that's sun-kissed daily, dwells an Irishman named Haley
Who does naught but dream and doze beneath the blue,
Or add up his sums financial, which are many and substantial:
He's the movin' picture trust of Rombaloo!
Years ago he sailed for Asia, but the skipper had aphasia,
And the ship went flooey-flooey on the rocks,
But "the trust" he saved his bacon — and his camera — and shakin'
Landed damply on the island minus sox.

2

With a whoop a band of demons screechin' like they had the tremens
Dragged him rudely by the heels to King Kazoo.
Said the King: "Well I'm a sinner!" (Which he was) "or you're my dinner.
Slice him up, lads — he is plump enough for stew!"
Cried the wreck from out the ocean: "Wait! You want to get the notion
That you're bound to stew me right out of your mind."
And ere strapping slaves could stay him, or the King's cold frown dismay him
Half a dozen reels of film he did unwind.

3

Soon he'd fitted up a screening (Though they wotted not its meaning)
And he cranked like mad upon the film machine
Till the peerage had contortions gazing at the fair proportions
Of the figures that appeared upon the screen.

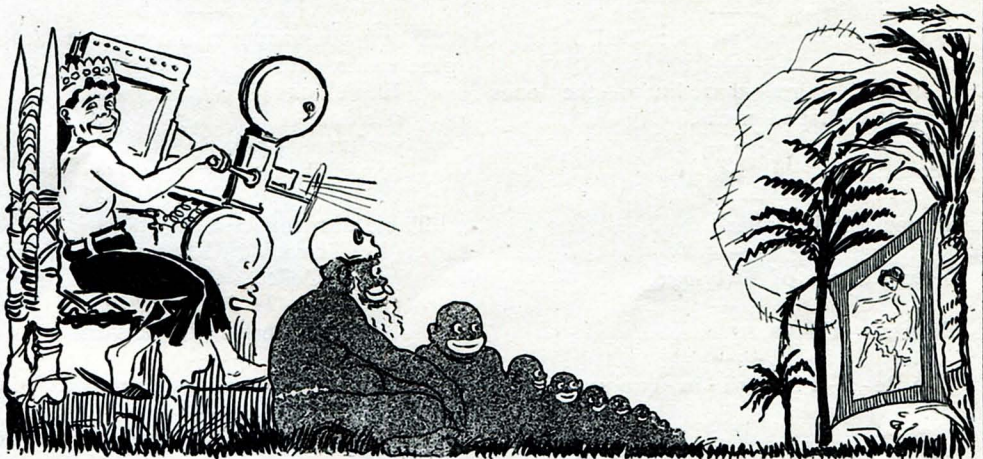
For the movie showed the dickens that was raised by chorus chickens
 Who had skipped the show in 'Frisco for a lark.
 Every dame was cool perfection, from her toes to her complexion!
 And each showed up like a sunbeam in the dark.

4

There were scores of lovely wimmin. Better yet — they were in swimmin'
 And their suits were things to bring the eye delight.
 The director had been gracious, and the suits were not too spacious,—
 Well, the King sat up and looked at 'em all night.
 And he'd slap his knees and chortle as he lamped those frail immortal,
 Till his savage frowns were turned to grins of joy.
 "Take away the stew-pots, vandals!" cried the King, and stamped his sandals;
 "I have found a life-time duty for this boy!"

5

After that, in hempen nightie, King Kazoo would watch the flighty
 Little chorines and he never seemed to tire.
 And although it may sound funny, the old coot gave Haley money
 Till the derelict was rich beyond desire:
 And he built a hut of mango and he introduced the tango
 For the smokes who couldn't sit the pictures through.
 Now he owns a savage circuit and the King helps him to work it:
 He's the movin' picture trust of Rombaloo!



Candidates for the Storehouse

By Johnstone Craig

LAST week's pictures.

Some of last year's favorites.

Most European films.

Unsteady projectors.

Dirty screens.

Unpretty ticket sellers.

Ushers.

War pictures.

Chaplin's imitators.

Censors.

The girl who doesn't give him a real kiss.

The leading man who can't do a little rough loving.

Butlers' whiskerettes.

Maids who curtsy.

Most movie posters.

Chromatic shoes.

The stockings she wears to bed.

Rob-Roy shirts—you know—the ones with the V-shaped necks.

Lip-biters.

Permanent ingenues.

Young bucks of forty-two.

Scenario schools.

The Be-a-Pickford-in-twelve-lessons thief.

Mission furniture in Colonial pictures.

Trained nurses who are reformed villainesses.

The screen literary man.

In re The Artist:—

(a) His slouch cap.

(b) His windsor tie.

(c) His sailor's pants.

(d) His goatee.

(e) Himself.

Wash-boiler armor.

Broom-stick javelins.

Supers' legs.

Mocking laughter.

The papers.

The pianist's sense of appropriateness.

Papa's anger.

Heroes who pout.

Hydrophobic villains.

Death as he is practiced.

The suicide who doesn't do it.

The business man who arrives at father's glue works with:

10 o'clock

silk hat

perfume (probably)

hemstitched underwear (perhaps)

The following standard plots:—

(1) Heaven Will Protect the Working Gail.

(2) Rags Is Royal Raiment When Worn for Virtue's Sake.

Hideous interior of workingman's home.

Hideous interior of fashionable restaurant.

The Girl Who Keeps a Railroad

"ORDER OUT THE WRECKER AND THE CAMERA AT NINE
"FOR BEAUTY AND DISASTER ON THE HELEN HOLMES LINE!"

By Alan Burden

"If you want to kill yourself jumping off bridges on to the top of moving freight trains, why of course that's your own lookout; but what I want to know," wrote a railroad brakeman to Helen Holmes—the "Hazards of Helen" girl—"is where you get all them trains to play with."

Every one who has seen this series of railroad photoplay thrillers must have wondered with the brakeman where she gets all "them trains."

It seems to be nothing at all for Helen, in the course of a one-reel picture, to use an overland train with mail cars and a long string of passenger coaches—a big freight train, and maybe a switch engine or two. And it is perfectly plain to any railroad man that her camera men do not snap photographs of passing trains and afterward work them into pictures. They are obviously pet trains that are there just to do her bidding.

Some of her big scenes have been played in the cab

of a huge double Mallet-Compound, of which type there are only a few in the world—with Helen at the throttle of the giant and a long string of "boxes" behind.

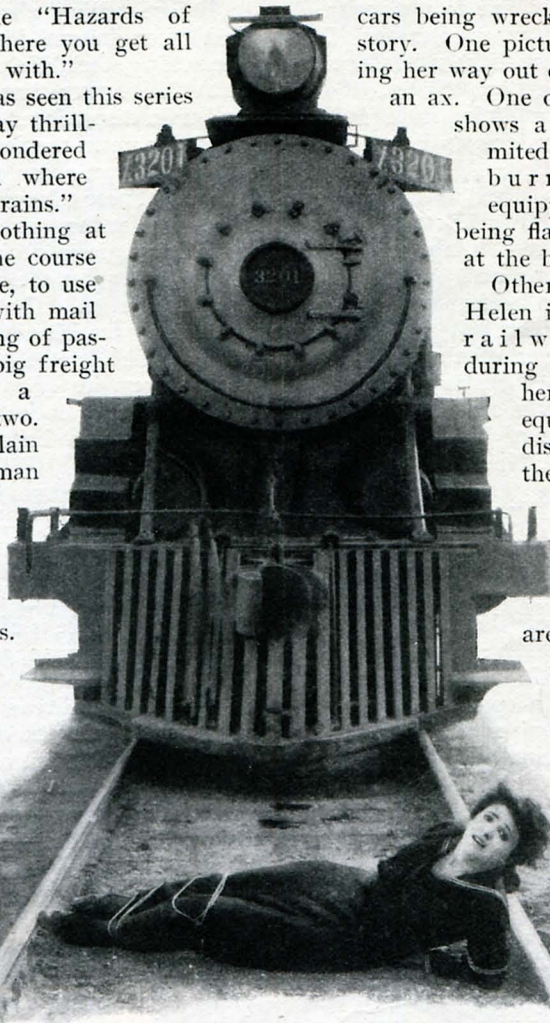
Some of Helen's hazards show freight cars being wrecked to help out her story. One picture shows her hacking her way out of a locked car with an ax. One of the latest releases

shows a trestle being dynamited and afterward burned with a fully equipped passenger train being flagged by Helen just at the brink of the chasm.

Other pictures show Helen in full possession of railway telegraph offices during long scenes; show her using the entire equipment of a train dispatcher's office as the stage for a melodrama.

What most bewilders railroad men is that many of these scenes are on the main line of the Salt Lake railroad—not on branch lines or fake railroads: you can't fool them on this point.

Helen's director
— J. P.



"The engineer didn't put on the air in time. The pilot struck her and carried her twenty feet; luckily she was on top of the pilot instead of underneath."

McGowan, who is also Helen's husband,—cheerfully cleared up the mystery for the PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.

It appears that, despite appearances, Helen does not own a transcontinental railroad. She rents the equipment from the Salt Lake Road and other corporations.

Owing to a very remarkable network of interurban trolley cars, whose lines spread over Southern California like a spider web, the three railroads entering Los Angeles do very little local work. Most of their traffic is transcontinental. The consequence is that their rails are idle except for a few trains a day. There are often several hours between trains when Helen can safely have the main line to play with.

It happens that when Senator Clark built the Salt Lake road he needed certain terminal facilities in Los Angeles. To get them he absorbed a dinky little railroad that ran from Pasadena to Los Angeles and then to San Pedro. While the taking was good he also picked up a little line running from Los Angeles to the actor-settlement at Glendale. Only one train a day runs to Pasadena and only one train to Glendale—just to hold those franchises. What a cinch for Helen!

She uses whichever of these lines best fits the scenery of the story—unless the main line chances to be a necessary element of the story. Some of her best stuff was taken at Las Vegas, Nevada, on the main line.

So much for the rails.

Probably for the incidental advertising involved and partly for the reason that the Salt Lake has always made a special bid for the patronage of theater people, the railroad lets Helen have a train for the nominal figure of \$75 a day. This price includes an engine, a complete train crew and any kind of equipment in the yards. The limit is ten cars. Up to ten cars, Helen can pick out her own cast of characters from ice boxes or gondolas and Wells-Fargo cars, to combination mail cars and coaches.

These trains are operated on the same sort of schedule whereby they train-dispatch "work trains." Helen has gradually accumulated a company of actors who have all been railroad men. Her conductor parts are taken by an actor who was formerly a railroad conductor. Her engineer parts are taken by an old actor who spent his

years in a cab. These men are used whenever any part of the train crew is actually called upon to do any play-acting. Otherwise the trains are operated by regular crews from the Salt Lake. Although sometimes the trainmen specially ask to be sent out with the movies, the Helen-trains are ordinarily sent out with the crew that happens to be on the list for the "next out." Any rolling stock that happens to be ready is sent to her. She seldom uses the same train twice.

These crews are of course sent out with regular train orders from the dispatchers and take the sidings to make way for the trains on schedule.

Before telling about the wrecked cars and other unusual liberties she takes with the rolling stock, Helen confided to PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE that her telegraph offices and train dispatchers' office are fakes. They are made up in the form of portable houses and sent down on auto trucks from her city studio. These telegraph office scenes never take place at the studios. To give the touch of realism, it is necessary to have trains go whizzing by the windows of the telegraph station. The dispatchers' office is another clever fake made like the telegraph station with detachable walls. It was copied from an office in Los Angeles and was so cleverly done that some of the railroad men who had worked there were fooled.

When Helen wants to have a train wreck, they get ancient equipment from any of the railroads that happen to have such stuff in their hospitals. By reason of the fact that Los Angeles is a terminal point for three roads, there is always a lot of invalid equipment that manages to limp in here to the shops.

Some little railroad ingenuity is brought into play to bring about the wrecks without mussing up the railroads too much. For instance, when they wanted to heave a runaway freight car over a precipice for a recent drama, a temporary switch was built on one of the one-train-a-day-for-the-franchise lines out from Los Angeles. This work was done by a regular section gang from the railroad. The wrecker which went out after the smashed car was the regular wrecking crew and apparatus of the Salt Lake working out from the Los Angeles yards.

We now come to the most important part

of the Helen-train equipment, which is Helen herself. Helen is a very pretty and very charming young lady. She wears pretty gowns and is very proud of the fact that she can burst the sleeves of any of them by doubling up her biceps. Helen "shows

wears a throttle in its nose, although she confesses that the great Mallet-Compounds have her pretty nearly stumped. She understands their air, and their injectors, and their automatic oilers; she knows just how high to "hook up" for the proper saving of steam, but alas! she must swing not two but four sets of eccentrics across the shining quadrant, and she isn't man enough. When they come to a grade the fireman's hand is h e r

under hers as she "slams down in the corner," while with every inlet-port wide open, the great machine takes leviathan long breaths for a hill.

She knows all about train orders and signals and block signals and brakes.

But she admits that the Morse telegraph code is for her a tough problem.

When she first worked in pictures she used

"Helen has accumulated a company of actors who have all been railroad men. Her conductor parts are taken by an actor who was formerly a conductor."

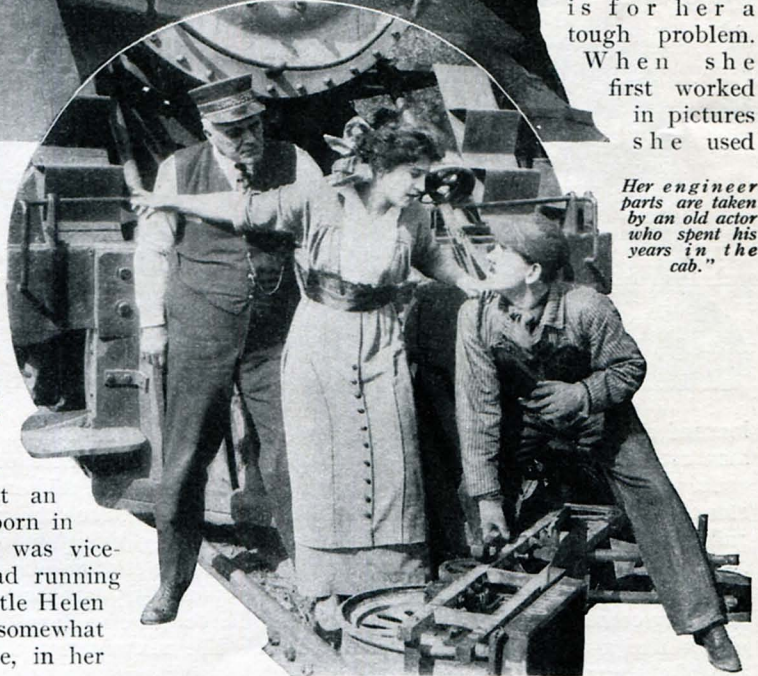
her muscle," and zip-p-p! goes the dress-goods. That's from hanging from bridges and swinging onto passing cabooses.

She became interested in railroads at an early age. She was born in a train. Her father was vice-president of a railroad running out of Chicago and little Helen arrived one day, somewhat ahead of the schedule, in her father's private car.

About two years ago she began the series of railroad stories upon which she is still working. Her experiences have brought her fame as a movie actress and have also made her a pretty good railroad man.

She can run any sort of locomotive that

to grab the telegraph key and jab it up and down in a hurry without making any attempt really to telegraph. She didn't imagine that any body could possibly know the difference. Very soon, however, the railroad men began to



Her engineer parts are taken by an old actor who spent his years in the cab."

write her letters asking her why she didn't really telegraph. They told her they could tell by the movements of her fingers that she was faking. Afterward, they began making "close-ups" of the telegraph instruments themselves; then it was fatal not to know how to telegraph. It showed too plainly. She is learning now; meanwhile, when she has a message to be sent in a picture, she learns just the necessary dots and dashes and practices them, as an actress learns a part.

The main thing she has had to learn is the brakeman's trick of swinging on and off moving trains. Also she has

part was to rescue a baby that was sitting on the track just before the train came over the bridge. I had never worked with a child before and it got on my nerves. Just before I started on the run across the bridge I asked the engineer of the train to stop if he saw I was slow in getting the child out of the way.



"The most important part of the Helen-train is Helen herself."

learned a number of things that no brakeman ever knew.

In one of her recent pictures, for instance, she leaps from the water tank of a railroad down onto the top of a runaway "ice box." She hangs onto the water spout that feeds water into the tenders until the runaway comes under her, then lets go and clings like a cat to the running board on top of the car.

"I have a pair of educated knees," she says. "I have learned to drop like a kitten. My body is all bruised and bumped and scarred from the falls I have had."

She has had many frightful escapes.

"The worst I ever had," she says, "was in a trestle scene on the Glendale line. My

"Stop!" he said, "Hell, I can't stop! I can't stop that train under three lengths."

"Had he told me that sooner I might have had time to brace my mind to it; but hearing this just as I started across the bridge shattered my nerve. I ran out and picked up the baby and started to jump. We were to leap from the bridge into a life net eighteen feet below. I wouldn't think any thing of a jump of eighteen feet by myself; but the child was so frightened that she became almost hysterical. This confused me so that I stood paralyzed on the edge of the trestle. The train was so near that I decided to throw the baby over into the net and take a chance on getting out of it somehow. But when I went to



"Her experiences have brought her fame as a movie actress and have also made her a pretty good railroad man."

Helen's director, J. P. McGowan, is also Helen's husband.



"One picture shows her hacking her way out of a locked car with an ax."

throw the baby she clung with both arms around my neck and screamed with terror. Then I completely lost my head and we

would both have been run over if it hadn't been for the leading man, who literally threw us off the bridge and then jumped."

Another time Miss Holmes was lashed to a railroad track by a mean villain and the engineer of the train didn't put on the air in time. The pilot struck her and carried her twenty feet; luckily she was on top of the pilot instead of underneath.

About the worst of Helen's Hazards is finding stories to put the hazards in. A one-reel scenario of this description, of a necessity, has to be just plot and nothing more. Any character development is almost impossible. After nearly two years of one reels on the same theme the plots have become pretty well exhausted.

Railroad men and other amateur authors send in showers of scenarios for Helen, but very few of them are practicable. During one period of three months' time they received an average of ten scenarios a day without one that they were able to accept.

Helen and Mr. McGowan write many of the best of the thrillers themselves. Most of the scenarios are accepted at the headquarters of the Kalem company in the East and are sent on to Miss Holmes. The cut-

ting and projecting room work is also done in the East.

If she manages to baffle the railroad wheels for a little while longer, it is probable that her work will become less dangerous. When Helen finally gets through with her hazards, Miss Holmes will probably be put to work on longer railroad stories in which there will be an opportunity for the development of real stories of railroad life—something besides just thrills.

"I don't mind hanging over bridges and jumping from horses' backs to runaway engines; it is rather fun," says Helen. "But what I hate is wearing these greasy old overalls. Some day I look forward to appearing in a photoplay where I can wear the most scrumptious clothes that anybody ever saw. I have them all planned in my mind right now."

Meanwhile the picture of "Helen" hangs in the office of more than one dispatching crew and every day brings her scores of admiring letters from "the boys" on the road.

The Public Board of Censors

SAYS a New Jersey newspaper:

"Remedy does not lie in attack upon the films nor in regulation by the censor, but with the public itself, and is a matter of education. Producers of films are not foisting upon the public emotional, cheap or sensational ideas. They know such efforts would be short-lived."

EVELYN GREELEY, the pretty Dixie girl whose abundant pictorial promise was the subject of type and photographic comment in last month's issue of this magazine, has progressed to the Metro studios,

Photoplays for Children

PICTURE plays with child actors exclusively, is a charming novelty which will appear on screens throughout the country this year. Toys dear to the heart of childhood will be the principal properties thereof, and the tragedy and comedy of the nursery, the romance of Tommy and the Little-Girl-Across-The-Street, and all the life of the world of the young people will be made to live therein.

The first children's company is headed by George Stone, Violet Radcliffe and Carmen de Rue. All the actors are under ten.

Picture Magic

She appeared one night in Memphis,
New York and Aberdeen;
And in seven other cities
Which she had never seen.
No—she was not a witch but only
A pretty movie queen,
And appeared in every city
On a moving picture screen.

—Myrtle Conger.

Babies with Almond Eyes



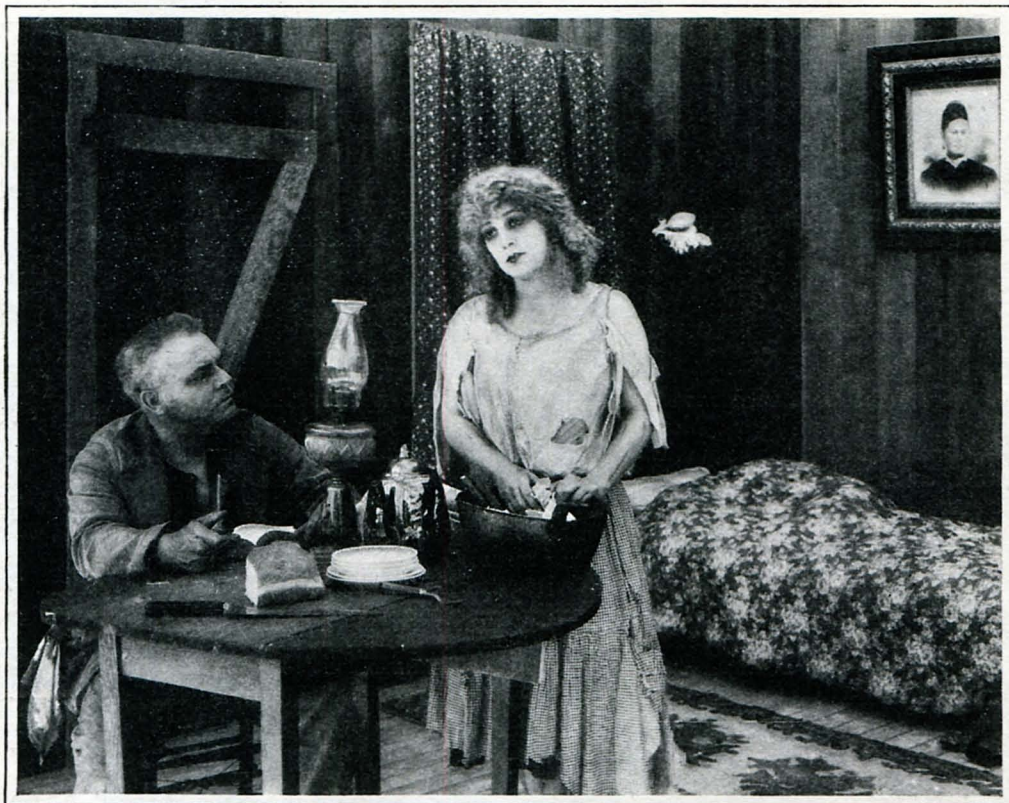
Mother - Pride is much the same in Yokohama, Japan, as it is in Des Moines, Iowa.

Reading about Little Red Riding Hood in a bamboo forest, with a dragon for the wolf.



Nippon's Child-Life on the Screen

From pictures recently taken in Japan by Dr. George A. Dorsey, Curator of Anthropology for the Field Museum of Natural History, Chicago, for the United Film Company. Dr. Dorsey will cover Japan, China, Java, Sumatra, Burma, the Dutch East Indies and New Celebes.



"With the intensity of one whose soul through bitterness has become obsessed with a single idea, she determined to be a lady."

A PHYLLIS *of the* SIERRAS

By GEORGE VAUX BACON

To Those Who Love the Mountains,
The Mountains Give Their Gifts

Illustrations by the California Motion Picture Corporation

I

ONLY America could have produced a Minty Barton; for America is the only country in the world where out of the congestion of dusty tenement streets or from valley fastnesses between distant mountains, come those delicate flowers of feminine loveliness which poets and painters for ages have associated with the ruling blood of nations. Indeed, it is the heritage of a

free people; Nature's guerdon to a race which has earned through toil and blood the inalienable right of sovereignty.

Minty was not of the cities. She was born in the valley of the Sacramento, on the slopes of the Sierras, where the deep green of the woodland rises up to meet the eternal snows of the peaks. In her was the blood of the men who fought their way across three thousand miles of wilderness and desert to find their reward in the Paradise that blooms by the Pacific.

Her father was John Barton, the blacksmith; her mother a country woman whom the blacksmith had wooed and won because she was the nearest girl to his father's shack in the days when he was young. So Minty and her little brother Johnny were born as a matter of course, like the flowers on the mountain side, and as a matter of of course their mother sickened, one year, in the summer heat, and died and slept in the valley.

Minty grew up, a shy, unknowing wild thing, wise in the lore of the mountains and the woods, but knowing nothing of the life led by the people in the cities.

To her father she was someone who had to be fed and who made up his bed and cooked his meals in return. To Johnny, she was his big sister. And no one else in the whole wide world ever gave her a thought.

Except Mother Nature, who, when she was born, made her beautiful.

Her hair flying about her eyes and over a bare shoulder, Minty was running through the dwarf pines on the edge of a cliff she called "The End of the World" for want of a better name, one afternoon, when she heard a muffled cry.

She crept to the cliff's lip and looked down. Below her, in a small cascade of tumbling dust and gravel, a young man was clinging desperately to a ledge. Beneath, sheer down a thousand feet, was what looked like soft underbrush, but was in reality the tops of the giant trees in the valley.

Without a word, Minty whipped out a huge bowie knife her father had given her, from a pocket in her calico shift, and cutting footholes in the sturdy clay, descended to the ledge, whence, with her aid the young man made an easy ascent from what had appeared like a choice between starvation or being dashed to death below.

Minty climbed up after him, and stood staring at him. She had never seen a man so marvelously clothed. He, in his turn, used to the sight of beautiful women beautifully gowned in the most brilliant capital in the world, was amazed at the shoddiness of her attire. But he was a gentleman, and although he saw it, she did not know it.

He held out his hand.

"I'm awfully obliged to you. You have really saved my life. I was as helpless as

a baby—I guess I don't know much about mountains."

The humble admission was lightened by a charming smile.

Minty was overwhelmed. His clothes had been marvelous, but the smile and the intonation of his Oxford English was a miracle. She shifted uneasily on her bare feet and suddenly blushed till her brown curls, instead of caressing a shoulder amazingly white for the amount of sun that had shone on it, rested on glowing pink.

"Gee. You're English, ain't yuh?" she managed to say, her eyes wide.

"Yes, I am English," confessed the young man, secretly much amused. "I am Cecil De Lancey Mainwaring, eldest son of Lord Mainwaring. If there is ever a favor I can do you, you must ask it. You know, it is an old custom that if one person saves another's life, that life belongs to the one who has saved it to do with as he or she pleases."

"I ain't never heard that," admitted Minty. "Is that the way they do in England?"

"Not always, I'm afraid," smiled Cecil De Lancey Mainwaring. He reached for his wallet and produced a hundred dollars. "Will you accept this—for your mother?" he asked.

"Ma's dead," replied Minty shortly, making no movement towards the money.

The directness of the untutored mind brought a mental gasp from the Englishman.

"Won't your father be able to use it?" he suggested.

"I dunno," she answered, and to her own surprise as well as his, pouted as he put the money in her hand. She put it in her pocket with a careless gesture.

"Can you tell me how to get to 'Look-out,' the Bradley's home?" he continued.

"I'll show you," she answered, and following her lead, he walked through the woodland till they came to an opening, where the yellow road wound upwards to a large knoll, on the top of which was a great house.

"That there's the Bradley's," pointed Minty, and to Mainwaring's astonishment, promptly disappeared back again amongst the trees. He looked after her, smiled the smile of one who has seen a perplexing natural phenomenon, and walked on.

II

Mainwaring was on his way to the Bradleys to be their house guest through the kind offices of Willard Richardson, Lord Mainwaring's banking agent in San Francisco. The young man had been sent to California for his health, his studies at the university in England having been too much for him. The French watering places had been carefully eschewed by his father in selecting a health resort for his son, as the Mainwaring name was one that could be linked only with a name worthy of it, and the elder Mainwaring had—perhaps with reason—a fear of handsome adventuresses. Richardson had sent him to the Bradleys with a sigh of relief, for Lord Mainwaring's letter to him had stipulated that the banker was to keep an eye on the scion of nobility entrusted to his charge and particularly to discourage love affairs.

Young Mainwaring had grown weary of riding on the stage, and had gone flower-picking, while on the way. It was on this quest that he had ventured over the cliff.

Richardson had not counted on Mrs. Bradley, who was a hopelessly incurable matchmaker, in sending Mainwaring to her home, however. No sooner had the young nobleman, dusty but smiling, appeared at his hostess' door, than she wired her daughter Lucy in San Francisco to return home.

Lucy was pretty and accomplished. Moreover, she was ambitious, and she knew by the teaching of her Sunday school teacher as well as by the daily newspapers that catching a rich husband with an unquestioned social position is the most highly moral and thoroughly reliable method of getting along in the world that society has to offer any young woman.

Consequently, Lucy didn't let the grass grow under her feet. To put it in plain, unmitigated English, she went after the earl's son with typical American energy and acumen, and our national efficiency suffered no disgrace by her success. In three weeks she had Lord Mainwaring's son sitting on a King's-blue pillow at her feet during moonlit evenings on the veranda, and at other times begging for kisses.

The upshot was a cable to Lord Mainwaring in London signed by Cecil De

Lancey Mainwaring, which stated tersely that the heir to the Mainwaring estates was engaged to be married to Miss Lucy Bradley, of California.

Which resulted in a cablegram from his Lordship to Richardson in San Francisco which made that worthy financier's ears tingle as though the peer had slapped them, and, later, the appearance of the said Richardson at the Bradley home in the mountains with a scowl for the match-making Mrs. Bradley and a long lecture for Cecil De Lancey.

The latter, with a true aristocrat's contempt for a money-lender, told the banker to mind his own business and all but slapped his face.

The result was a long letter written by the furious but frugal Richardson in lieu of a cable, explaining things to Lord Mainwaring in detail. As this letter missed an Atlantic mail ship by a day, and took three weeks to get to England, matters had time to go smoothly for yet a while at "Look-out."

And so they did for all save Minty. One of Mrs. Bradley's maids eloped with the coachman the day after Richardson's cyclonic visit, and Mrs. Bradley, at a loss for a parlor maid and unwilling to wait for one from San Francisco, in desperation sent for Minty.

Minty had been dreaming of Cecil De Lancey Mainwaring for the three weeks of his stay. He had become the dream-hero of her life. With trembling hands she fitted herself out in long passe finery of her dead mother's and arrived at the house. Her hands had trembled; but her heart was resolute. She loved the son of a lord, and she made up her mind to get him.

Fate was against her, however. The first day at the house, while she was primping in front of a cheval glass in the drawing room, she saw Mainwaring look in the room behind her, and smile. As a matter of fact, it was a smile such as one might give a little child who had arranged her hair ribbon in a fantastically bizarre manner in a moment of insuppressable femininity, and was all kindness; but to Minty it was a thrust beyond words in its cruelty.

She left the house abruptly, and arriving home after leaving the distracted and angry Mrs. Bradley to her own resources, crept to a window and stared with tear-dimmed

eyes into the night towards Lookout till her father ordered her to bed. The next morning she arose early and began to read a book she had brought from the Bradley's. She concentrated upon it with the intensity of one whose soul has, through bitterness, become obsessed with a single idea. As she puzzled it out with watchful forefinger and moving lips, she determined to become a lady. The very hopelessness

Through mischance, Lucy was away at a neighboring ranch, and although young Mainwaring wanted to offer himself to her before he left, he found that the only way in which he could leave and catch the ship at New York, scheduled for him by Richardson to take him to England, would be to omit seeing her. He therefore wrote her a note, filled with the most romantic professions of undying love and devotion,



"She crept to a window and stared with tear-dimmed eyes into the night towards Lookout."

of her ambition fascinated her and whetted her desire. It was a catalogue for a young ladies' finishing school in San Francisco.

Not a week after Minty left the Bradley's, Lord Mainwaring, having received Richardson's letter and being less frugal than the banker, cabled his son to return to England immediately, and the wording of the cable left no doubt in the young man's mind of the necessity for compliance. Richardson followed the cable to Lookout and made it clear to him that he would have to leave there the following day.

and, picking up a stone near the house, laid the note on the sill of his beloved's window with the stone upon it to weigh it down. In the note he had asked Lucy to write him if she would become his wife.

The next day, he left, his heart heavy within him that he had been unable to see his fair charmer before leaving.

III

And then, in the space of a few short weeks, the world, as far as the Mainwar-

ings were concerned, turned topsy-turvy.

With a crash, Richardson's bank in San Francisco went to pieces. With it went nine-tenths of the Mainwaring fortune; the great estates in England were mortgaged and the town house rented to an American millionaire to pay off heavy losses that followed swiftly in foreign markets. Misfortunes came, as always, not singly, but in an avalanche of disaster.

And while Lord Mainwaring turned gray with his reverses, Cecil De Lancey ate out his heart in sorrow because since he had left California he had not heard one word from Lucy.

He thought she had been but trifling with him. As a matter of fact, Lucy had not received his note, and had been so heart broken thereby, that she adopted the only method she could think of to ease the torturings of her broken heart, and had married a young Sacramento millionaire and gone to the East to live.

The cause of her not receiving the note Cecil left for her was Minty's young brother. In choosing the stone to weigh down the letter on Lucy's window sill, Cecil had unconsciously picked up a specimen of ore from certain juvenile prospecting operations Johnny had carried on in the rear of his father's shop.

The youngster had seen the stone on the sill soon after Cecil had left it there, rescued his treasure, and the note had fluttered away to be lost forevermore.

And in doing this, Johnny was unconsciously a sagacious financier, for not two weeks later, having taken it with youthful pride to the Government assayer when brought to town with his father on a shopping expedition, and the assayer having agreed good-naturedly to have it examined for him, Johnny received a ponderous note from a prominent ore expert in the city to the effect that the land from which that stone came was a bonanza! On receipt of the letter (which his father had to read for him), the blacksmith went to the spot where Johnny had found it and discovered within a quarter of an hour that he had been spending his life banging horseshoes over untold wealth.

Within a few days he was hard at work. From the edge of the diggings Minty watched her father shake out the light dross till only the heavy, gold-bearing ore remained, gleaming dully where the streak

of precious metal lay. In her mind was but one thought—to go to that finishing school, to become the equal of the son of a lord—and some day to get even for that smile that she had seen reflected from the face of Cecil De Lancey Mainwaring.

When her father's bank account had rolled up to five and was approaching six figures, she packed up, got on the stage and disappeared from the slopes of the Sierras.

Four years later, she and her father were living at Menlo Park, Johnny was at a military school, and there was no more charming nor attractive girl in all that fashionable suburb of San Francisco than the young woman who had been a tattered, unkempt thing of the woods the day Mainwaring came to Lookout.

One day, a letter came to her from Johnny saying that one of his schoolmates had told him that the Mainwarings had come to California to live in a desperate effort to recoup their fortunes in that new country, and were living in genteel poverty in Menlo Park.

A few days later, she saw Cecil driving in a rather tawdry phaeton that the Mainwarings managed to keep up by constantly denying themselves in other directions.

She was driving with her father, and as they approached, one of the Mainwaring horses threw a shoe. The phaeton was stopped at an adjacent blacksmith shop, but to young Mainwaring's dismay, the blacksmith was hopelessly drunk.

John Barton, recognizing Mainwaring, had his own splendid equipage stopped, and stepped from it to the blacksmith shop.

"What's the trouble?" he inquired.

Mainwaring explained.

Without another word, one of California's richest men though he was, Barton threw off his hat and coat and proceeded to shoe the young lord's horse, while Mainwaring looked on, the exhibition of American democracy giving him a sudden realization of the true dignity of labor. He did not recognize Minty, however.

When Barton was through he bowed and as Mainwaring returned the bow and watched the splendid old fellow and his beautiful daughter drive away, he felt an odd, inexplicable tug at his heart.

Minty came to the conclusion that her chance for a comic getting-even had come.

Deciding that her little comedy should be staged in the most interesting manner possible, she laid her plans accordingly.

She discovered that Mainwaring and his mother boarded in a cottage not far from her father's palatial home. Lord Mainwaring had died as the result of his misfortunes and a liver overtaxed with port. Consequently Cecil was, despite his poverty, now a real, live lord. She learned further that he was in the custom of walking out in the mornings, for the purpose of studying the plant life of the country, on which subject he had written a book of real worth, the limited sale of which had netted himself and his mother a small but much needed additional income: and he hoped to increase his income by another.

One morning, putting on some of the tattered old clothes which she had carefully saved, she covered them with a long cloak and went to his cottage to ascertain if he had gone for his usual walk.

Arriving there, she found the landlady and Lady Mainwaring in a hysterical con-

dition as the result of a note they had just found from the young lord telling them that he had come to the conclusion that the only way in which his mother could be saved from the further ignominy of continued poverty, was to kill himself. His insurance was sufficient to take good care of her for the rest of her life.

Minty did not waste time when the contents of this note were disclosed to her. Throwing aside her cloak, she rushed from the dimly lit house into the blazing sunshine, and ran swiftly from where it stood on the outskirts of the village and literally under the mountains, to the road which she knew was familiar to Mainwaring. Her craft and knowledge of the mountains had not deserted her. She struggled up through craggy passes and over short cuts in desperate haste.

For an hour she followed till at last she emerged suddenly from a clump of dwarf pines on to a jutting pinnacle on the lip of the same precipice where she had, four years before, first seen him.



"One of California's richest men though he was, Barton threw off his hat and coat and prepared to shoe the young lord's horse."

Standing with his back to her, the valley of the Sacramento at his feet, he was standing there, motionless.

With a cry, she sprang towards him, clutched his hand and drew him away from the brink. He turned towards her as one dazed at being brought back to a world which he had been ready to leave.

His face, which had ever been sensitively fine-featured, was almost spiritual in the emaciation which worry and sorrow had etched on every feature. His eyes appeared to be preternaturally large.

"Minty!"

The silence of the mountains was about them, and as they looked into each other's

eyes, the knowledge came to each of them that the memory of the other which had been ever present, was at that moment blossoming into that love which lasts forever and passes human understanding.

Down towards the village they walked, hand in hand, while the red sun sank beyond the Golden Gate.

Tragedy and comedy had met upon the mountain top, and Romance was born in the valley. A year later, Lord Mainwaring and his beautiful and beloved Lady Minty returned to the great house in London, the doors of which sorrow and poverty had closed till love, the gift of the mountains, should open them.

Animals in Leading Roles

SO far, our little brothers and sisters, the animals, have appeared in the drama only as assistants to members of the human species.

David Horsley, director of the Centaur studio in Los Angeles, is going to change all that, and plays are to be produced there in which all the members of the cast will be "gilded tigers," lions, leopards, monkeys, bears, and others of intense if primitive temperaments.

Apollo, a beautiful lion, has been cast for the hero parts, and Tiberius, another lion, will be the villain. Tiberius is no powder-puff villain, either, and ought to make things intensely interesting for Apollo.

The name of this new company is "The Bostock Animal Players," and its existence and management is a great tribute to the power of the human intellect over our stronger but less intelligent brethren of the forest and jungle.

My Word!

THE Music 'Alls of dear ol' Lunnon, indispensable to every younger son of British nobility and the action of Bernard Shaw plays, are to be gradually movie-ized.

The movies were installed first in the West End halls, and it is probable that they will be the feature entertainment at the Alhambra, one of London's greatest Music Halls this summer.

American Comedies Popular in India

ONE would think that the difference between East and West is too great for the appreciation of American humor on the part of the "poor benighted Hindu," but such is far from the case, according to the tales of travelers who tell of the tremendous popularity in India of comedies produced by American studios. In Bombay particularly is the American movie at the height of its glory in "India's sunny clime."

A Movie Mother Goose

THERE was a man in our town
And he was wondrous wise,
He jumped into a bramble bush
And scratched out both his eyes:
But when the movies came to town
He heard of them and then—
So he could go to the movie show—
He scratched them in again.

—David Baxter.



Seen and Heard at the Movies

Where millions of people—men, women and children—gather daily, many amusing and interesting things are bound to happen. We want our readers to contribute to this page. A prize of \$5.00 will be given for the best story each month, and one dollar for every one printed. The stories must not be longer than 100 words and must be written on only one side of the paper. Be sure to put your name and address on your contribution. Think of the funniest thing you have ever heard at the movies and send it in. You may win the five-dollar prize.

THIS GETS THE FIVE DOLLARS

DURING a thrilling battle scene Charles, who had the aisle seat, was attacked by nosebleed. Telling Angela that he would return in a moment, he slipped out. Angela, intent upon the picture and all but deafened by the orchestra's realistic music, failed to hear him or to notice that his chair had been taken by a stranger.

When the Red Cross heroine found the wounded hero and took him into her arms Angela leaned over and whispered:

"Honey, why don't you hold my hand?"

"I can't," regretfully apologized the stranger. "My wife has a detective watching me."

Terrell Love Holliday, Denver, Colo.

OR DID SHE MEAN WARBLER?

TWO Irish ladies in the show were talking of a rather stout actress.

"They say she's a very foine singer," said one.

"Sure," agreed the second lady, "an' I guess that's so. Ol've heard me self she's a regular wobbler."

Margery Keller, Prescott, Ontario, Canada.

FINKELSTEIN WAS A BUSINESS MAN

"**S**AY, Finkelstein," said Rosenheimer, "ain't you never going to leave this theater? You've been here two hours now and ain't started home yet."

"Listen, Rosenheimer, I've been watching dot guy on dot screen. Every time he passes dot tailor shop he tears his coat on a nail and goes in and gets ten dollars and a new suit to boot, and I'm trying to find where dot shop is!"

Ben Levy, Hegewisch, Ill.

THE CHILDREN OF THIS WORLD ARE WISE

THE minister was inveigled into going to a movie. The first picture happened to be one of a Western bandit

who held up a stage coach and took the valuables of the passengers by the direct method of holding his .45 in their faces while he went through their pockets.

Quoth the minister mildly when the picture was ended:

"If I only had such energetic fellows as he to pass the plate I might be able to reform many a man like him!"

Mrs. McIlhanna, Kansas City, Mo.

OH, MY!

IN "Tillie's Punctured Romance" it happened in the excitement that Tillie's skirt revealed, for a moment, lingerie.

"Oh, look!" cried a little girl in the audience, "Tillie's got wuffles on her wompers!"

Emmett O'Reilly, Center Point, Tex.

JUST LIKE THAT!

TWO "fresh guys" seated themselves in a movie show behind a rather pretty blonde girl and started to make remarks for her benefit. One of them said finally:

"Y' know, Bill, these here pretty dames ain't never got no sense."

The girl turned slowly, revealing to the speaker a pair of flashing blue eyes.

"If your brain was made of dynamite," she said calmly, "it wouldn't lift your hat!"

And a golden silence reigned.

Chester W. Cleveland, Plymouth, Ind.

HARD ON WEAK HEARTS

AN INCIDENT in "The Perils of Pauline" during which Pauline was within an ace of death on the pilot of an engine was being shown. The audience held its breath in horror.

Suddenly a man electrified the house with a sneeze that burst from his distorted features like a bomb.

A little girl in front of him



Two enormous women with enormous hats entered the theatre and seated themselves. Presently the usual notice asking the ladies to remove their hats was shown.

"I don't see how our hats can interfere with the pictures!" snapped one of the dreadnoughts as she removed her conning tower which was equipped with a large and hideous pink feather.

A gentleman sitting behind her leaned over and explained:

"You see," he said, in dulcet tones, "it's like this: The camera is focused rather low and your feather might get in the light and tickle the actors, thus spoiling the picture."

Russell S. Jocelyn, Walden, N. Y.

literally leaped from her seat with a gasping shriek, then, settling back again shamefacedly, muttered:

"Great Scott, Mister. One more like that and I'm a dead woman!"

Dana Allen, Seattle, Wash.

REPARTEE

BILLY and Betty, respectively six and seven, went to the movies together. Betty was inclined, occasionally, to be slightly sarcastic with her brother, whose masculine obtuseness sometimes irritated her.

The photoplay was most pathetic, and the two wept profusely. Billy, however, managed to keep his sobs down, whereas Betty thoughtlessly gulped so that he could hear her.

"What are you doing?" he managed to ask.

"I'm—I'm making a cake!" blubbered Betty.

"What are you doing?"

"Oh, I'm eating it," sighed Billy.

?

NEUTRAL

THE little boy and girl watched the photoplay in silence. When it was over, the little girl turned to the little boy and asked:

"Do you know whether the lady in that play was a Miss or a Mrs.?"

"Neither," replied the little boy. "She's a school teacher."

Elizabeth Hipple, Hutchinson, Kans.

UNKIND

THE two men in the movie were having a hot argument. Finally one of them, in exasperation, said:

"Say, Jim, do you know why your head's like a hundred cents?"

"Naw," answered Jim. "Why?"

"Because it's just one bone!"

Vincent Canavan, Philmont, N. Y.

ANYTHING TO OBLIGE

SHE was a fussy dame and as she seated herself beside the stout, asthmatic individual in the picture house, she looked around for something to complain about.

She didn't have long to wait. The asthmatic man sitting beside her was seized with a coughing fit.

"Usher!" she exclaimed militantly.

"Ma'am?" said the usher.

"Usher, do you allow spitting on the floor?"

"Er—why no, ma'am—but if you'll step out in the lobby—there's a cuspidor there!"

Walter Wenger, U. S. S. New York.

BARGAIN DAY

ON THE front of the theatre was a sign reading, "Children, half price."

Johnny, walking by with his mother, saw it.

"Oh, Mother," he cried. "Let's go in and buy a baby sister now, while they're marked down!"

Margaret E. Kearns, Northampton, Mass.

AGAINST GOD'S WILL

THE play had come to a tragic end: the hero had been shot in an accident. As the unfortunate man's sweetheart fell upon him in despair, a woman's voice rang out in the theater:

"God never intended this picture to end like this!"

Fred J. Schuab, Washington, D. C.

HEAVY EYELIDS

IT WAS during the restaurant scene in "His Night Out," when the inimitable Charlie Chaplin, with his eyes closed, had his feet on the knees of the man across the way. An awful racket began behind the screen.

"What's that?" exclaimed an inquiring five-year-old.

"Oh, that," explained the long-suffering father, "is Charlie falling asleep."

John M. Ward, Beaumont, Tex.

TROUBLE AHEAD

THE doctor in the photoplay had fallen in love with his patient, and the scene showed him gathering her in his arms, kissing her hair, her eyes, her lips.

"Oh, Daddy, Daddy, look quick!" cried a little boy to his father. "That's what Doctor Jim does to Mamma!"

Germaine Maroneau, Torrington, Conn.

OTTO! BRING THE SMELLING SALTS!

FUST PUSSON: "Do you know, why all the big theaters are runnin' fillums now?"

Secon' Pussan: "No, suh, Ah don't. Why are all the big theaters runnin' fillums?"

Fust Pussan: "They have to do it to fill 'em."

Algernon Montmorency, Newport, R. I.

MERCIFUL HEAVENS!

A BOY and girl sitting together watched the leading man in the photoplay kiss the leading woman fervently again and again and again.

"Gee, but he must really love her the way he keeps on kissing her," said the girl.

"Naw," said the boy. "He's only hungry. 'Don't you know what Mama said, that all the actors get to eat is the paint and powder they kiss off the actresses?"

Frank Nagot, Brooklyn, N. Y.

IT REALLY HAPPENED

A GIRL laid her hat on the seat beside her, and a man, entering, sat on it. He immediately arose, picked up the dismantled bit of millinery, and turning to the girl, said:

"Does that hat belong to you? I am sorry. I sat on it."

She took the hat, looked at it, and replied:

"Thank you for sitting on it. I need a new hat, anyway."

"Thank you for not having a hatpin in it," replied the man, and resumed his seat.

Gustave McIlrandt, Lincoln, Neb.

DOUBTFUL

IN A "booster film" of an Oklahoma mining town, an enterprising local publisher had a full page cut of his paper shown, including many "local items," one of which was as follows:

"Mr. John Muldoon is very ill. Doctors Hayden and Barber each visit him twice a day. His recovery, therefore, is very doubtful."

J. R. Henderson, Miami, Okla.

JUST FANCY!

AN ENGLISH cousin was visiting me from the other side, and, by way of a treat, I took him to see Charles Chaplin in one of his latest pictures. When the famous comedian appeared on the screen, I turned to my companion.

"That is the great Chaplin," I observed.

"My word!" he responded after a moment's pause; "he's not nearly as dignified as the chaplains in my country!"

I. V. Ludlie, New York City.

GOODNESS ME!

A VERY charming young woman came upon the screen in a very beautiful and very décolleté gown.

Little Alice gazed open-mouthed. Then she turned to her mother and asked:

"Muvver, where is the lady's underwear?"

Mrs. Mary Kierman, Minneapolis, Minn.

A DIPLOMAT

AFTER a photoplay in which a greedy little boy was shown banging on the table with his fork for more to eat, Willie was given a lecture on table manners, and when he went to visit a lady next door, was told not to ask for anything to eat.

So, when he arrived next door, he merely remarked to his hostess with a flattering smile:

"Oh my, you people do have the best bread and the nicest milk!"

Mrs. R. G. Peabody, Decatur, Ill.

THAT NEW TOWN IN FRANCE

A small girl and boy were sitting side by side watching a war picture with rapt attention. After several had been shown, the little girl whispered, "I do wish they would show that place called 'Somewhere in France.'"

Hilda M. Short, Leicester, Eng.

PRECOCIOUS

WILLIE was only seven; but so precocious! One day, on coming out of a movie theater, his mother asked:

"Willie, how did you like the leading lady?"
"Oh," said Willie, "I don't think so much of her face; but I like her shape!"

Mrs. William Atzel, Jr., Chicago, Ill.

THE MAIN THING OVERLOOKED

LITTLE HAROLD was taken to a combination moving picture and vaudeville show. During the vaudeville part of it, near the end, one of the comedians gave a violent exhibition of "slapstick comedy." When the show closed and the audience began to file out, Harold, who was in Philadelphia recently and had been taken to the Billy Sunday revivals, said wonderingly:

"Mother, they forgot to take up the collection, didn't they?"

Charles Sweetman, Roebbing, N. J.

INSTRUCTING THE YOUTHFUL MIND

A PHOTOPLAY was depicting the fable of King Midas.

"Pa," asked Willie, "who was Midas?"

"Shame on you, son," said Pa. "Go and study your Bible."

A. F. Withington, Kamloops, B. C., Canada.

THE SKEPTIC

A MAN sitting in the movie was urging his little boy to go home with him.

"Come on, Tommy," he urged, "and I'll show you the little brother the stork brought you today."

"Well," said Tommy judiciously, "all right. But I want to see the stork, too." *Mildred R. George, New York City.*

THE VERY IDEA!

DURING a religious picture, an angel entered upon the scene, gazing with eyes of eternal serenity upon the mortals in the play.

A small voice remarked in a matter-of-fact tone:

"Say, Dad, I'll bet that angel has fleas in his wings like my pigeons."

Mrs. W. Holgate, Corvallis, Ore.

CONCERNING LILACS

THE beautiful girl had sacrificed her life to marry the old man for his money to save her father. The old geezer had a large and luxurious white beard. As he clasped the tender young bud to his bosom and kissed her, Mame, in the fourth row, remarked:

"She sure must be fond of shredded wheat!"

Julia Frances Mehan, Kansas City, Mo.

MIXING HIS METAPHORS

ON SATURDAY afternoon, Willie was taken to see some animal pictures. The next morning he went to Sunday school, and, when his turn came to give his golden text, which that day was "Bear ye one another's burdens," replied promptly:

"Monkey not with one another's burdens."

Edith Stow, Clyde, N. Y.

GOODNESS GRACIOUS, AGNES!

BLONDENA: "Do you know that a good movie is like playing hands with the man you love?"

Brunetta: "Oh, dear, how so?"

Blondena: "Well, a good movie is an imagination of thrills, and to play hands is a thrill of imagination. In both you don't know what to expect next, and await it with a throbbing heart."

Marshall B. Rohland, Nashville, Tenn.

DAMPENING HIS ENTHUSIASM

TWO men were at the movies.
"Did yuh ever try to get a job in de pictures, Bill?" asked one.

"Ye-ah," said Bill. "Once, I went to de director of a studio an' told him I played de dog in de 'Good Little Devil' so realistic-like it made Mary Pitchforks laugh. He looked me over fur a minute, sort o' casual, an' replied:

"Well, I'll tell yer wot I'll do. I'll give yer a job as a deep sea diver. You an' another guy go down under de sea. When yer down there, de other guy cuts yer life hose. We'll take a picture o' yer bubbles." Ain't dat fierce?"

M. Booth, Detroit, Mich.

HALF A TREAT, HALF PRICE

ON A vacant lot in Morgan Park, some boys started a "movie show." To advertise their entertainment they erected a banner in front of it bearing the following:

Doant fale to see this big reel—

The Tapeworm (in 4 lengths)

Passed by The National Bord of Sensorship

Admission 1 cent.

P. S. 1 eyed men half price.

E. E. Sweetland, Nashville, Tenn.

THE WORLDLING

THE little girl of ten was loud in her admiration of the beautiful ladies on the screen, till her mother, out of patience, said:

"Baby, you must be a good girl if you want to go to heaven."

A pause. Then Baby's voice piped:

"I don't want to go to heaven. I want to stay right here!"

R. Archambault, Pascoag, R. I.

BLASE

DURING a performance of "Terrors of the Jungle," a couple of "Honest-to-Gawd-ain't-it-awful" girls sat behind me. They hissed the villain, applauded the hero, and wept with the heroine. When the man who was lost in the jungle so long that he became wild, reached in an old log, and brought forth a dead rabbit, and began to eat it ravenously, one said in a horrified voice:

"My Gawd, Mame, how much do you suppose they had to pay him to do that?"

"I dunno," said the other in a cynical voice. "Some folks will do anything for money."

Mrs. Wilson H. Strange, St. Paul, Minn.

SHE OUTSTRIPPED THEM ALL

HARRY: "What movie actress has made the most rapid rise to fame?"

Gus: "Margaret Edwards, when she represented The Naked Truth in 'Hypocrites.' She outstripped them all."

Charles H. Meiers, Pomona, Cal.

CONFUSED

A CAMERA man was taking a picture in the middle of a small town street.

A farmer, walking up, asked politely:

"Say, Mister, will you please play 'Silver Threads Among the Gold' for me?"

Eloise Wilson, Sherman, Tex.

SOME FINISH!

PART One of a blood-and-thunder movie was ending with a night scene in which the villain was struggling with the heroine, when, from the orchestra pit came the tender strains of "The End of a Perfect Day."

S. J. Pollard, Toronto, Ont., Canada.

THE INGENUE MIND

USHER: "There are lots of seats in the last row in the balcony."

Young Girl: "Are they near the front?"

Virginia Thompson, Racine, Wis.

Movies on a Dreadnought

By Nicholas H. Kenny
Seaman, U. S. S. South Carolina

THERE isn't a ship in the navy, save the small torpedo boats, which has not its own full moving picture equipment and two or three operators.

On some of the ships the program of the evening's entertainment is placed on the bulletin board at the crew's scuttlebutt, where everyone who gets a drink can see it. Around one o'clock, when the pictures which have been selected for the tri-weekly show are posted, you can't get within breathing space of the board till the enthusiastic "First Lookers" have seen their fill.

The show usually commences at 7:30 p. m., but as early as 5:00 the men start bringing their chairs and stools up so as to be sure of getting a good seat. As a rule, the Captains in the navy are never behind in mustering for the movies. In fact, the pictures never start until the Captain does show up. If he happens to be a little late the impatient crew will vent its displeasure by wild cries and yells for music.

The bandmaster usually at the first hoot turns on the band light and gives the boys a popular piece, the words to the chorus of which are flashed upon the screen. Whereupon the fickle-minded sailors break out into lusty song which an operatic audience would not appreciate, but which is very appealing to Jackie's ill humor. Which goes to show that most naval bandmasters are real diplomats.

When it is too cold up on deck to hold movies, we hold them down below in some roomy section of the main deck. The blue-jacket audience has it on your outside audience in that they can pass all the remarks

they wish as long as they keep within the bounds of decency, and can smoke. In fact, on some of the ships cigars and cigarettes are served out during movies, which tends to give the pay officer a drag with the crew.

The operators are taken care of by the crew. Each pay-day a delegate from each division is selected to collect funds to pay the operators, who sometimes receive \$15 or \$20 extra for their services.

After service in distant seas the pictures are sometimes a trifle antiquated, but there is just as much interest taken in them as there is ashore. On Saturday nights they have movies until 11 o'clock, as well as on any other holidays which may happen along.

The motion picture machine is also becoming an asset at the battle practices held in the Spring and in the Autumn. For each ship which fires there is a camera party detailed, equipped with one of the latest up-to-date machines for taking movies of the fall of the shots near the target. Besides giving an accurate description of the location of the fall of the shot, the picture is used to provide future amusement for the crew, for at the end of the firing the machine is turned on the men of the ship who happen to be within range, who, when they see themselves in the movies, feel like real actors.

In the old navy which knew no movies the men all grumbled at having to go ashore and take part in parades; but now they fight to get ashore in a parade so that they can get their face in a film, for there are always a lot of moving picture machines on the job at a naval parade.

Camera Man Decorated for Bravery

A PATHE camera man named Ercole took motion pictures of the storming of Przemyśl from the Russian side during the investment of that Austrian stronghold recently. Although badly wounded by a flying bit of shrapnel one day, he continued reeling off the film till he dropped beside

his camera, unconscious,—but the possessor of a wonderful war film.

In recognition of the man's extraordinary courage, he was recommended in despatches to Petrograd by the Grand Duke Nicholas and was decorated by the Czar with the Cross of the Order of St. George.

Mollie of the Movies

Her Correspondence: Compiled by
Kenneth McGaffey

Illustrated by Maud Martin Evers.

SECOND REEL

Los Angeles, Calif., May 11th.

DEAR Clara Bell:—

At last, I am in California, where all the moving pictures are made. Of course, you received my souvenir

postal cards of the orange groves and the old mission I sent you, but this is the first time I had a chance to take my pen in hand and write you a letter. I have been so busy before this, but now my feet are so tired I just got to stay home to rest. I guess Ma was right when she told me not to get sevens; I been wearing eights. I have been to several studios, but as yet have not selected the one in which I shall work.

I have not seen any celebs yet, as they work all day, and Ma told me not to go out alone nights in the wild west. Los Angeles is a funny town. Everybody is trying to sell you something. A conductor on a street car tried to sell me a ticket to vote for a Queen of something, and every night in the place where I eat the firemen and policemen come in and try to sell me votes, too.

Oh, I must tell you about the funny places to eat. Dearie, you stay close to the eating house, for a waitress would starve to death out here. Everybody waits on herself. I hope to die if this is not the truth. You go in, grab off a big tray and then run around and find what you want to eat. But you don't have to wash your own dishes.

Los Angeles is much larger than Duquesne or Galena, and everyone that lives there says it will soon be the biggest city in the world. They believe it, too. Most of

the moving pictures are made in a superb called Hollywood, and after looking up the address of the studios the day after I got here I went out. It's towards the Pacific Ocean.

I got the shock of my life when I stepped off the street car. Down the street came a man on horseback like 60, and turning in the saddle every minute to shoot back over his shoulder. Back of him came some Cow Boys shooting fewrifully. I hollered and run up a porch. Some men standing in a little group to one side off the street—I hadn't saw them before—begun to laugh.

Clara Bell, they were taking a scene of a moving picture!

They were taking it with a big box on three legs and a man who turned a crank at one side of the box. A little further on, I saw a girl being kidnapped in an automobile, but this time, I saw the man with the box, so I knew no Fond Mother was losing her Darling. They take moving picture

scenes on the street and in vacant lots around here all day long. I saw three different kind of murders before I had gone two blocks. I will tell you how they go to it in my next.

I went to what they told me was the



"They take moving picture scenes on the street and in vacant lots around here all day. I saw three different murders before I had gone two blocks."

studio, but it was not a studio at all like what we read about in the Chicago Sunday papers. There were no paintings or dive ons or mirrors, just a big place with a high board fence around it and a little place marked "Office" in one corner. I tried to peak through a crack in the fence but could not see anything. Finally, I followed some people into the office, and saw a little window marked "Employment." I went up to the woman standing behind the window, and asked to see the director. That is what the Mary Pickford lessons told me to ask for. The lady said, "Which director do you care to inspect?" I said "Any." Then she said, "Dearie, take a tip from me, and run right out of here. None of our directors has been fit company for a wild-cat for two weeks and as it's raining they're getting worse."

I told her that I was willing to accept an engagement in moving pictures if the salary was large enough and she told me she would take my name and telephone me when they had heard from the New York office on my proposition. How long does it take to get a answer from N. Y. I wonder? I went to several other studios and they were just a like, except that I don't believe they have to write New York when engaging a Star.

In one place, I got to talking to several girls and they told me all the family gossip about the actors and directors. Will tell you all about it pretty soon, and you will certainly have some idles cracked, but those sevens hurt so now I must go to bed.

Lovingly yours,

MOLLIE.

P. S. I carried my Mary Pickford Diploma to show the directors like the book said, but as yet I had not been even near enough to a director to of thrown it to him.

MOLLIE.

Hollywood, May 17th, 1915.

Dear Clara Bell:—

Dearie, I have been in a picture! And who do you think I played opposite? J. Warren Kerrigan! Honest! Though of course, he was on the opposite side of the street and I was in a howling mob on the other side. He is the grandest man. And he actually spoke to me. He is a dear, so full of sympathy. He said to me, he said, "Dearie, if you don't stop acting so hard

you will strain something." Right during rehearsal it was and Mary and Stella, two girls I met, heard him. I was just all over confusion and I could feel myself blush a foot under the skin. When I got home that night, I bought all the souvenir postal cards of him I could find.

I have not signed up with any Company as yet, but you can bet when I do, Jack is going to be my leading man. While I was trying to decide which company to go with one of the girls where I board—a nice place and only six a week—took me out to Universal City and I went on in a scene. Right in the same picture with Jack.

That Universal City is sure a nice place. You go out to Hollywood on the street car and then take a "Jitney" over Caluenga Pass to the City. A Jitney, my dear, is an automobile you can ride in for a nickle and I have just had the most delightful times motoring about, here and there, and if it wasn't for the big signs on the front end, people would think it was your own car. And would you believe it, in the restarant I ate only two tables from King Baggots. He's got the loveliest grey eyes.



"Dearie, if you don't stop acting so hard, you will strain something."

At the City, it is all white, like an amusement park. They have got a hospital and a big restarant where you eat and buildings where big revolving things dry the film and miles and miles of stages for the people to act out on. The seems are put on the stages like they are in theatres—they don't use real houses at all—all the seems in one set, that's what they call the rooms, are taken at one time. One man told me he got thrown out of a door in one seen and didn't expect to land on the other side for a week yet. That must be what the doctors call "suspended animation," that I been reading about.

It is funny how conceited some of these Actors and Actresses are, Clara Bell. Everyone thinks everyone else is getting by on a mistake. I heard a man here say that he was the only director in the world who could make real funny pictures.

"How about those there Keystones and Charlie Chaplin?" a fellow asked. "Oh, they're pretty good too, I never knock people when they are doing the best they can," he said. Don't you think that man had a large heart to be so kind to the other poor directors?

They were awful glad to see me when I got out there although I did not show my diploma or give my real name. When I went up to the window the man said, "Thank goodness, we have been looking for mob stuff all morning and you are just the type." I started to show him the clipping about winning the beauty prize but he said, "I haven't time for post mortems now, come a round Sunday." He must have made a mistake in the day for no one works Sunday. He gave me a card and then the girl I was with, led me inside. My, but it was a big place. There were a lot of buildings with carpenters working inside making scenery and then the big long stage I told you about where lots of people were working at acting, but we did not stop there but went on around a hill to where the animals are. Clara Belle, they have a regular circus. Elephants, lions and tigers and the cutest monkeys. They take the animal pictures in a big steel cage and the man with the camera and the director stand outside and tell the animals inside what to do. The only chances the director ever takes is catching a cold.

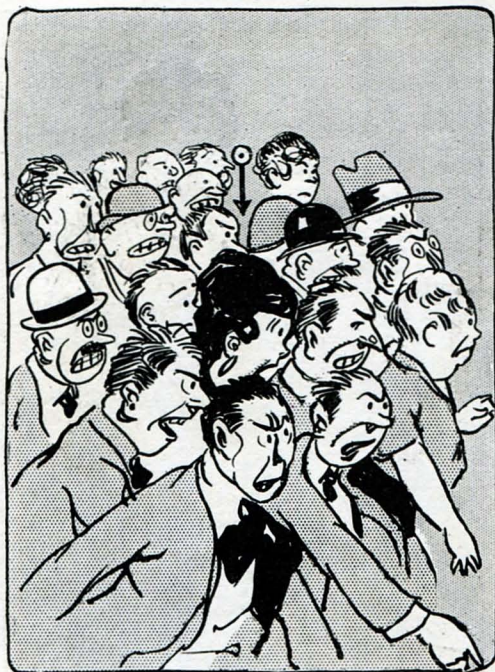
We did not have time to stop long at the animals for the man came dashing along



"I don't think much of the leading woman, Clara Bell, and, between us, I could have done much better."

and said, "Beat it to where you belong." We went over in front of a building and there was Mr. Kerrigan. He just looked so proud and handsome, every inch an actor. Mr. Chaney, the director, and the camera man, climbed up on a platform and us extra people were herded over on the other side of the street, by some fresh assistant director. "Now, Jack," the director called, "you know what to do when the mob comes on. You grab the girl in your arms—don't get excited and choke her—and then defy the mob to do their worst." "You extra people, meaning me and the others, come up the street as if you were going to tear the girl to pieces, but stop when Kerrigan raises his hand and register fear and anger. Now let's try it."

I don't think much of the leading woman, Clara Bell, and between us, I could have done much better. She didn't act a bit. She didn't wave her hands and



"Someone stepped on my heels and pushed me along."

grab her heart and yell, "Spare me, spare me," and she was afraid of us, too. I could tell that by the way she ran up the street and hid behind Jack. If they had let me play that part, I would have shown them. I would have let down my hair and really done something. Mr. Chaney didn't like it either for he said, "Rotten, try it again, and I want you extra people to come after her as if you meant it. Don't stop to comb your hair." I hadn't stopped to comb my hair at all, Clara Bell. I merely paused to fix one wayward tress that was tickling my nose so I could not register fear or anger or both together. I would like to know how you could register fear or

anger either, for that matter, while you were running as fast as your skirts would let you up the street. My book on elocution said to register fear by advancing the left foot and placing the hands, palm outward, in front of the face, but every time I stopped to do it, someone stepped on my heels and pushed me along. It was the most impolite mob I ever heard of. A lot of low people who never had any dramatic training.

And that director when I was doing my best, right up near Miss Sisson, and was acting all over the place, he calls to his assistant and says, "Al, put that lens louse in the background, we have to have some of the principals in this seen. I looked into the camera but didn't see anything and in a minute the fresh assistant come to where I was and asked me to assist those in the rear of the mob. Goodness knows they needed assistance dear, for all they were doing were waving clubs and shouting. So just to help them out, I went way in the back. When I was back there, Mr. Chaney said, "There, thank goodness, we can get a mob seen now." Wasn't that a delicate little compliment? After we got through the scene, I went up and thanked him. I started to show him my diploma and tell him who I really was but he said "Don't, dearie, I have had a hard days work and I cannot stand another shock." Meaning of course, Clara Bell, that he recognized genius in disguise.

Well, dear, I must close now and next time I will tell you about Mr. Turner shooting "Black Box." pictures.

Give my love to all,

MOLLIE.

I notice one of the stars in Key Stone spells her name "Grayce" so here goes mine.

To be continued

The August issue of the Photoplay Magazine will be on the News-stands July 1st. Do not miss this issue. Thousands were disappointed last month because their newsdealers were sold out.
ORDER YOUR COPY IN ADVANCE.

Swimming? It's a Part of Her Profession!



Gertrude McCoy



Anna Little

Marguerite Gibson

Camera Queens as Playtime Mermaids



Edna Mayo

Mabel Normand

Pearl White

on Both Pacific and Atlantic Shores



Minta Durtee



*"Wally" Van;
Lillian Walker*



Betty Schade



"Winning Farrar"

HOW THE MOST FAMOUS PRIMA-DONNA IN THE WORLD WAS SECURED FOR THE PHOTOPLAYS. THE MAN WHO TURNED THE TRICK TELLS THE STORY

By Morris Gest

EDITOR'S NOTE: . Movie high salary records are now eclipsed by Geraldine Farrar's figure. Exact sums are not revealed, but Lasky's accepted offer of \$2 a minute for every minute of daylight while she is in southern California will make a total of more than \$75,000 for her summer engagement. Incidentally, it required a unique theatrical personality like Mr. Gest to win over the queen of the Metropolitan Opera House. Miss Farrar's private-car party will leave New York for Los Angeles June 8.

IT is the hardest thing in the world to approach one's friends on a matter of business. Bringing Geraldine Farrar to pictorial reason and the movies was made much more difficult for me because my mother-in-law, Mrs. David Belasco; my wife, and Miss Farrar and her father and mother, form a little intimate circle which meets often at one of Mrs. Gest's dinners, or at Miss Farrar's beautiful West Seventy-fourth street house, or downtown.

One Sunday night last winter, at dinner at Miss Farrar's, were herself, her father and mother, Mrs. Belasco, Mrs. Smythe, Mrs. Gest, and I.

Over the coffee Miss Farrar had a moment of melancholy philosophy.

"How cruel it is," she exclaimed, "that riches, or at least comfort, come to most people when they are too old or too weary to enjoy life or the beauty of countries and peoples they have never seen!"

She led us to her library, where she has a number of presentation portraits of eminent European personages. Among them is a painting of the Emperor of Germany in the full flower of early maturity. It was

a favorite portrait, presented to her by the Emperor himself.

"How different he is now," she said. "Really—to perpetuate one's youth one should have a photograph taken every day—until age begins."

This gave me the first opportunity to plant a little hint of active photography's possibilities in her mind.

"The only way to really live forever," I answered, "is on a picture screen.

The chap who invented the movie camera found the eternal-youth spring that Ponce de Leon missed."

Miss Farrar laughed the suggestion away, but it occurred to me, in coincidence, that Mr. Belasco's "Girl of the Golden West" was having its first picture showing that very evening, at the Strand.

Miss Farrar was very glad to attend, but in the limousine en route confessed to me that she had seen but one "picture show" in her life—"Quo Vadis," only a



© Aime Dupont, N. Y.

Miss Farrar as Mme. Sans-Gene, her latest operatic creation.

year ago at the Cinema Theater, in Paris.

"I've been just too busy, resting or working, to go," she explained. "No prejudice, I assure you. I rather like them." I've noticed that the movie beginner always refers to screen plays as "them."

But her amazement knew no bounds once she had entered the Strand.

"Why," she cried, "it is almost as big as the Metropolitan Opera House! I had no idea so many people went to see moving pictures—and such people! I really see opera-goers here!" Of course.

"Wouldn't it be a wonderful thing—" I hesitated.

"What?" asked Miss Farrar, impatient at my interruption of her study of the screen.

"I won't tell you now. I'm afraid you'd laugh." She persisted, with great curiosity.

"Look around," I continued, when an intermission came. "Here are nearly four thousand people in this enormous theater. Here is a play which was given by high-salaried artists in a high-priced theater to a very limited audience. Here we have four times Mr. Belasco's original audience, seeing a superb production of his play for a quarter of a dollar—and perhaps thirty other audiences, in thirty widely separated cities, are seeing the same thing."

"Well?" from the prima-donna.

"Just this: wouldn't it be a wonderful thing for the thousands of people who may never see or hear you—through limitations of purse or geography—to see your image on the screen, in a great dramatic part?"

"Do you mean that, Morris?"

"I was never more serious in my life."

"I don't believe that the people would really have any interest in seeing me in pictures," she answered, with some solemnity. "They come to the Metropolitan to hear me sing, but if I should lose my voice over night, do you think they would still come

to see me? No! And they would make unkind remarks, too; I am afraid I should be an awful failure if I relied on acting alone."

I did not pursue the subject further, but when we had returned to Miss Farrar's house for supper, I told everyone at the

table that I was trying to induce Miss Farrar to pose for moving pictures.

"Splendid!" cried her mother. "Think of it, Jerry! When you are away from me I could turn the crank of a machine right here in our home, and really see you, though you would be hundreds of miles away from me."

The next time we met was at Miss Farrar's birthday party. Notwithstanding a happy gathering, she did not seem to be happy. The European

war, ruining opera on the continent, had deprived her of her customary summer of international activity.

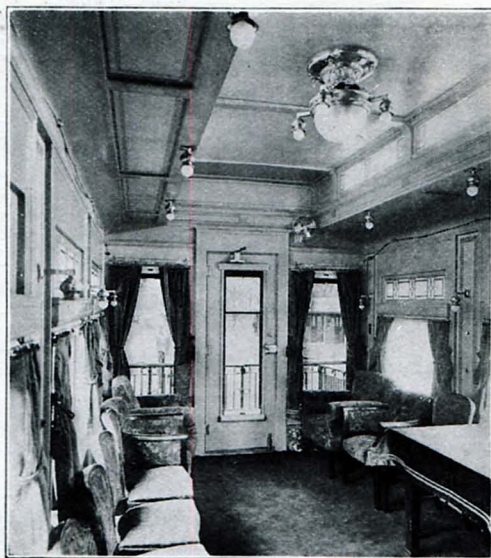
"Let's all go to the great fair at San Francisco!" suggested Mrs. Belasco.

"Why not make it a business and pleasure trip combined," I interposed. "The greatest studios in the world are located at Los Angeles."

Miss Farrar drew me to one side, confidentially.

"I have been thinking very seriously of your suggestion of the other night," she said. "I have seen some pictures, and I believe a new and very great art is being born. Let's make a real business appointment and talk this over."

In all my experiences during my ten years' connection with Hammerstein's Victoria Theater, where I had to handle everything from a Caucasus bear to a Russian giant or a fake Sultan with a large family, I had never been so nervous as when I called on Geraldine Farrar the following Thursday night. I had often been a guest; now I was just a *Gest on business*.



Miss Farrar's private car, the "Superb."

We chatted of various affairs; of my play "Experience" at the Casino—of everything except the subject in hand.

At length I endeavored to show her what a wonderful thing it would be if her performance of "Carmen" could be perpetuated in motion photography. "There are nine million records of your voice to-day," I declared, "and everyone who owns Farrar records has a 'Carmen' record. Every one of those people, as well as many others, would be more than glad of the opportunity to see you as an actress even as they now hear you as a singer. Your voice is heard in every American town and city of consequence, and yet you've been in comparatively few of these places. Do you think that your actual moving personality would have less appeal?"

"Do you really think, Morris, that I would be good in moving pictures?" She is entirely unassuming, and unpresuming, which is more. "In music drama I always give the best that is in me, but this is a new thing. I might be an absolute failure posing before the camera. How can I possibly get up any thrills or enthusiasm before a lot of blinding lights and a rumpled man monotonously turning a crank?"

I began to walk up and down the floor in excited fashion. I argued as a lawyer before a jury. I told her that she was a national character as well as an international artist, and that it was her duty as an American to preserve her art for future American edification. When she protested—weakening—that she would probably be hailed as a bad actress, I indignantly recalled her tremendous impersonation of Tosca, her incomparable Madame Butterfly, her wonderful Manon.

I slept little that night. The next morning I called up Jesse Lasky, and made an appointment for luncheon at the Hotel Astor. I told Mr. Lasky that I had a very big proposition of which I wished to talk later—meanwhile, I invited him to the Metropolitan that night, to see Miss Farrar in "Madame Butterfly."

He attended, and enthused.

Later, at supper in the Knickerbocker, I said suddenly: "What would you say if I told you that I could get Miss Farrar for your photoplays?"

"I should say you were a liar," re-

turned Mr. Lasky, promptly and cheerfully.

"Well, what would you do if I did get her?"

"You put the question wrong. What *wouldn't* we do?" returned Mr. Lasky.

"Give me some proposition that I can take to her," I answered.

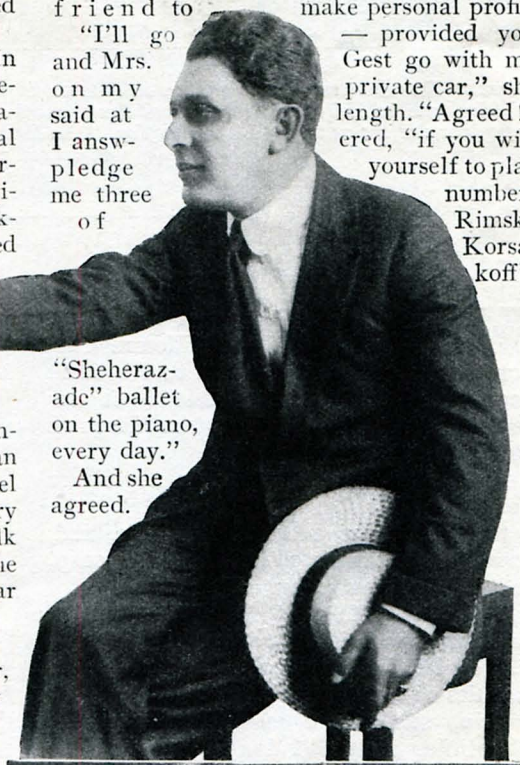
"You can say to Miss Farrar," continued Mr. Lasky, "that we will sign her not by the year as some stars are signed; not by the month, or by the week, or by the day, but by the minute, and if necessary by the second. You can tell her that for every minute of daylight she is in Southern California, whether she is at the studio or not, I will pay her two dollars—and a royalty, and a share of all profits."

Unlike a great many opera stars, Miss Farrar is not mercenary. In all our conversations only the artistic side of her pictures had been discussed. We almost had our first serious quarrel over her attempt to force me to take the profit-and-royalty clause for myself. I at length made her see that my interest was a friendly one, and that I had not invaded her home as a friend to make personal profit.

"I'll go — provided you and Mrs. Gest go with me on my private car," she said at length. "Agreed!" I answered, "if you will pledge yourself to play me three numbers of Rimsky Korsakov's."

"Sheherazade" ballet on the piano, every day."

And she agreed.



Morris Gest, the man who won her.

Photoplay Magazine

The Dauntless Producer



Director Tom Ince, recently injured in an automobile accident, had a screen suspended from the ceiling of his home in Hollywood, (Cal.) and there, swathed in bandages and with his left arm in splints, superintended the cutting of his screen play, "The Reward," in order that the picture might be released on schedule time.

Dangerous Cleanliness

WILLIAM S. HART, actor-director of the New York Motion Picture Corporation, once had a pet lion and a burly negro who cared for the beast, as it was used in various tropical films Mr. Hart was then taking.

Now Mr. Hart has neither negro nor lion.

One day he approached the dinge, and, handing him a huge chunk of kitchen soap, ordered him to give Leo a bath.

Right there the dark gentleman, whose name was Knute (indicating that his parents hailed from one of the Scandinavian counties of the Sahara), resigned.

"No, suh! Not me!" he exclaimed, Chaplining away. "I don't care fo' no job enough to wash dat lion! Thupposin' Ah got thum thoap in dat lion's eye!"

Martha Hedman's Debut

MARTHA HEDMAN, another lovely player from the legitimate, is to make her first screen appearance this month. She will play in "The Club," a successful stage vehicle of a few years ago.

WILLIAM COURTENAY, recently co-star with Doris Keane in "Romance" and leading man with the Boston and New York companies playing "Under Cover," will star in the movies this summer.

THE photographs of Mary Fuller on several pages of the June number of **PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE**, as well as the striking picture reproduced on the cover, were by Floyd, New York artist who has taken more photographs of Miss Fuller than any other photographic operator.

"Close-Ups"

By THE EDITOR

ONCE upon a time, when baseball was a trade not yet grown into a great and honorable art like war or politics, there was a professional New England player named Sid Farrar. He ornamented the State of Massachusetts, and the prowess of him is remembered unto this day. But Sid Farrar did more than play ball. He fathered a daughter. What he called her I don't know, but she was Geraldine when she grew up.

Geraldine could sing. Geraldine went to Germany to study; the first son of the god of murder nearly went mad over her; she achieved a really notable career in the Royal Opera of Berlin, and then came home to achieve a much greater one in the most snobbish and really most representative opera house in the world, New York's Metropolitan. Social favor didn't do it. The beauty of a goddess, which is hers, wasn't altogether responsible. She is one of the operatic stage's very greatest dramatic artists; to hear Geraldine Farrar sing "Manon" is not nearly so marvellous as to behold this wayward, wonderful child of Abbe Prevost's imagination, created in panting enchantment before one's very eyes.

So Geraldine Farrar has not without reason become a symposium, a living Olympus, an incarnation of feminine stage artistry for this country.

She is the biggest single figure on the American stage, and she has just joined the movies.

As Sheba came down out of the Libyan desert to Czar Solomon's winter palace, with gold and jewels and camels and fabrics, so Geraldine Farrar, plus a special train and an entourage worthy only of Bernhardt or Jess Willard, will make a royal June progress to the camera set up for her in California.

Where now is the paleozoic polyp who sniffed at "working in the pictures"? Probably trying ineffectually to get in himself.

Lovely "Jerry" of the Metropolitan; bisected Bernhardt; all the world's royalty, and most of the world's interesting people have been or are about to be screened. The triumph of active photography is complete. Let us never hear again the snivel that photodrama is a minor art, or not an art at all.

People who read these lines will see the day in which the discovery of the steam engine, the harnessing of electricity and the perfection of the motion picture camera will be regarded as equally momentous events for humanity.

Active photography is destined to raise the art standard of the world by bringing every art, every land and every interpretative genius to every man's door. Broadway will come to Borneo, and Borneo will go right back to Broadway. Steam began that universal transfer, electricity gave it a very great impetus, active photography will complete it.

Henceforth, if you hear any stage person say or cause to be said: "No, I don't go in for the movies," know one thing: some one has slammed a studio gate right in that person's countenance.



MY thought of Lasky photoplays always snared up with that sultry pearl, Rita Jolivet. I can't forget her verve and abandon, her mystic smile and her incomparable style in "The Unafraid."

Thank heaven for saving so exquisite a thing from a shark's hideous cold kiss when the Lusitania plunged!

I HAVE seen a perfect photoplay: "The Cup of Life."

Bessie Barriscale, with a marvellous display of artistry, is the dominating figure of "The Cup of Life," but behind Bessie Barriscale rises the portentous shadow of director Tom Ince.

A simple story. Two shop-girl sisters; one marries a fellow poor as she, and together they rise slowly from poverty to comfort, secure love, and all the ties that bind. The other goes the easiest way to the abyss. This is life, so nobody is killed, and no one has nerve enough to commit suicide.

The real tragedy of this friend of a number of gentlemen lies in her continuing to exist after all the peachbloom has been kissed off her cheeks, and the limpid purity all quaffed from her eyes. Miss Barriscale's portrait of the feminine adventurer along the old red road has never been surpassed on the screen. Speaking for myself, I have never seen it approached. The girl is born pretty—and a rebel. She becomes Little Pompadour in a local Versailles. You see her trick her first master, and laugh at the man who loves her. You see her in Europe—and her new owner suddenly tiring! Now she is over the crest of the hill, and it is fight, fight, fight to a losing finish. The eyes that were wide and wondering grow narrow and hard. The girlish face transmutes itself into a cosmetic mask. The mouth, artfully carmined to allure, bessems the red door of a white sepulchre. The man who loved her smiles pityingly—but he smiles. The inevitable, inexorable, patient world which she flouted is beating her down to oblivion. She finds surcease in a tumbler. As the last fadeaway dims to nothingness you see her reaching for that needle which is the assassin of yesterday and the abortionist of tomorrow.

It would be good for every photoplay actor to observe Arthur Maude, in his remarkable characterization in this drama.



SPEAKING of excellences, I must give you the word that the Lasky institution, under the twin sceptres DeMille, spells out for me: *Elegance*. All really good things in the market have certain inimitable qualities, and elegance is the quality of Laskyland.

There is something indefinably *right* about the Lasky home of wealth and refinement. There those twin horrors of photoplay, the butler and the manservant, become almost plausible beings. The statues cease from gargoyling, the pictures are not pitchers, the furniture has reason and period, and the polite assemblages of society bessems such assemblages—not the illiterate anarchists' club en masque.

The DeMilles are able, too, to produce foreign ministers, and embassy attaches who would not embroil us in war were the units of their respective but not usually respected nations to behold them. Picture-legations usually warrant submarine reprisals at least, but I take it that these DeMilles have been once or twice in Washington, and perhaps on a Cook's tour. As they demonstrate, there are other signs of a Russian than dynamic whiskers.



SPEAKING of Russians brings one around, logically as clock-hands, to Jimski Youngovitch, who is so gifted and so energetic that he doesn't have to be just husband to one of the most beautiful women in the world.

Russia is Mr. Young's pictorial specialty, even as it is the humorous black beast of most other directors. Atmosphere is as much his individual possession as elegance is Lasky's, or primitive power Tom Ince's, or dramatic poetry D. W. Griffith's.

"Hearts In Exile" is absolutely perfect Russia in up-state New York. The melancholy of the steppes, their mysteries, their untutored and unrepressed passions, their superstitions and their devotions—all are in this magical alchemy of a patch of American woods, a pond, a country road and a few cornfields.

THE only way in which actors differ from other human beings is that they are perhaps a little more human.

And being human means that fame, or adulation, or flattery, or sudden dollars, or a skirt, may, at some time in one's career, tip one a little.

Merchant princes oscillate from their dead centers from power; flattery makes preachers lean backward; if you have a weak heart an enemy female is liable to set all your cylinders missing at once. And so there are a lot of nice boys and girls in the picture game who are getting a bit top-heavy for their own good. I don't think it makes much difference to the public, or to their directors, where the directors are wise. Pride goeth before a fall, and the dropsical cranium, actorially speaking, precedeth a new guy in one's part. A few of the conceited are due, presently, to slide out of fame as easily as they slipped in.

This comment would not be complete if it did not express the editor's belief that the picture game has been the greatest uplift for actorial sanity since mimic society was added to the arts. Actors in the sun and wind, tempering their muscles against the flint of nature, sobering pride in risks which reach often to their very lives, are not half so susceptible to brain-bloat as the pale noon-riser whose sun is a bunch-light, and whose moon is the second balcony calcium under blue mediums.

But there are a few hydrocephalitics—inevitably!



WANTED—badly:—

Programme hours on feature films.

A standard of projection speed.

People are getting weary of seeing their pictures backward. How would you like to read novels that way? It would be no less uninteresting and far less aggravating, for from the last reel, when one's double jitney is in the box, there is no escape save Spartan-shut eyes. The old plea that "movies are a drop-in entertainment" doesn't hold good. That excuse was made for the one-reelers designed only to amuse, and seldom bringing anything but sleep. It takes no more of a man's time, if he knows just where the current feature is at a certain hour, and when it will start again. Wouldn't you feel pleased to see that a new Keystone two-reeler would commence to unwind exactly at 1:00, 2:10, and 3:20? At least you wouldn't butt in at 3:05.

The speed pest in the operator's box must also be abated. However, he is seldom to blame. It is usually his manager, desirous of quicker shows, and therefore more dimes, who makes him gallop his plays into a jerky, eye-straining and ludicrous non-semblance of human action and gesture. Every reel should have its tempo marked, and that tempo should be followed with mathematical exactness.



PHOTOPLAY is returning to the world the lost art of pantomime.

When acting began, it was on the vast outdoor stages of the medieval friars, and in the pineknot hell and rolling-rock thunder the human voice had not much play. Those who squatted, stood or lolled right up next to the exercises were entertained—perhaps—with a monastic jargon of morality verse. But more often the dramatic legend was in bad Latin, which nobody understood save the monks, and they but intermittently. So pantomime grew, and in the universal art of facial expression and gesture were reproduced most of the human emotions.

As the miracle plays gave place to real plays, pantomime refined itself accordingly. It reached its highest effectiveness in the Latin countries, but in the last century, with the introduction of the drawing-room drama of England and France, pantomime has fallen away—especially under the influence of England—until only the photoplay has availed to save it from utter desecration and loss.

J. J.

Selig's "Movie Special"

THE Selig Polyscope company planned, for as many of its friends and patrons as desire to go, a midsummer excursion to the Pacific Coast—planned it for a single, nice, compact, well ordered private train. Now, however, they seem destined to be travel wholesalers; their single train may expand to three or four sections before it leaves Northwestern Station, Chicago, on the evening of July 8.

The special will become a city, or each compartment of it will become a city, in which those who embark will be dwellers for many days. In all the points visited the train will be used as a residential headquarters. There will be but two exceptions to this rule: Los Angeles and San Francisco. Three days will be spent by the pictorial argonauts at the Rosslyn Hotel, Los Angeles, and a like time at the Cliff House in San Francisco.

The trip will have a number of unusual features.

It is usually as much as one's life is worth to feed one's dog in the baggage car. Trunks are, of course, beyond access. This trip will be the exception, for—while dogs are hardly anticipated—there will be clear floor space, and a drag-out-your-trunk-any-old-time feeling will scent your round-trip ticket as a sweet perfume.

There will also be a movie screen in the observation car, and after the day's optical "take" of scenery has been indulged in, other lands and scenes and people will reel out of the darkness as the train (or trains) rolls on.

Some swift tangoing is expected to take

place in the "Caper Car." By day this enigmatic coach will be, not a dining-car, but a restaurant, with continuous service, but at night the folding tables will fold up like the poetical Arab's tent, and sectional maple dancing floors will slide out of nowhere, and away will go the lovers of the light fantastic—especially on the curves.

Cities and places of import to be visited include Cheyenne, Ogden Canon, Great Salt Lake desert, Lake Tahoe, and San Francisco.

The Los Angeles programme of course includes the sights from Pasadena to that jewel of the South Pacific, Catalina; a study of pictures actually in the taking at the Allesandro street studios, the making of animal films at the Eastlake Jungle Zoo, and a reception by the Selig players.

Those who dare will have a side trip provided for them into Old Mexico, and, though the filibusters will penetrate only as far as the picturesque border town of Tia Juana, they may shiver in the absolute certainty that they are at length beyond Wilsonian jurisdiction, and on revolutionary soil.

The San Diego Exposition will be visited.

After a trip to the great fair at San Francisco, and looks at interesting San Francisco herself, side trips will be made to Mount Tamalapais and other places to be remembered, and the return will be begun.

More sights — Salt Lake City, the Royal Gorge, Glenwood Springs, Colorado Springs, the Garden of the Gods, Pike's Peak, Denver, a final hesitation at Kansas City, and—home, Sunday, July 25.

Helen's Dangerous Hazard

HELEN HOLMES had a small but exceedingly dangerous accident about two weeks ago. In alighting from one of her several "kept" trains she stumbled and fell, and, her face striking a clump of nettles, one of the poisonous vegetable shafts entered her eye. It was removed in a Los Angeles hospital without permanent damage to the optic.

ANOTHER Ibsen play on the screen! "Ghosts" has already been announced. The newest is the Norwegian's satire of convention and hypocrisy, "Pillars of Society." Henry Walthall is playing the leading role, backed up by Ralph Lewis and Mary Alden.

Old Favorites Returning

THEY are going to reissue new positives of the well-beloved plays of yesterday in which Alice Joyce and Carlyle Blackwell played to admiring throngs. The decision is the result of the petitions of numerous theatre owners whose patrons have been begging to see the old favorites again.

SIEGMUND LUBIN is completing a great new studio at Jacksonville, Florida, for the production of photoplays dealing with Southern and tropical life.

JACK HOLT, formerly a popular "legitimate" road star, will be henceforth a member of the Lubin Western company.

Dustin Farnum

"THE VIRGINIAN" IN SILENT DRAMA

By K. Owen

TWO men sat in a "movie" theater in a little Maine town. The photoplay was "The Virginian," and the elder of the two, a grizzled veteran of the woods, gazed at the unfolding story on the screen with intense interest. When the hero had his hat shot from his head the old man was leaning forward half out of his seat with his eyes glued on the screen. Then a "close up" showed the hero gazing at the ragged bullet holes in the sombrero and the old woodsman turned breathlessly to his companion.

"Hell, Dus-tin!" he whispered, "I wouldn't take them chances for as much as forty dollars a week."

"And that is how," concluded Dustin Farnum with a smile, "I became a hero to my guide."

To anyone conversant with Maine guides and their sometimes ill-concealed prejudices with regard to those who employ them, it would seem that Mr. Farnum had been amply recompensed for "going into the movies." Everything on the screen was real to the old guide. After that whenever Dustin missed, it was the fault of the gun, or the weather, or the guide himself.

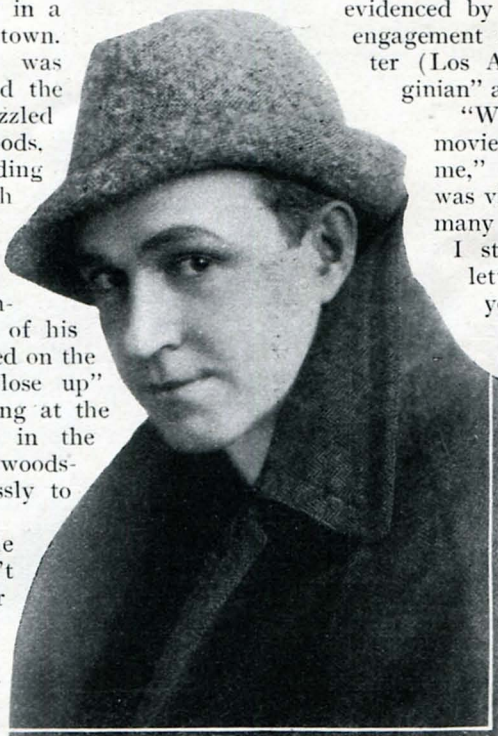
The king can do no wrong.

After James K. Hackett, Dustin Farnum was perhaps the first of the stars of the legitimate stage to foresake it for the motion pictures, although he has no idea of

making his desertion permanent, as was evidenced by his recent two weeks' engagement in the Burbank Theater (Los Angeles) in "The Virginian" and "The Squaw Man."

"When I first adopted the movies—or they adopted me," said Mr. Farnum, "I was vigorously denounced by many of my contemporaries."

I still have a number of letters written me several years ago by prominent actors and actresses, calling my 'abandonment' of the legitimate 'disgraceful' and 'a prostitution of art' as well as other disagreeable things. Since that time I have received letters from some of the same writers asking for advice as to how they could become equally 'disgraceful.' Practically 'everybody's doin' it,' and there are few stars who have not had a fling at the movies."



"I like the pictures because everything is real. It perfects one in the art of pantomime, and the more naturally you act, the better the effect on the screen."

Mr. Farnum was not "lured" into the motion pictures. While in Los Angeles en tour several years ago, he visited the big plant of the Universal company on the outskirts of the city, and rode as a "super" or "extra man" in one of the Universal pictures. He saw great possibilities in the "game" for a man of his talents. That summer he had his first taste of it in staging "The Lightning Conductor," the popular Williamson novel, all over Europe. It was in the nature of an experiment.

"Walter Hale, William Elliott and myself went abroad," he said, "taking our



"Captain Courtesy" was the last play for Farnum with the Bosworth concern. In producing "Captain Courtesy" Farnum says he did his hardest work.

cars and several copies of 'The Lightning Conductor.' In Paris we enlisted Helen Bertram and her daughter, who were there. The cast only called for five persons and the chauffeur. The part of the latter was played by Fred Kley, who is now manager of the Jesse L. Lasky studio in Los Angeles. We followed the entire route as laid down in the story, and every scene was taken where the incident actually occurred in the book.

"The following summer I signed with the All Stars and went to Cuba for Richard Harding Davis' 'Soldiers of Fortune.' As I look back on that experience I can remember only the heat."

Since reaching Los Angeles, nearly two years ago, Mr. Farnum has starred in "The Squaw Man," "The Virginian," "Cameo

Kirby" and "Captain Courtesy." The first three were produced by the Lasky company and the last, which at this writing has not been released, by the Bosworth company.

In producing "Captain Courtesy," Farnum declares that he did his hardest work. "It was just full of hard work," he said, "but I enjoyed it immensely because I had the opportunity of working under the direction of one of the greatest directors in the business—who is a woman—Lois Weber. I consider her the greatest scenario writer in the country also. With her husband, Phillips Smalley, they make a wonderful team."

"Captain Courtesy" was the last play for Farnum as well as the Smalleys with the Bosworth concern. Farnum, at this writing, is a free lance.

"I have only one definite plan for the future," he said as he rocked thoughtfully on the porch of his beautiful bungalow at Hollywood. "That is a long European tour as soon as the war is over. If I enter into any lengthy contract it will be stipulated that I can terminate it any time that peace is declared. Then I will take my car and a cameraman and hike for the continent to go over every foot of the country I became so familiar with in times of peace."

It might be mentioned parenthetically that the noted star is not a confirmed neutral. He reads everything he can find containing war news or comments and is a hard rooter for the—

But that's "inside stuff" and really has nothing to do with Farnum's relation to the film world, and the legitimate stage. He says he loves both and will never desert either permanently.

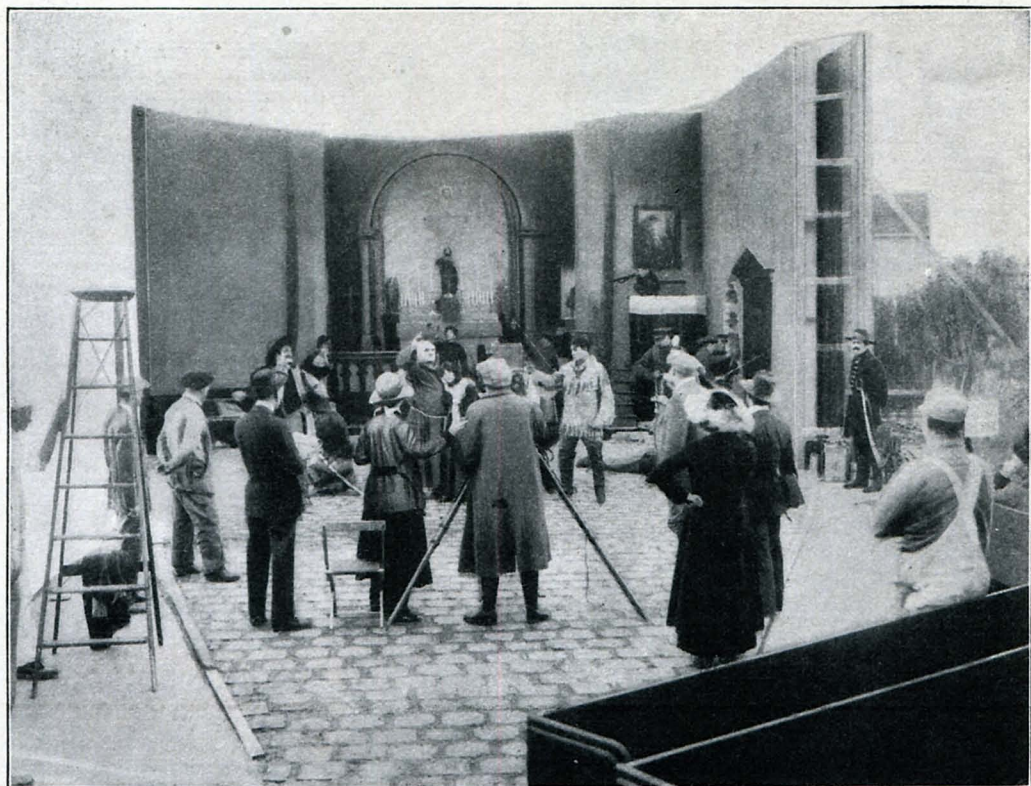
"I like the pictures," he said, "because everything is real. The trees are real, the hills and valleys are real. The cowboys are

the real thing, and the Indians also. The work is tremendously educational and instructive for those whose experience has been confined to the legitimate stage. It perfects one in the art of pantomime, and the more naturally you act the better the effect on the screen.

Since the release of "The Virginian" Mr. Farnum has been constantly besieged via the mails for autographed photos, and in only a few instances have the besiegers been other than boys.

"They always tell me their ages and how they like me, and the appeal cannot be resisted. I know how such a character appealed to me when I was a youngster who worshiped the westerner of stage and story. Yesterday I mailed out 118 photographs, so you see it will be necessary to keep working if the boys keep writing.

"But I wouldn't have them stop for anything because I think boys are great. It's too bad that they must grow up to be men."



"The work is tremendously educational and instructive for one who has been confined to the legitimate stage."

Here's More Baby Romance

*Would you believe this
bob-haired lad to be
Romaine Fielding?*

*Marguerite Courtot seems
to have a galleryful of
her baby self.*



*Tom Mix is going to learn
horseback riding as soon as
his mama'll let him.*

*Yale Boss, not so dread-
fully long ago.*

*Lottie Briscoe, before her
literary-dramatic day.*

As Well As Infant Villainy

*Where were the tresses that
are part of Mary Elizabeth
Forbes' present beauty?*



*And this was the first of
Mabel Trunnelle's beauti-
ful smiles.*



*Kid days of Dorothy and
Lillian—is it necessary to
add Gish?*



*Edna Payne, seriously
thinking of her future lead-
ing womanship.*



*Rosetta Brice, trying to
pucker up into wickedness
at two.*



"He had a gun *that long!*"



Irvin Cobb Brings the Trenches to California.

The war correspondent, just returned from Europe, tells Edgar Selwyn a vivid story of the fighting in Flanders. When Mr. Selwyn went to the Lasky studio in Hollywood, to appear in a photo-dramatization of his play, "The Arab," Mr. Cobb accompanied him for recreation after many terrible weeks of war. Between the two men stands Mrs. Selwyn—Margaret Mayo, author of "Baby Mine."

Here's to the Guy

Here's to the guy that saw the show
Five or six times three years ago;
Who doggedly persists in telling you so—
Here's to that guy!

Here's to the guy that loves Blanche Sweet,
Tells you she's married and can't be beat;
Who expounds all the dishes she likes to
eat—
Here's to that guy!

Here's to the guy that loves slap-stick,
The guy from Oshkosh—the simple "hick;"
Who delights in calling Mary, "Pick"—
Here's to that guy!

And here's to the guy that will softly steal
Across your corns in the climax reel;
No matter how lovely the blame things
feel—
Well—here's to that guy!

—By Walt House.

Scientific Advertising

VICTOR MOORE, appearing in "Chimmie Fadden" for the Lasky Company, was in Mexico a short time ago.

"There was an undertaking shop in a small town," he says, "in the window of which the proprietor had tastefully arranged a number of samples of his embalming abilities.

"There was a recruiting station in the same room, and a sign in the window read: "Welcome! Come join the ranks!"

Boo-Hoo!

FROM my eyes two large tears started,
Down my cheeks they flowed and smarted,

As I sat all broken-hearted,
Barred by fate from Paradise.

All the merry crowds were going,
Where the latest films were showing,
Leaving me with grief o'er-flowing,
'Cause I didn't have the price.

—Elmer E. Johnson.

HINTS on PHOTOPLAY WRITING

By Captain Leslie T. Peacocke

Photoplay Magazine's authority in this department is one of the most successful scenario



editors and writers in the world. Many of the most interesting film features are his creations.

III

TO those who may not have read the preceding articles dealing with scenario writing I must pay brief attention. Always make your synopsis as short as possible; outline your plot in fifty words, if you can; and bring out the strong points of the story. Condense your scenes, and use very simple language. Tell your story—if a drama—in from 35 to 40 scenes; and if a comedy, in from 50 to 75 scenes. Leave slap-stick comedies alone. There is no market for them.

A sample scenario was published in the March issue of PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE which, to any intelligent reader, will convey more information as to the form of evolving a photoplay than any number of pages of advice that I, or anyone else could hope to bestow. If you have not seen it, take my advice and get a copy of the March issue. It will save you time, worry and money.

Some scenario editors have declared that they only consider the synopsis, (or plot) of a submitted photoplay, and prefer to work out the scenes themselves, or have this work done by one of their staff writers. But in such cases, usually, the writer is offered such a small sum for the plot alone that it is not worth while to give it away—that is if the plot is an original one. And then it practically relegates you to the "boob class." No, take it from me, always evolve your scenario in full, and leave it to the scenario editor or director to make alterations in it if they will—(and they always will, no matter how good it may be, more

is the pity in many, many cases perhaps!).

However, these articles are not intended to condemn certain studio methods, so I must keep to the matter in hand. In evolving your scenario you must pay great care and thought to the "continuity" of the scenes. You must visualize your story as you go along, and bear your characters in mind, as you would your pawns on the chess board. You must always remember where each character is supposed to be, and where you have left him, or her, so that you can bring the character in easily when next wanted. Always create a logical reason for each character to be in each scene depicted. Don't have them wandering aimlessly about. And, above all, never have all your characters in the same scene. That is fatal.

Keep them scattered a bit, so that you can flash back from one to the other. If you have them all in the same scene, and that scene is finished, then you have no other scene containing one of your characters to shift to. You can understand what I mean, I hope?

I have on several occasions found myself stuck in this predicament and have had to resort to a "Close-Up" of one or more of my characters, thus leaving one of the other characters an opportunity to escape from the scene, so that I could locate that character in the next scene and give me some one to shift to, and also give me the chance of cutting back to the preceding scene, and so preserve my continuity. A "Close-Up" is a technical term in photoplay writing, which means that a very close up view of a

Condense your scenes. Use very simple language. If a drama, tell your story in from thirty five to forty scenes; if a comedy, in from fifty to seventy-five scenes.

character, or characters, is taken by the camera, and employing only a very small part of a scene. If you study pictures on the screen you will know what I mean. Use these "Close-Ups" frequently. The directors like them, and it familiarizes the audience with the characters, and helps to break the monotony of distant and semi-distant scenes.

It is the little unusual touches that are brought into a scenario that very often make it worth while, and these little touches are, more often than not, the results of "Close-Ups" skillfully employed. Such as the "Close-Up" of a hand with a discolored finger nail. That may be the clue to the identification of a murderer, and can be worked in later on, and perhaps lay the basis for a big scene in the play.

Of course the producing director will insert "Close-Ups" to suit himself, but if these little touches are thought out by the author, the director will hold him in higher esteem, because he will recognize that he has knowledge of the technique of photoplay writing and knows his business. That is one reason why staff writers are employed in studios. They know how a scenario should be evolved, or if they don't know, they don't last very long.

One of the chief points in good scenario writing is to preserve a logical continuity. By this we mean that the scenes and the action of the story must run along in a smooth sequence, without illogical jumps and breaks.

Occasionally the continuity must be preserved by the careful use of "Subtitles" and "Inserts," but these must be sparingly used and avoided when possible. The less reading matter you impose on the screen, the better. The employment of long, tedious "Subtitles" shows the hand of the ignorant writer of photoplays. The public does not like them, and the exhibitors hate them. They prefer to pay for scenes and action, and not for printed matter on their screens.

On the subject of "Subtitles" and "Inserts" we will deal in a later article, and explain what can be judiciously used and what should be carefully avoided.

In the writing of comedies I cannot too

strongly urge that anything of a "suggestive" nature should be kept away from. It does no author credit, and will always offend the best class of the public. Let your aim and object be to keep the moving picture screen clean and inoffensive to man, woman and child. A great number of so-called comedies being exploited by reputable film companies are, unhappily, trying to draw laughs by offensive methods, and

undoubtedly draw the horse-laughs from the vociferous rough-necks, but the watchful daily press is already uttering a protest and the better class of moving picture patrons is beginning to evince disgust at having its feelings jarred by crudities that would not be tolerated

on the speaking stage. Let the other fellow write that sort of stuff. It won't lead him far in the end.

In working out your "Continuity"—that is, your scenes as they follow each other—make a judicious use of "Cut Backs" and "Flash Backs," to create suspense and make the value of your main scenes duly felt. No scene should be too long. If the action of a scene is vitally important and threatens to be too prolonged, then break it up by flashing to some other scene, or insert a "Close-Up" or a letter or a worded "Insert," and then flash back to the scene you have broken into. This will relieve the situation and make the interest centered in that scene more intense.

Now, all free-lance scenario writers, besides being anxious to gain all knowledge they can of technique and the proper form in which to submit their plays, are also vitally interested in learning the best and easiest way of marketing them. There is no easy way. There are hundreds of thousands of people writing photoplays, and there is a very limited market; that is to say, just at the present moment. A great number of the film producing companies are going in almost wholly for adaptations of published novels and old plays which have outlived their drawing power on the speaking stage.

This state of things won't last long, because the public is heartily sick of them already, and the exhibitors are clamoring for original stories. All the stage plays have been adapted in different forms by

Use "Close-Ups" frequently. The directors like them and it familiarizes the audience with the characters

scenario writers in the past few years, under various titles, and the plots are well hackneyed, and when the film companies have dropped all the money they are willing to lose in trying to force these time-worn stories on the public in the guise of big "Features," then they will hustle like mad to secure the original plots which the virile scenario writer has evolved from the back of his cranium. So you must not despair. You writers with original ideas, who have learned how to properly express them in the form of practical photoplays, will come into your own, and you will land heavily with both feet.

These tedious, padded, long-drawn-out, so-called features are driving many thousands of picture fans away from their favorite form of amusement, and in the near future the one, two, and (strong) three reel stories will be the crying demand of the exhibitors. A feature of four reels or over will have to be something very exceptional to secure a market at all. So guard your original plots as if they were worth their weight in gold. They will be.

Now, to return to the present state of the scenario market. Very few of the established film-producing companies are buying original material at all. Nearly all the staff writers are engaged in making adaptations from old books and mildewed plays, and heart-breaking work they are finding it, too; as the dramatic situations are, as a rule, few in number, and much invention has to be done to pad them into the required five reels. With a great number of adaptations from published novels it is different, because they cover a long period of time, and they are often full of dramatic incidents, which can be woven into telling scenes. The stage plays which have been adapted from published books have invariably made the best film productions, but they have nearly all been done, and what we are going to see in the immediate future in the way of adaptations into features is going to ring the knell for that sort of thing.

The Universal Company has advertised that it is not in the market for outside scripts. Mr. James Dayton, the scenario editor of the Universal, and his efficient army of staff writers are working hand-in-

glove with the producing directors and covering all needs. The Universal Company does not supply sample scenarios on application any more; neither do the Essanay, Selig or Kalem Companies, and, in fact, I have been asked by every film company that used to extend this favor to writers to announce the fact that they have discontinued the practice of furnishing sample photoplays. Mr. Phil Lang, the courteous scenario editor of the Kalem Company, informs me that he is willing to consider two and three reel modern dramas, and one reel farce comedies suitable for their comedians. So, writers should study the Kalem pictures on the screen whenever possible and try and get a line on their style of output. The Kalem Company has always been a good market for free-lance writers, and they always receive kindly consideration from Mr. Phil Lang. I do not know of any other film company at present in the market for photoplays.

I have received innumerable letters from writers who have been victimized by so-called "Scenario Schools" and "Photoplay Clearing Houses"—some complaining that they have parted with various small sums to have their scripts revised, and others for having paid quite respectable sums for "Courses of Instruction," and all asking my advice as to what they should do, because they have received no material benefits from their outlay of good money. The only advice I can give is, to avoid the bee. Don't get stung twice! At least, not in the same place; it is apt to smart! I have also

There is only one way to market your photoplays. Send them in directly to the scenario departments of the reputable companies. All manuscripts must be typewritten, and must be clean

received complaints from some of these "Schools" which aim to teach scenario writing, and from several "Clearing Houses," all claiming that they conduct themselves in a legitimate manner and are, in fact, philanthropists of the first water; and that in one of

my late articles I have injured their business seriously, because I advised all writers to keep their good money in their pockets. I repeat that advice here and now. I made the statement that no reputable scenario editor will consider scenarios submitted from any of these "Schools" or "Clearing Houses," and I will be very glad indeed to receive word from all scenario editors and staff writers as to their opinions

of the usefulness of any of these "Schools" or "Clearing Houses," and will make known to our readers through the pages of the PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE the expert views of each editor and staff writer who will be kind enough to respond to this call.

That people of this class should be allowed to separate hard-working writers from their petty-cash is, in my opinion, an unhappy blot on the Moving Picture industry, and cannot be erased too thoroughly or too soon.

The leading light of one of these so-called "Clearing Houses" has written to me, asking that I should endorse his institution, claiming that through their efforts a number of photoplays have been sold to the various film companies. To make good his boast he appended a list of photoplays which had been sold, but strange to relate, they had all been written by one of the "Consulting Editors" of the "Clearing House, who, undoubtedly, is one of the gentlemen who reads and revises the scenarios sent to them by the poor, gullible free-lance writers.

If I had an original plot, I would be very cautious of allowing it to fall into that "Consulting Editor's" hands!!! On the face of that showing, I cannot conscientiously

see my way clear to endorse that institution.

There is only one way to market your photoplays. Send them in directly yourself to the scenario departments of the reputable film companies, and enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope for return of the scenario should it prove unavailable. The script must be typewritten and must be clean. A blank sheet of paper placed at the back of the manuscript will keep it so.

Writers are, naturally, reaching out to secure all the expert information they can, and it is the earnest endeavor of this department of the PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE to advise them, each month, so that they may find a market for their efforts and to steer them against pitfalls.

I receive a great many requests from writers asking me to read their photoplays and to advise them about them. My opinion on a scenario would not have the value that you might think. I am not in the market for photoplays. Send them to scenario editors of the companies that buy scenarios. You must be your own doctor. No one can help you in that way. I always refuse to read other people's photoplays. They may contain highly original plots, and the temptation might be too great!!!

TO ALL WHO ARE INTERESTED IN SCENARIOS

THE customs of film manufacturing companies—like the fashions and the weather—are subject to change, and for good reasons which appear from time to time. Until recently most of the film manufacturing companies in the United States solicited contributions from independent writers, and even sent sample scenarios as a gratuitous furtherance to constructive knowledge. But the film manufacturing industry has reached such proportions and importance that practically every well-known writer has been called upon for some part of his product—everybody, nowadays, seems "writing for the pictures." This has ended the sample scenario possibility, perforce of circumstances. This statement is made in justice to readers of this department. While sample scenarios have been sent out, just as was stated, very recent managerial orders in the offices of the big corporations have done away with this rule. For a fuller explanation, read Capt. Peacocke's department above.

It is interesting—and sinister—to note that the fake Photoplay School, according to the direct statement of the biggest film manufacturers, has so flooded the scenario editors' offices with worthless manuscripts that in many places scripts by independent writers are not being considered, and will not be considered until the screen literary arena is cleared of the worthless glut of fakir's trash that these Photoplay Schools have thrown into it.

Attention, Lads!

DOROTHY GISH, of the Reliance, is a young lady of quick wit. The other night at a little supper given in her honor by a few friends, somebody proposed an informal but enthusiastic toast:

"Miss Gish forever!"

"No!" retorted the young lady, promptly.
 "No, not Miss Gish forever, I hope!"

Off the Screen

I LAUGH when she is happy,
 I cry when she is sad;
 When she weeps I am mournful,
 When she smiles I am glad.

I'd gladly fight the villain,
 Who chases her aroun';
 Gee, if I had but a chance
 I'd knock the coward down!

Alas, I cannot do it,
 She really won't let me.
 The husband of the heroine
 Is the villain—don't you see?
 —Albert F. Munroe.

The Perfect Central

J. WARREN KERRIGAN, better known as "Jack" Kerrigan, is noted for his sweet disposition; but anybody with the name of Kerrigan is bound to have some pepper in his make-up.

The other day Jack was on the phone trying to get a number and in a hurry to get back to his scene. The central operator was particularly slow and stupid. All she seemed able to say was, "I do not know. I will give you Information."

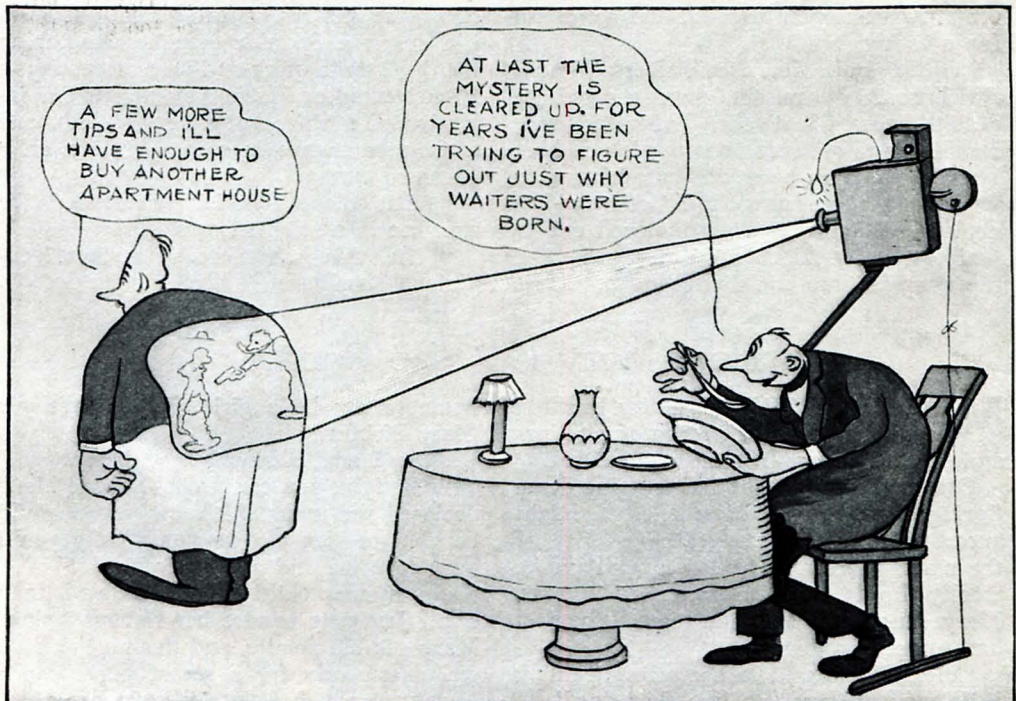
"You've given me the wrong number three times," cried Jack in irritation. "Are you crazy?"

Back again came the response: "I do not know. I will give you Information!"

LUBIN has selected a constellation for its leads in the forthcoming production of the famous old Drury Lane melodrama, "The Great Ruby."

Among those present will be Ada Rehan, Blanche Bates and Charles Richman.

Discovered! A Reason for Waiters



After long and patient effort, Prof. Hoozis, the efficiency expert, has found a use for the backs of waiters, which, up to this time, have been wasted on restaurant patrons.

—Goldberg, in Puck.

Pauline Bush: Mrs. Allan Dwan

FILMLAND had a real romance this month, when Pauline Bush married Allan Dwan, Mary Pickford's director.

Miss Bush and Mr. Dwan are two of the most popular folk in the motion picture world, and their wedding is the culmination of a romance which began four years ago.

The marriage took place at Mission San Juan Capistrano, one of the most beautiful of the old California missions, and was celebrated by Father Sullivan, priest of the parish. It was here that they met four years ago. There is an old rosebush at the mission, huge in dimensions, which bears red roses, and one of these Miss Bush handed Mr. Dwan on the occasion of their first meeting. But it was all a scene in a picture. However, roses from this same

bush decorated the chapel when the wedding took place.

Mary Pickford, Donald Crisp and Owen Moore assisted at the ceremony.

Mrs. Dwan writes as well as acts, many of her most popular photoplays having been written by herself. Mr. Dwan is at present directing a Mary Pickford picture. So both are busy on their projects at present. But as soon as possible, probably within the next two weeks, they are to take a long camping motor trip through the California mountains, for both love the wild life.

Mr. and Mrs. Dwan are hotel residents at present, but they have drawn up plans for a beautiful bungalow to be built in mission style, in Hollywood. There are to be dogs and horses, too. There is a big tree already on the building site.

Kidding a Philistine

HERBERT RAWLINSON is a fellow of infinite jest.

He met a stranger from the middle west at a party the other night, and the man expressed curiosity as to what the actor did for a living.

"Oh, I work for the Universal," said Rawlinson. When the man showed he didn't know what the Universal was, Rawlinson to get even put up a job on him. He told the man he would take him to an interesting place next day, but wouldn't explain its nature. They motored out to Universal City, and Mr. Rawlinson invited the stranger into the dining room. Here

the latter's eyes fairly popped from his head at the motley array of movie actors. A lamb chop was doing a fade-away for a Roman senator; a Grecian maiden was absorbing gently but firmly a pint of split-pea soup; a Spanish grandee was taking the lead in a pork-and-bean scenario; a French maid of Marie Antoinette's day investigated a ripe Hungarian goulash, and a Chinese mandarin was operating on a Mexican tamale.

"What place is this?" demanded the stranger in a frightened tone.

"Why, this is the lunatic asylum!" explained Rawlinson. The stranger fled.

How Mary Got the Poodle

MARY PICKFORD has a new Japanese poodle. He's a tiny scrap of a fellow, and the way Mary got him is interesting.

One day last week she was tripping down Spring Street in Los Angeles. Right ahead of her a man was walking. Out of the man's pocket protruded a small white woolly head set with two bright eyes. Mary caught up with the man. She just had to pet that doggie.

"Please," she said in her own appealing little way, "I want to buy that dog."

The man looked astonished.

"He isn't for sale. I'm taking him

home to my little girl. But—aren't you Mary Pickford?"

"Yes, I am," acknowledged Mary.

"All right, you can probably have him," declared the man. "I know Jessie would be glad to give him to you. Only you'll have to come and ask her yourself!"

Never was child more delighted than small Jessie, to receive her famous visitor. Mary got the poodle, and though the little girl asked only for a set of photographs in return, which were willingly promised, she found a twenty-dollar gold piece on the table after the famous little actress left.



"My Leading Man"

A QUESTION BATTLE
WITH ARTHUR JOHNSON

By
Lottie Briscoe

EDITOR'S NOTE: Miss Briscoe is without doubt the most literarily gifted of all the photoplay actresses. She has written many stories and poems, which have found publication during the last few years in the leading American periodicals. She is also a clever and very convincing actress, and has created some absorbingly interesting women of the photoplay.



Illustrations by the Lubin Studios

AN actress in her lifetime is apt to play many parts; especially such as I, who have appeared in Shakespeare, stock, vaudeville, and the "Art of the People," photodrama. I have had many strange commissions, yet—really!—my most interesting and novel commission was PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE'S assignment to interview my own leading man, Arthur Johnson.

I remembered my first meeting with him over three and one-half years ago. I recollect how he deceived me by his funereal manner, and his assumption of ponderous dignity, an assumption which sat well upon his six feet of lean length, and his melancholy face. My blood ran cold, but at the end of half an hour he broke down and confessed that he had been fooling me all the time. He has never been anything but a grown-up kid. When I thought of this, I took on a little confidence. I believed that he could be interviewed without severe pain to either of us.

"Why do you wish to see me in the office?" he asked suspiciously, as I spoke to

him over the telephone. "Don't I see you often enough at work?"

"You hurt me, Arthur," I answered. "This is a literary matter."

The appointment was arranged without further casualties.

Being an actress, and not a real newspaper woman, of course I had to dress for the part. I put on a tailor-made skirt and a tailor-made shirt-waist—such as I had seen a reporter wear in a picture—and promptly at 11 was waiting for my subject, victim and hero.

Looking at me in astonishment, as he entered, he asked: "What's the new fad? What are you pulling?"

"I have come to interview you," I said, with that simple directness which Robert W. Chambers tells us is majestic.

"Get out!" he exclaimed in amused scepticism.

"When the interview is finished," I corrected. I abstracted the note-book and pencil which real reporters never use. "Tell me the history of your life. When were you born? Who were your father and mother?"



*"He is not a physically strong man.
His spirit wears out his body."*

Where did you go to school? What theatrical companies have you been with? Were you ever in a circus? Did you ever play Hamlet? Were you ever an acrobat? Were you ever in jail? Did you ever play in vaudeville? How many picture companies have you been with? Are you nutty on any subject? What are your views on German professors, as infantrymen, and do you believe in the baked potato as a food for fat men?"

Mr. Johnson thought over these momentous issues in several minutes of silence.

He said, not unkindly: "I don't believe the photoplay public cares where I was born or how old I am, or whether I believe that coffee-drinking is responsible for the spread of high heels among women. I believe that all they care about is good pictures, and whether or no I play a convincing role."

"You're wrong!" I interrupted. "They are interested in you—with the same wonder that makes some men inventors, others explorers and still others professional lovmakers. These are just different manifestations of a universal trait: curiosity. Will you answer questions if I put them to you?"

"Uninteresting ones—yes."

"How old are you?"

"Thirty-three."

"When were you born?"

"Thirty-three years ago."

"What was your father?"

"A clergyman. All clergymen's sons turn out bad—or become actors."

"Where were you born?"

"Way Down East."

"Please don't be so theatrical! What companies did you play with?"

"All sorts. Sometimes I got my salary."

"Your beginnings—"

"Were in melodrama. I was with James J. Corbett, when W. A. Brady was managing him. Corbett, Brady and I had roles in the same piece, and it hasn't yet been decided which was the worst actor of the three."

"At any rate, Corbett did meet Johnson!" My jokelet was vicious in its very weakness. I hastened along: "But were you ever *really* an actor—I mean, did you ever play Shakespeare?"

"Robert Mantell was much kinder to me than to the Bard of Avon. He let me commit all sorts of Shakespearean offenses



"I spoke to him over the telephone."

in his company without hinting at murder."

"And the start in pictures?"

"I had heard that the Biograph company wanted people, so I went down to their studio in New York city. I was introduced to David Wark Griffith, and I asked him for a job. He said, decisively: 'You're too tall—but if you could cut the heels off your boots, you might do.' As those were my only boots, I couldn't think of sacrificing the thing which was nearest my sole; but a little later, the difficulty was somehow overcome, and I became a Biographer. The company consisted of Mary Pickford, Billy Quirk, Mack Sennett and myself. Those were the days when we made up our story as we went along—and when the Biograph thought it would be a Federal offense to let out the names of its actors."

I interrupted. "I know! We used to invent stories with Essanay!" Mr. Johnson continued:

"I left the Biograph to join the Reliance. I remained with Reliance about four months, and about the middle of 1911 I joined Lubin. You came up to the Lubin mourner's bench in January, 1912, so finish the story yourself."

He was on the way to the door when I shouted: "Here—come back!"

"Well?"

"Which do you like best; acting or directing?"

"Both."

"Oh, be serious!"

"I can't, looking at you trying to play newspaper woman."

"What is your favorite part?"

"A good one."

"Who is your favorite actor?"

"Pop Lubin. I really must go; but before I go, write down: 'My favorite actress, my favorite leading woman, is _____,'"

Modesty overwhelms me. I simply can't give you this gifted person's name.

Arthur Johnson in repose is of the ministerial type. His face always reminds me of Sir Henry Irving's, but his face is assuredly no index of his mind, for he is one of the most continually funny men I have ever known. I have seen him seriously hurt in the taking of pictures—yet make a joke of his accident that would set the whole company laughing.

As an actress, what I particularly like about Johnson's acting is his wonderful

reserve power, his sincerity and his naturalness. To use technical slang: he never "chews the scenery." That is, he never overacts. His is the art which conceals art. Time and again, he and I go over a melodramatic scene to make the final rendition appear perfectly natural and logical.

He is not a physically strong man. His spirit wears out his body. He works without letup. His mental and spiritual energy are a consuming fire. I have often wondered that he does not break down, for directing and acting at the same time is no easy matter to an artist, to a man who puts his whole soul and spirit into his work. He literally as well as figuratively burns himself out, and no man can stand that forever.*

*Miss Briscoe's words were prophetic. Shortly after her interview was written Mr. Johnson was removed to a Philadelphia hospital, suffering from nervous prostration. He is now on the way to recovery.

With Frohman at Death's Threshold

THE Lusitania assassinations appear to have touched every branch of American social, mercantile and artistic endeavor. Not the least unusual of many remarkable experiences was that of Rita Jolivet, queen of drama spoken or screened. Miss Jolivet, after finishing some highly interesting photoplays in California, was en route to London for a short visit. So far as is known, Miss Jolivet was the last person to converse with the famous American theatrical manager, Charles Frohman. They stood together at the rail as the stricken liner heeled over slowly to its death. Mr. Frohman did not appear over-anxious to embark in any of the boats. "Why fear death?" he said to Miss Jolivet, smiling. "It is the most beautiful of life's adventures!" Just then the water struck them. A few hours later Miss Jolivet, drenched and exhausted, but alive, was landed at Kinsale. The next day Mr. Frohman's body was identified in a Queenstown morgue. The peaceful smile was fixed forever upon his still face.

Charles Frohman was a brother of Daniel Frohman, managing director of The Famous Players, and was heartily interested in active photography. Since Daniel Frohman will probably take up his brother's duties, this untoward event may unite



Rita Jolivet

still closer the pictorial and dramatic stage.

The Explanation

DURING the intermission between the usual comedy scene and "The Perils of Pauline," a number of young men got into an argument as to the relative merits of the causes of the various combatants in the European War.

As each gave his preference, the one "neutral" in the party took out his note book and put down the name of each country as its defender spoke up. Here they are:

Germany
Russia
Austria
Belgium
France
England
Servia
Turkey.

—James Henderson, Chitwood, Mo.

Snapping George

KING GEORGE V, King of Great Britain and Ireland, Emperor of India and of Lands across the Sea, Defender of the Faith, and all that sort of thing, is to be the hero of a movie if the deep laid plot of a prominent producer produces fruit.

Plans have been in progress for some time to secure a movie of the career of the King of England. Movies of Big Willie, Nick, and old man Poincare will probably follow.

Those in favor of Prexy Wilson's neutrality proclamation say "Aye."

New York and Russia in Cahoots

ON the thirtieth of September last, the Russian Government issued an edict forbidding the shipment of films anywhere throughout the length and breadth of the empire by parcels post.

As if to show its friendliness with the Power which has supplied it with so many of its recent citizens, New York City passed a similar ordinance the other day in which the transportation of movie films in any shape at all is forbidden on the city's subway system.

Now, in order to get films which the subway formerly carried at the rate of fifty or sixty miles an hour to the various theatres, the exchanges have to do an early morning milk-wagon trick.

And Still They Come

FREDERICK C. Taylor of the Taylor Theatrical Enterprise at 249 West 42nd Street, New York City, was convicted of defrauding would-be movie stars early this month and sentenced to nine months in the penitentiary.

Most of his victims were hard working people who labored long and stinted themselves to pay him his fee of from twenty to fifty dollars. One was a widow who had been left penniless with three children after she paid him the thirty dollars which he had assured her would be the nucleus for a lifelong income for herself and her little ones.

Ten Sure Laughs

Pie in the face. _____

Any kick in usual location. _____

The butler. _____

Father's wrath. _____

Any evening party. _____

Any lake without a guard-rail. _____

A syphon. _____

The minister. _____

The society mother. _____

A swat on the konk (*).

(*) The harder the funnier. As a rule directors instruct the actors not to fracture one another's skulls, as this sort of thing is followed by severe convulsions in the audience.

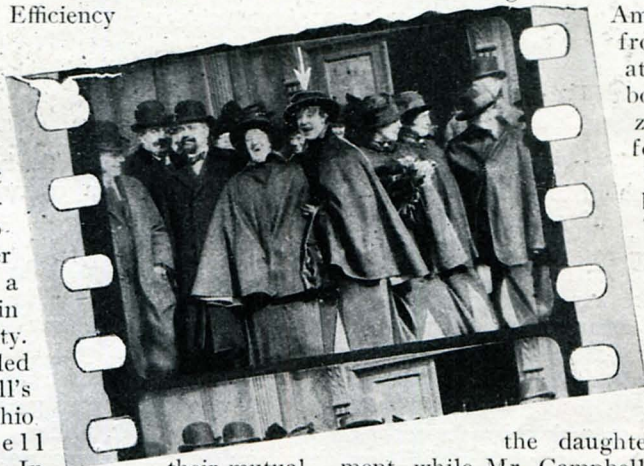
This Fragment of Film

idly wound through a machine exhibiting war pictures in a Cincinnati emporium of movies, has reunited a husband and wife long lost to each other. The man is Allen

ters were not exchanged. Then neither could find the other. This picture shows Mrs. Campbell—as indicated by the white arrow—landing with another group of

A. Campbell, Efficiency

Engineer of the Union Gas & Electric Company of Cincinnati, and resident at the Munro hotel. Mrs. Campbell before her marriage was a hospital nurse in New York City. They quarreled over Campbell's removal to Ohio. Mrs. Campbell would not go. In anger several months passed in which let-



American nurses, from La Lorraine at Havre, France, bound for the war zone. A letter forwarded by Mr. Campbell's brother reached the young woman, and it is said that the mutual and happy agreement has it that she is to cease being

their mutual

the daughter of the regiment, while Mr. Campbell is not to be an absolutely stationary figure in Cincinnati.

Movie Romance

I

SCREEN-BORN phantom, magic-grown,
You are quite the most delightful
Sweetheart I have ever known
In this age whose costs are frightful.
All the outlay when I woo,
Is a trifling jit or two.

II

How I love your pretty things,
Dainty as your swift caresses!
Gowns for every social flurry,—
Lacy things or soft or furry,
Setting off your gems and rings.
Wear them all, dear,—I should worry!
I don't buy your dresses.

III

Loving thus removes the chance
Of commercialized romance,
For, should I grow weary of you,
Not a court could make me love you,
No old judge with visage stony
Could decree you alimony!

—Frank Williams.

Coney Island Style



Mr. Chaplin, Champion of Laughmakers, and Mr. Arbuckle, the Giggle Dreadnought, are snapped at the 'Frisco Fair with an actor friend.

The BOSS

By ELWELL LAWRENCE

THE STORY OF A STRONG MAN

Illustrations from the Brady-World Photoplay

WHEN the drawing-room door had closed behind the angry backs of the two Griswolds, father and son, Mike Regan, triumphing over them at last, turned sharply to the girl who, with her hands clenched at her sides, faced him defiantly from across the room. His hard little eyes seemed to pierce her through as his heavy, salient jaw squared.

"I'm not much on makin' love speeches, Miss Griswold," he growled, "but I'll say this: you're a thoroughbred to marry me to save their skins, and—"

"That is not the reason, as you know," she interrupted him with cold contempt. "Do you think that if it was merely a matter of facing poverty with my family I would consent to this? Never! You've hounded my father to the brink of ruin, but it isn't ourselves I am thinking of."

"Who then?" His hands in his pockets, his teeth clenched on a big cigar, Regan's restless energy was conquered for one curious moment.

"The poor men and women who have trusted their money in father's banks, and whose life savings would go if he failed."

Her eyes flashed her utter loathing of the man before her. "The people whose homes you own and who spend the wages you pay them in the saloons you run to trap them. No! It isn't

for ourselves I care; it's for them." She turned away with a gesture of repulsion, her breast heaving with the intensity of her emotion.

Regan drew a quick breath. She was glorious, splendid, true in every situation to her breeding and social position. With his lack of all the qualities she had, could he have chosen a more suitable wife? he asked himself, his eyes gleaming his satisfaction. And yet, underlying the aggressive egoism which demanded marriage with her to expunge the memory of his tenement-house birth and bar-tending adolescence, glowed something new—something deep and tender that annoyed even as it awed him. He loved her as only a man loves into whose life no woman has come until his prime.

As he stood there accepting mutely both her scorn and her sacrifice, his mind went back to that day when he had seen her first working among the tenement-dwellers in the slums he knew so well.

He had been there on an errand of mercy himself, but she did not know that and probably never would; very few people ever did divine

his pitying tenderness for the poor, or his shy, gruff philanthropies.

"It's for them!" she had said, and with the words bound him wholly to her worship and service.



"I consent to marry you," she went on in her cool, aloof tone, "on one condition."

"I consent to marry you," she went on in her cool, aloof tone, "on one condition, and that must be understood between us before we go any farther."

He shifted the cigar between his teeth. "What is it?" he asked, quietly.

Regan had bought in the belief that it would please her. But the girl gave no sign, and they commenced their strange, hostile life, each occupying a different wing of the house and only meeting at dinner or when they went out together to



"That my obligation to you shall cease with the marriage ceremony; that I shall be your wife in name only. Do you understand quite clearly?"

He stared at her fixedly.

"I get you," he said. "If that's what you want, all right." He surveyed his ill-fitting evening clothes ruminatively. "I'm no beauty, and I'm not very handy with the mush, but—" and his jaw snapped—"you'll love me yet like I—love you, or my name isn't Mike Regan!"

She measured him, repelled.

"If we understand each other on the point I mentioned, there's no need of our talking longer, is there? You will excuse me, I am sure. Good night."

Mute and defenceless before the weapons of her contemptuous courtesy, he watched her yearningly as she swept from the room.

Two months later, as Emily Griswold had promised, they were married and went to live in a big, cold barn of a place that

Underlying the egoism of the one-time bar-tender which demanded marriage with her to blot out the past, was something new.

various entertainments.

And day by day, blunderingly and inarticulately, Regan sought to convey to her the passion that, like a swift stream, was widening and deepening a new channel in his life. Crudely, because he could express himself in no other way, he poured out his love in a stream of expenditures, smothering Emily with every gift that imagination or experience could suggest.

Though she gave no sign other than formal thanks, if his thwarted hope of gaining her love wounded him, he did not show it. He had scarcely time to think of such things now, for he was in the vortex of an industrial struggle that threatened his very financial existence.

For the first time in his experience the men in his shops were murmuring against his iron rule. That John Griswold, Emily's brother, was fomenting trouble out of fury at the marriage Regan had forced upon them all, increased the difficulty of the situation; but it did not lessen for a moment the boss's fierce resolve to crush

Griswold and his upstart followers.

One night Porky McCoy, Regan's former lieutenant in the First Ward, bar-tender of the old saloon days, and sworn ally from the time they were boys, rushed into the boss's library, his face white with alarm. Regan met him coolly.

"I hear Scanlan's coming to me with a list of demands from the men," he snapped out. "Is that it?"

"Yes, an' the whole South Side's comin' with him," panted McCoy. "Hear that?"

From outside the house rose the murmurous, sullen growl of many voices as the men, with their delegate at their head, surged along the street. Regan heard and his jaws set squarely.

"Demands, eh!" he snarled. "We'll see who'll demand. Porky, tonight we win or lose everything. Do you stick?"

"Through Hell, Boss."

"Hell's nothing to what I'll take you through. Now listen. Go over to Turner Hall on Van Alst street and watch what goes on there. Young Griswold's going to speak at a big meeting to try and get the drivers out on sympathetic strike. Report to me what the men decide to do."

McCoy had been gone but ten minutes

when Scanlan, the men's delegate, swaggered in.

Regan shot out of his chair and faced him snarling.

"Well!"

Face to face with the little giant whom he now thought tottering to his fall, Scanlan laughed insolently, secure in the consciousness of the seething thousands at his back. Then, with elaborate courtesy, he read off the items that young Griswold's fertile brain had prepared as the men's demands; shorter hours, more pay, the installation of expensive safety devices.

Regan heard him out in silence.

"Refused, all of them," he snapped truculently, the instant the other had finished. "Go back and say from me that either the men go to work to-morrow morning under the old conditions, or they'll never hold another job in this town. I want their answer inside an hour. Get out!"

Scanlan's black brows drew down into a scowl and the cords in his great arms tightened as his fists clenched. After all, he thought, this dictatorial Czar before him, the master of all their lives, was but a man, and a small one at that.

"That won't do," he growled. "I'll take



"Two months later, as Emily Griswold had promised, they were married and went to live in a big, cold barn of a place Regan had bought in the belief that it would please her."

no such answer back. D'you think you're God Almighty, you little gutter-snipe of—"

Quick as light Regan's fist shot out and landed with a sickening smack on Scanlan's jaw. The man fell like a pole-axed steer. Regan leaped after him to finish him, but there was not the twitch of a muscle to denote consciousness. Then, stepping back, Regan raised his eyes and saw Emily pale and horror-stricken in the doorway.

"Oh, what have you done?" she cried and ran to Scanlan's side.

Regan did not answer. At sight of her all hatred and brutality went out of him, and there awakened again, as always when he saw her, his unappeasable longing.

"Why, it's Dan Scanlan," exclaimed the girl, pityingly, as she recognized the still, blood-smearred face. "Oh, how could you, Michael? Don't you know his wife is dying at home and that he left her to come here to represent the men?"

Instantly Regan's whole nature seemed to undergo a change.

"Ah, the poor devil," he said gently. "I remember it now. I went to see her the other day and—" The hand that had been so swift to strike went as swiftly into his pocket.

"You—went to see her?" asked the girl, a new soft note of wonder in her tone. Her eyes searched his with a look from which the habitual repugnance was gone.

"Yes." Regan stuffed a roll of bills into the unconscious man's coat. "There, he'll find that when he gets home." Then, as he remembered the provocation for his act, his jaw suddenly shot out again and his eyes glittered. "But he deserved all he got, and he'll get more next time. No man

can come into this house and abuse me."

At that moment a servant entered the room.

"His Reverence Archbishop Sullivan," he announced.



"Regan, brooding in his library like a wild animal, heard the telephone ring. Emily handed him the instrument."

Regan's cigar tilted skyward for a moment. Then seizing the prone Scanlan, he dragged him through the portieres into the adjoining room.

"Show him in," he ordered.

Regan and the priest greeted warmly, for Sullivan had been the third of the famous boyhood trio which included McCoy and the boss, and though their paths had separated in young manhood, they were the best of friends, and always had time for reminiscences of the old days.

ways had time for reminiscences of the old days.

"Mike, 'tis a good manny they are against ye. I'm thinkin'," said the Archbishop with the persuasive brogue he had never been able to root out of his speech.

Regan permitted himself a thin-lipped grin.

"Yes, but I've beaten 'em before and I'll do it this time, Patrick. Was it about the strike you came to see me?"

"Yes. Let's talk it over."

Regan waved him to a chair and they discussed the situation. But the boss was immovable. Then Sullivan, for all his gentleness of speech and humor, issued an unexpected ultimatum.

"Ye're wrong in this, Mike," he said quietly, "an' I want ye to give in to the men."

"Never, your Reverence."

"Listen. I know ye have much infloence, but I have more. Ayther ye accept the shthriker's demands or I give thim the support of the Church. Ye refused reason,

now will ye refuse that? Think, my son!"

Regan recognized at once the seriousness of the priest's threat and, without the twitch of a muscle to betray his feeling, thought quickly, his jaws set like a vise upon his cigar. He had strike-breakers on the way now, two thousand of them from the south. If he could hold off the crisis till they arrived in the morning, he would be safe. If he could deceive the Archbishop into thinking he was beaten, while all the time—

With the begrudging laugh of one who acknowledges defeat, he appeared to yield his ground, and while leading the conversation into the old familiar channels of reminiscence, bound the priest in a web of falsehood. Frankly and cheerfully he lied, and gave promises he had no intention of keeping.

The Archbishop beamed with delight at the success of his mission and was about to go, when Emily, her eyes ablaze with anger at Regan's treachery, and aware what he intended doing, stopped him. Then, with biting scorn, she revealed her husband's true purpose, and ended by throwing the portieres aside and revealing the prostrate Scanlan.

"There!" she cried, "that's what he did to this man, and he'd do the same to all of them if he could."

Sullivan, his mildness gone now, stared at his friend in speechless anger. Then, rushing from the house, he hurried straight to the Van Alst street meeting.

Half an hour later Regan, brooding in his library like some wild animal, heard the telephone ring. It was Emily who snatched the receiver off the hook and

handed the instrument to him. Porky McCoy's voice rasped over the wire.

"Sullivan has just ordered the boys in the name of the Church never to work for yez again," he said.

"Has, eh! All right, I'll beat that game. You stay on the job and hear what young Griswold's got to say." He slammed the receiver on the hook. Then he rang for his secretary.

"Before six o'clock to-morrow morning," he told him, "you and I are going to transfer the entire grain-shipping business of this section of the country to Montreal. I'll see who does the ordering around here. Ready! Take telegram!"

Dawn was just commencing to creep in the windows, when hurried footsteps sounded outside the room where Regan, in his shirt-sleeves, worked like a machine. He sprang to his feet as the door flew open and McCoy, pale and trembling, his clothing torn, and a bandage around his head, stumbled in.



John Griswold, Emily's brother, was fomenting trouble amongst the men who up till now had been contented workers in Regan's mill.

"Well, what's happened?" Even Regan was taken aback for a moment.

"Young Griswold—I soaked him—with a brick," panted McCoy. "Hospital—probably die. He cursed you—till I lost my head. There was—a riot. Nobody knows—who did it."

Regan thought swiftly. McCoy had been true to him through everything. McCoy had a wife and kids at home, while he—the bitterness of the thought stabbed him—he

had nobody who really cared. Whoever had struck Griswold, he knew the papers and public would hold him responsible. He made up his mind on the instant.

"You go home," he commanded. "I'll

take the blame for this. They don't suspect you, and they will suspect me. Anyhow you're worth more to me outside a jail than in it. Get out!"

McCoy hesitated, but in the end went. Half an hour later the police arrived, and when Regan remained indifferent to their obsequious attempts to free him on the slightest provocation, they were forced to take him to jail. He learned from the captain, however, that young Griswold had suffered a fracture of the skull, and was, at that moment, undergoing an operation.

Regan's situation was precarious, for he knew that if the young man died, the charge against him would be changed from felonious assault to murder.

To his cell that morning, when the city had awakened again to its seething life, came Emily pale and weary after hours in the hospital. In her eyes he thought he saw a new horror of him that even the thought of his embrace had not evoked.

"Are you responsible for this, too?" she asked.

"Yes."

She shrank from his presence, and even as she left the jail, McCoy re-entered it and sought his chief's cell.

"Boss, I can't do it," he said determinedly. "I won't let you take the blame for this when I did it. It's the wife. She sent me back here to tell you. She says I've got to give myself up."

"Forget it, Porky. You do as I tell you. Go back home and tell her that I order you to keep still. *Order*, do you understand?"

"But she won't let me. It ain't square. I couldn't no more—"

Regan's eyes blazed. "Damn it! Are you turning against me, too? Go home and do as I tell you."

McCoy, helpless as always, in the presence of the stronger will, left, but not to go home. Determined to free his conscience, even at the price of Regan's friendship, he went before a judge and swore out an affidavit that he had made the attack on Griswold.

Left to himself, the doubts that had formerly assailed Regan became certainties. He at last faced squarely the fact that he was beaten. His dream of power seemed now a mirage of madness that had faded and left him only the grim reality of his downfall. He saw the industrial structure

he had raised by superhuman effort and the dynamic force of his personality in ruins at his feet. And last, he realized that his vision of love and happiness had been the hollowest mockery of all.

He sent for Emily.

"I'm licked," he told her quietly, when she came. "It's all over. Everything. The whole business." He took from the strong-box he had carried to prison with him the mortgages in acquiring which he had forced her father to the wall.

"Take them," he said, placing them in her hands, "and do whatever you like with them. I don't want them. . . . And ask your father to come and see me here. I've arranged a big grain-shipping deal through Montreal, but I'll cancel all that and turn the contracts over to him if he wants them."

"Michael!" she breathed, uncomprehendingly.

"Yes," he said, "I'm licked," and set his teeth for the greater renunciation. "But that isn't all. I release you, too, Emily. Divorce me and go back to the life where you belong. I'm not your kind. I never was, and I never could be, I guess. Why, you're as far above me as the stars. I see it now; and I'm only sorry I've dragged you through all this."

For a moment she did not speak, and he looked up at her curiously; and looking, he saw tears in her eyes, now infinitely gentle, and an ineffable tenderness in her face that transfigured it.

"Oh, Michael," she begged, "don't—don't send me away now, when I know the truth at last. For I do know it, and I love you. And I need you, Michael, more even than you need me."

Dazed, unbelieving, speechless, he stared at her. And in that moment a guard came to his cell door and unlocked it.

"You are released, sir," he said. "The operation on Mr. Griswold has been successful, and he will recover. Also McCoy has just been arrested on his sworn affidavit that he struck Griswold."

When the man had gone, the two lovers drew close together across the iron threshold that seemed now to symbolize all the unyielding barriers of will and prejudice that had separated them, but which love had at last removed. And Regan, looking into her eyes, saw there the glory of utter surrender and infinite promise.

The Players From Ocean to Ocean



Sheldon Lewis

SHELDON LEWIS, who played the part of Perry Bennett, the Clutching Hand in "The Exploits of Elaine," went to the Gold Theatre at 3411 West Twelfth Street in Chicago one evening in April to see the fourteenth episode in which, as the villain, he is discovered in all his infamy. He entered, the

theatre early,—at about six o'clock, to be exact,—and sitting down, witnessed the performance.

Then he got up and started out. As he arrived at the door, two small boys took one look at him and shouted:

"Oh! There's the villain! Help! Police! Catch thief!"

Lewis made a hurried exit. A crowd gathered. He made for a drug store to telephone for a taxi and the crowd, following, became so vociferous that the drug store man asked Lewis to leave the shop for fear they would break the windows. A policeman arrived and demanded to know the trouble. Lewis explained. The policeman dispersed the crowd and Lewis made a flying exit to a restaurant, where he retired to the extreme rear corner and had some dinner.

About eight o'clock he came out, to find the crowd patiently waiting for him. He managed to run back to the theatre, followed by the mob, and begged Mr. Gold to get him a motor so that he could get away. The manager locked him in the box office, telephoned for his own limousine, then, the soul of the showman within him proving too much, went out and advised the people in the theatre that the Clutching Hand was right there in their midst and the much ruffled and rumped Lewis was pushed out in front of the screen and had to make a speech with the spot light full upon him.

Then he was escorted to the door, put safely into Mr. Gold's limousine and whirled away, amidst the jeers and catcalls of the followers of Elaine.

ESTELLE ALLEN, who had a narrow escape recently on a rocky bit of beach as the heroine in "The Shoal Light," a drama of the lighthouse service, is leading woman for the New York Motion Picture Corporation.

ROBERT L. ARMSTRONG was shot and seriously injured recently during the taking of a picture on Mount Baldy, in which Syd Chaplin, Charlie's brother, was being featured.

VERA MICHELENA, sister of Beatriz Michelena, heroine of "The Lily of Poverty Flat" and "A Phyllis of the Sierras," is said to be going into the movies.

JACK, Mary and Lottie Pickford appear together in "Fanchon the Cricket," a current release. This is the first time that the family has ever been united in one picture.

DORIS BAKER is on the Pacific Coast with Gene Gauntier.

OSCAR EAGLE, formerly a director for David Belasco and recently for the Selig Chicago studios, is to direct photoplays for the Famous Players.

CAPT. LESLIE T. PEACOCKE, scenario writer and editor, is in Bermuda directing the work on the production of one of his new photoplays.

BOTH managers of the German exchange of the Kalem company in Berlin have been killed in battle. One met death on a British bayonet at Neuve Chapelle; the other fell at the bombardment of Ossowetz, in Russian Poland.

MAYOR CURLEY of Boston handed down a decision regarding the playing of "The Hypocrites," a feature film in that city. The Mayor, after viewing the picture, said that it could be placed on public exhibition if the producers would drape the naked figure of Truth in the film.

CHARLIE CHAPLIN has moved his company from Niles, California, to Los Angeles. Mr. Chaplin thinks he has better surroundings in Los Angeles and that the surrounding country is better adapted for photoplay scenic effects.

DAVID GRIFFITH, in an interview with a New York newspaper man, has predicted five-dollar movies. His prediction is based upon the mathematical calculation that if the public will pay five cents to see a fifty-thousand-dollar photoplay production, fifty cents to see a quarter of a million-dollar one and two dollars to see one costing half a million dollars, they will pay five dollars to see one that costs two million dollars—and is worth it.

And Mr. Griffith furthermore intimated that a two-million-dollar movie in the future is far from being only a creature of his own imagination.

MARIE WALCAMP is playing "Patsy of the Circus" on the screen. When this picture was taken, in Los Angeles, her riding scene, and the tumble therein, was made in the arena of the Sells-Floto circus. There were several thousand people in attendance upon the regular show, and the camera neatly embalmed their expressions of surprise and horror at what they presumed an entirely unpremeditated and perhaps fatal accident.

HARRY C. MEYERS and Rose Theby are leaving Lubin to join the Victor.



Robert Edeson

ROBERT EDESON made an interesting discovery after seeing himself acting on the screen. The easy ways of the stage will not go for work in the studio, he says, and swore that he would never work for the camera again. He did, however, and the lesson of his first photoplay was used to such good purpose that he overcame the defects he had seen in himself in his first screen production and the second time did a piece of work that satisfied even him.

IRA M. LOWRY, general manager of the Lubin Company, was going from Philadelphia to the Lubin studio at Betzwood, Pa., recently, accompanied by a camera man, when he saw a large crowd of people excitedly gathered about a railroad crossing. He stopped the car, leaped to the ground, accompanied by the camera man and his camera, and ran to the gathering, hoping to get a thrilling picture of some accident.

Then out of the crowd came John Ince, one of his own directors. He had come upon a scene of the Lubin serial, "Road o' Strife," in the course of being taken. The nut sundaes were on Lowry.

DUNCAN McRAE, formerly a director for Charles Frohman for twelve years, has been added to the Edison staff of directors.

WILLIAM BITZER, David Griffith's camera man, has been with the poet-producer almost since the beginning. Griffith's idea of the importance of the camera man may be gathered from the fact that Bitzer enjoys an income of three hundred and fifty dollars a week.

ETHEL BARRYMORE is to return to the studios. She will be seen in "The Turmoil" by Booth Tarkington.

REPORT from political bookmakers says movie actors are the greatest makers of bets on elections in the country. No longer a wanderer without a home, and consequently without a vote, the actor has taken advantage of the situation with all the vigor of long-delayed desire.

ROMAIN FIELDING has played many parts, but he says one of his most affecting roles was suddenly handed him at the opening of Roosevelt Dam, Tonto, Arizona. An Episcopal bishop had been asked to give a prayer; but was not present. The chairman of the ceremonies, in some embarrassment, saw the actor in the crowd, and immediately commandeered him, in the name of religion. And Fielding immediately and reverently responded.

LILLIAN WALKER receives on an average of fifty proposals of marriage a week by mail. Recently she got one which told her that she was a combination of "Baby, woman and angel." Which, one might say, is some summing up of the eternal feminine.

MARIE DRESSLER will star under Lubin direction in three five-reel comedies a year. The Lubin family were just naturally tickled to death to see her when she came over to Philadelphia to pay her first call, and as she says herself, they "gave me the time of my gay young life."

BILLIE BURKE, comedienne of red hair, dimples and a few fascinating freckles, is to come under the studio lamps and onto the outdoor stages of Tom Ince. From Times Square to Santa Monica cañon is no distance at all when you travel on a transcontinental film.

MARIE CAHILL is to appear in the photodramatization of "Judy Forgot."

OCTAVIA HANDWORTH has joined the Lubin players.

MADISON SQUARE GARDEN is to become a photoplay theatre. It will be the largest in the world and will seat eight thousand people.

JAMES CRUZE and Sidney Bracy are traveling by motor from New York to San Francisco, playing at a string of movie theatres across the continent in the course of their trip. They expect to reach the sunny slopes of the Pacific side of the Sierras one hundred and twenty days after starting.

Whose is it?

THIS is a bun. Who owns it? The long distance and apparently unending debate between Charles Chaplin and Billy Ritchie as to who originated "stew comedy," has been complicated by the appearance of Billie Reeves, now leading comedian with the Lubin studios, on the field of battle. Reeves claims to own the original souse, and agrees to separate himself from one thousand cool green simoleons in coin of the realm if such be not the case. Here is Billie in full possession, and there is no question but that it's *some* souse; but whose is it?



The bun and Billie Reeves

IRVING CUMMINS

I was injured recently in a duel scene being taken near Hope Ranch, California, for "The Diamond from the Sky." The players grasped opposite ends of the same handkerchief and were to turn and fire, still holding the handkerchief. In turning, William Russell, the other duelist, stumbled. The players had large pieces of tin under their shirt fronts to protect them from the flash of the powder. Russell's stumble disturbed his aim, and Cummins got the full discharge of flaming powder in the right arm.



Irving Cummins

LAWRENCE D'ORSAY, of "Earl of Pawtucket" fame, is to appear shortly in a photodramatization of this celebrated comedy.

EMMETT CORRIGAN will be seen in a photodramatization of "Caleb West."

LITTLE Mary Anderson is the heroine of a song, written by one of her swains, which has become one of the season's most popular arias.

RUNA HODGES, five years old, is being starred in a number of the Reliance one-reel releases now being produced at the Yonkers (N.Y.) studio under the direction of Lawrence McGill.

GILBERT SHORTER, a Chicago gentleman, is receiving attention from Uncle Sam as the result of his school of acting conducted through the mails. Uncle Sam's attentions are said to be most annoying to Mr. Shorter.

NORMA PHILLIPS, the "Mutual Girl," is making her debut in stock at Miner's Bronx in New York this summer. Her opening engagement was with "Baby Mine."

ANNA LITTLE did a great stunt last month when she rode through smoke and fire on an old wooden bridge. She escaped unharmed; but the actor who was with her was severely scorched.

MAE MARSH has died, to date, one hundred and sixty times. The only complaint Miss Marsh has to make on this point is that she always has to pass on before she gets enough work done to suit her. She is the Little Eva de luxe of the movies.



LaBadie Sleeps

on a yacht's deck, on Long Island Sound. One of the few times in which a very wideawake actress was caught napping.

SPIKE, the dog famous in the Chaplin comedy, "The Champion," was run over recently at Niles, California, and killed. He is mourned by all Niles.

WILLARD MACK, who came out of the West, is going back to the West. Mack is the impressive actor-dramatist who stirred up New York with two big plays last winter. He came from Salt Lake City; his return ticket reads Inceville, Santa Monica Cañon.

CHARLES RICHMAN, who appeared this spring in "The Man from Home," is to appear henceforth with the Vitagraph Company. It is said that Vitagraph is also after Margaret Anglin and Maude Adams.

THE age limit in pictures is going down to zero. The newest youngest is Jean Frazer, barely two years of age, who appears in a scene with a leopard—a part of a Selig Jungle Zoo story soon to be released.

AH LING FOO, one of the Chinese actors in "The Exploits of Elaine," gave an oriental dinner of gorgeousness and sumptuousness in Pell street, New York, recently to the producers of "The Exploits." Pell street is the heart of the metropolitan Chinatown.

EDWARD SHELDON, author of "The Nigger" and "Salvation Nell," is to write his first photoplay this summer. Its leading role will be played by Holbrook Blinn, who has recently made his screen debut with marked success.

HOBART BOSWORTH found someone who knew a little more about California than he did the other day. Bosworth was in court on a lawsuit before Judge George L. Jones of Nevada County, and described Truckee, where some scenes in the play under discussion had taken place, as a town with thirty-nine saloons and one drug store.

"Wrong!" commented the Judge. "Don't try to put anything like that over on the Court. I hail from that locality. There are thirty-nine saloons and two drug stores there, sir."

ROBERT MILTON, the stage director, is said to have refused an offer of \$12,000 per annum from Edwin Thanhouser to direct photoplays for him. Milton is one of the best known stage directors in New York.

EDWARD SHELDON, the playwright, will write a scenario exclusively for the camera this summer for Holbrook Blinn.

How is the Public to Know?

WHAT HIGH STANDARDS WILL MEAN
TO THE GREAT FILM CRAFTSMEN

By Randolph Bartlett

IF you were to read an announcement that Hank Jones of Nowhere would, on a certain date, present the Great American Drama, by an unknown author, performed by hitherto obscure actors, and charge \$2 admission, you might think highly of the nerve of Mr. Jones, but after taking a cursory glance at the two dollars it is rather likely that you would bethink you of its tremendous purchasing power in less hazardous directions, and let Mr. Jones try it first upon the dog. Then, after the canine obsequies had been performed you would pat yourself lovingly upon the money pocket with much the same emotions as those experienced by Little Jack Horner when he did his Christmas pie trick.

Similarly (to keep you wondering as long as possible what this is all about, in conformation with English Composition Rule No. 3768, as extensively practised by our leading men of letters, such as Samuel G. Blythe and Irvin S. Cobb)—similarly, when you go to buy a shirt, or a pair of shoes or sox, or an automobile, or anything which is thy neighbor's, you are a bit incredulous when the salesman tells you about a new brand of which you never heard, but which he claims is much superior to what you have been drinking—I mean wearing, with entire satisfaction to yourself, lo these many years.

It is that way in every business, and it is that way in every art. When Stradivarius first began to make violins, there was no wild rush of the violin-playing populace to his shop, laden with large bags of gold coin such as are now the requisite asset of him who would own one of the instruments of this master. Everyone starts on an even basis, when he has something he wants to sell to the public, and the public keeps on saying just one thing over and over again,

"Go and get a reputation." Which leads us up to the point where we should have started, had, we not been in a garrulous mood, and to the milk of this literary cocoa-nut, which is this:

The evolution of the attitude of the public toward motion pictures depends entirely upon the ability of the great moving picture craftsmen to establish high standards, and their courage in maintaining those standards per- and consistently. In other words, the time is going to come, and that soon, when people will say, not "Let's go to a picture show," but "Where can we see a photoplay by So-and-so?"

There will always be good and bad pictures; probably there will always be more bad pictures than good ones; still more probably the majority of the producing establishments which turn out good features will also turn out many bad ones; and all this makes it pie for the firm which makes up its mind to turn out no bad pictures and sticks to it. This is a condition which is already foreshadowed by the popularity of certain stars of filmdom, but even as the part cannot be greater than the whole, so cannot the vogue of any star be of more importance than the ideals of the producer, who usually creates the star.

It requires no great gift of prophecy to predict confidently this development of the motion picture profession, for it has been recognized many years by the parent art—that of the stage. Time was when the sign-manual of David Belasco on any production was sufficient to draw to its performances a paying patronage, a condition not yet altogether dissipated. Belasco owed little to his stars, with the possible exception of David Warfield, and even in that case it is doubtful if the actor contributed more to his own success, after he turned to

The time will soon come when people will say, not "Let's go to a picture show;" but "where can we see a photoplay by So-and-So?"

the legitimate, than did the master of craft.

David Wark Griffith made a remark recently which is pertinent here. A certain young woman whom he had taught all she knew about acting for the camera received an offer of a large increase in salary from another producer, who prefers "acquiring" talent to developing it.

"Don't hesitate on my account," said Griffith, "if you think you can get away with it; but remember this fellow will never teach you anything, and he will expect you to deliver goods on the basis of what I have been showing you how to do." The young woman was confident and departed for stardom. Griffith filled her place with an intelligent minor player, who is now featured in his most important work. The other actress was back looking for employment inside of two months. It is an old, sad story, but its moral never seems to sink deep, and so the sands are strewn with corpses.

So after all, while the actor has the more sensational vogue from time to time, the history of the star system which proved disastrous to the spoken drama is not likely to be repeated in the photoplay, for the producer is in even more direct control than in the theater, and in immeasurably closer touch with the public. Moreover, whereas a Belasco or a Frohman could impress, perhaps two or three times a year, the theatergoers in every important city, the producer of motion picture plays can keep himself before his public almost constantly in every part of the country. The cumulative effect of this is tremendous, and cannot possibly have any other effect than establishing a recognized aristocracy in the film domain.

Now this is the more important because the great future of moving pictures depends upon their ever-increasing hold upon intelli-

gent and discriminating audiences. There are countless thousands of men and women in this country conservatively waiting still to be entirely convinced as to the permanency of the art of the silent drama. They have viewed it first with curiosity and later with interest, as its development took new and unexpected turns. The Ugly Duckling turned out a swan, but they are still in doubt, sincerely, as to whether or not this bird is merely a biological accident, and are waiting to see whether the incubator has any more at home like her. These are the people who remember the things that impress them, and all the details connected therewith. They are the ones who will recall that they liked John Smith's production of this or that play, and will, in most instances, patronize the next film they see advertised from the same studio. If they are pleased again they will be in a fair way to acquire the habit of looking for John Smith's output.

And, finally, it is the intelligent people of the country who contribute most largely to the success of any enterprise. Even the mob gets tired of being constantly reminded that the purveyors of its entertainment are

"playing down" to it. It wants its intelligence to be challenged, or, lacking that, it wants to be identified with the class of people for whose intelligence it has respect. There are producers who are already forcing reluctant admiration from the most conservative section of amusement seekers.

They can make as great names for themselves as have the brilliant, creative artists in any other line, if they will but refuse firmly to allow anything to go out bearing their trade mark, which is not up to their highest standards. And the way the public will reward them will make Rockefeller green with envy.

The star system is not likely to be repeated in the Photoplay. The producer is in even more direct control than in the theatre—in immeasurably closer touch with the public.

The August issue of PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE will be on the news-stands July 1st. Order your copy now.



FROM OUR READERS

We're Glad You're Glad

126 North Mount Street.
Baltimore, Md., April 12, 1915.

The Editor, PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.

Dear Sir: I am a constant reader of your magazine, and while I am not a subscriber, I get the PHOTOPLAY every month and enjoy reading it. It seems to me it is getting better every issue. I am so glad you have started an inquiry column. Doubtless you will receive some foolish questions; but then we all like to ask questions, and I again say I am glad you have started it.

Very respectfully,

FLORENCE A. SMALL.

Ain't It Awful, Mabel?

Richfield Springs, N. Y., April 7, 1915.

PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.

Gentlemen: I am an enthusiast over the wonderful moving pictures of the day and thoroughly enjoy the controversies between the fans, and also the wonderful—awful—questions asked, their answers, etc. I am most interested in the magazine and feel that it keeps its readers in touch with all the leading plays and players.

VIRGINIA SWIFT.

Facts Don't Worry Him

256 New Majestic Building.

Fort Worth, Tex., April 3, 1915.

Editor PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.

Dear Sir: Your interviews with movie stars are interesting, because a fan enjoys learning the intimate facts about his favorites. But why stick to facts? So far as I am concerned, a graceful sketch that is ninety-nine per cent fiction would prove a tasteful morsel. I see my stars through a haze of romance. The fact that they wash dishes in a bathtub does not impress me as being one of their characteristics.

Do not mistake me, please. I am not entering a bitter protest—not at all. Keep up the interviews.

Yours very truly,

BEN. B. LEWIS.

Scenario School Pupil Writes

R. F. D. 4. Box 123.

Englewood, Colo., March 17, 1915.

Editor PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.

Dear Sir: Find enclosed a letter which I received from the Great Photoplay Specialist, and by the looks of things I am doomed to die in the poorhouse, as I give up all hope of becoming a millionaire.

"Positively my last chance," eh? He must think he is the only can in the alley.

In the April PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE I read that the magazine will bar scenario school advertising. Good thing. All the schools want to know is how full your pocketbook is.

I wish good success to the PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.

Yours truly,

ERNEST REHER.

We Won't Tear 'em Out

Cedar Rapids Transfer Co.

Cedar Rapids, Ia., April 15, 1915.

PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.

Gentlemen: I am enclosing thirty cents in stamps for which please send me the March and April numbers of PHOTOPLAY.

Please do not tear out the Answers to Questions, as I think that is about the best thing in your magazine.

Yours truly,

ANNA L. RODDY.

Roses

Care of Will & Baumer Co.

Syracuse, N. Y., April 2, 1915.

My Dear Mr. Editor: This is the first time I ever had your magazine, and like it very much. I like your "Seen and Heard at the Movies" department a lot. I like the idea of having everything mixed and not all the stories and interviews, etc., together.

Respectfully yours,

JEANNE EGLOFF.

Come On In, the Water's Fine

Fort Wayne, Ind., April 5, 1915.

Editor PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.

Dear Sir: I have read the PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE for over a year, each month buy-

ing it at the news stand. Some time I'll get enough ambition to subscribe for it. It's far superior to any other magazine which tries to help the cause.

AN ARDENT READER.

Much Obligated, Meta

523 North Hamilton Street.
Saginaw, Mich., April 14, 1915.

PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.

Gentlemen: I think that your magazine is great, and I certainly enjoy reading it. It is getting better every month, and the surprises you have each month give one something to look forward to. I am so glad that you are showing more of the Famous Players pictures. I wish your magazine the best success and hope you will continue to give the best that there is in the movie line.

Yours truly,

META BRECHTELSBAUER.

Gee, Hasn't Anyone a Rock?

Baltimore, Md., March 15, 1915.

PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.

Gentlemen: After having purchased a copy of the April PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE I was so pleased with it and thought it so interesting that I spoke to a friend of mine, who is a subscriber to a generous lot of magazines, and I thought it might be to your interest to send her a copy of one of the late numbers, say the March issue, or even one before that, just so she can see how interesting and "newsy" it is. I take the liberty to make this request, because you so state in this issue of the magazine.

Thanking you in advance, I am, very truly,

MAY B. MARTIN.

Oo! Here's One Now

122 W. Forty-seventh St.
New York City,

April 27, 1915.

Editor PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.

Dear Sir: That cover you had in May was the best imitation of a high grade flour sack trademark I ever saw. It's a wonder to me that magazine makers can't learn something about covers. The average monthly magazine cover with its unending repetition of simpering, impossible girls and pink tea young men are bad enough. One would have thought that with the actual living beauty to draw on that you people have you could get some really artistic stuff. It is apparently

hopeless. If you can't get a beautiful cover with Clara Kimball Young for a model, God help you; you'll never get a better chance.

Why don't you have Mary Pickford on the cover?

Otherwise I think your magazine is pretty good.

Yours truly,

JOHN OLLIER.

And Then Again—

235 Zara Street.

Pittsburgh, Pa., May 3, 1915.

PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.

Dear Editor: I wish to tell you in a few words just what I think of your magazine.

I like it very much, and consider it far superior to the other magazines pertaining to motion pictures. The Baby Pictures of the Stars in your June issue was a very clever and novel idea, and the information for photoplaywrights by Captain Peacocke I consider invaluable.

I have a few objections to make, also some suggestions. I do not like the uneven way in which the pages of the magazine are cut. I don't think you have enough contests. I do not like the illustrations in "Beauty to Burn." The pictures are not worthy of appearing in your magazine.

Hoping you will consider some of my suggestions, I am,

Sincerely yours,

AGNES K. O'MALLEY.

Thanks, Old Top, But Why Leave Us?

716 Monroe Ave.

Grand Rapids, Mich.,

May 1, 1915.

PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.

Gentlemen: I beg to notify you that my time to receive the PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE is up. You fulfilled the agreement to my satisfaction. Therefore, I beg of you to discontinue the mailing of it, as I have no desire to be a contributor. I will say this much, that the magazine is good and readable.

Yours for all success,

THOS. O. JONES.

Merci, Monsieur

371 Laval Ave.

Montreal, P. Q.,

May 1, 1915.

PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.

Gentlemen: I beg to show my appreciation by you on that splendid photoplay magazine that is being published monthly. Seeing your notes regarding correspondence photoplay schools, I agree that you are perfectly right.

Yours truly,

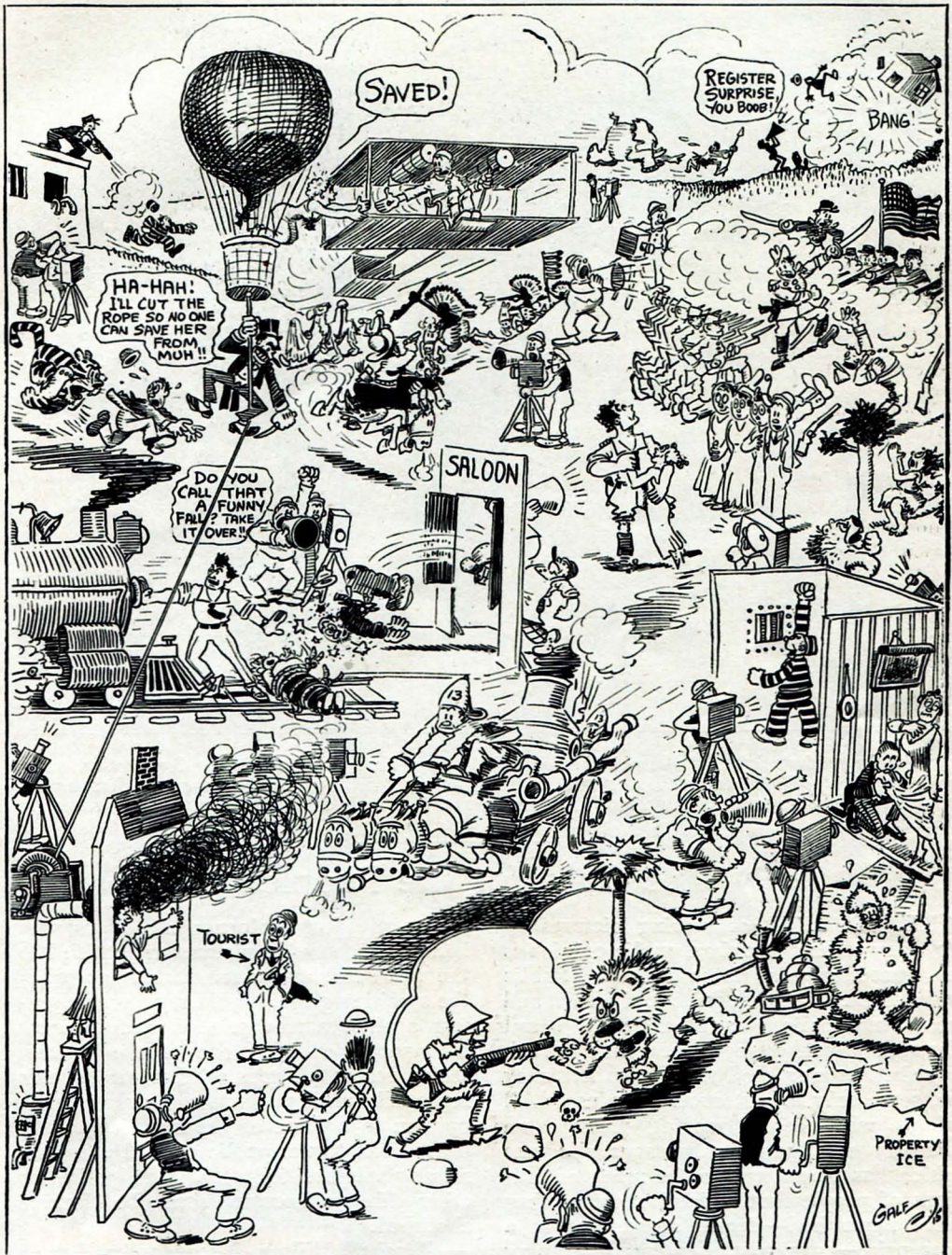
HERBERT A. KOOL.



Eva Stuart, Kitty Leavitt, Sam Van Allen and Billy Glynn in Henderson, Ky., reading their favorite Magazine.

congratulating you on that splendid photoplay magazine that is being published monthly. Seeing your notes regarding correspondence photoplay schools, I agree that you are perfectly right.

The Horrors of Hortense



A Quiet Day in a California Movie Camp

As in life, so in art there is great and tumultuous juxtaposition of virtue and vice, labor and curiosity, swear-words and soprano voices, cowardice and heroism, danger and bunk. Note at mid-right the ferocious convict clanking his iron walls but a few feet from the scornful maiden and her swain. 'Tis ever thus in the complexities of modern existence!

Keystone Beauty and Brains



At the reader's left, Ad Kessel, President of the New York Motion Picture Corporation, which contains both the Keystone and Ince companies. At the right, Mack Sennett, Managing Director and genius of Keystone productions. Mabel Normand is speaking to Mr. Kessel. Ford Sterling stands by Miss Normand.

The Case for the People

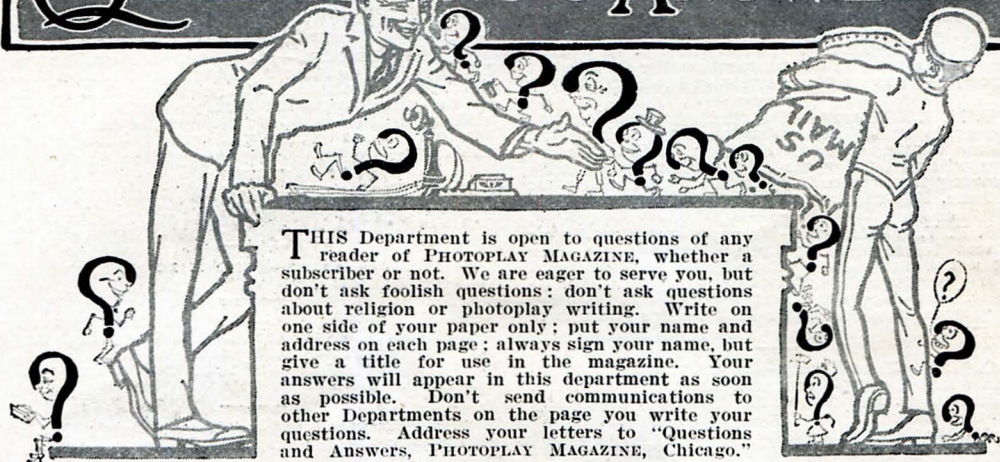
CENSORSHIP of moving pictures by any other agent than public opinion is as unnecessary as it is unfair. Public opinion is entirely adequate to the task, and needs no police or other such board through which to operate. Indeed such boards, however good their intentions may be, serve only to distort and confuse. All of us who see in moving pictures an industry worthy of encouragement; one which has placed within the reach of millions of people that which heretofore they have never had—decent amusement at a low price—even to the extent of keeping

men away from saloons; all of us who believe that moving pictures are entitled to the same fair treatment that is accorded the speaking stage, should register our protest against narrow-minded and ignorant attempts to regulate one of the greatest social forces of today. Let us do this repeatedly until we have so aroused public opinion to a sense of the injustice that is being done to the public as well as to the moving picture industry, that police or other like censorship shall be forever abolished.

—Elizabeth Wilson, Nacogdoches, Tex.

THE ONLY SURE WAY
Of getting your copy of Photoplay Magazine is to
order it in advance of your newsdealer. Do it today

QUESTIONS & ANSWERS



THIS Department is open to questions of any reader of PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, whether a subscriber or not. We are eager to serve you, but don't ask foolish questions: don't ask questions about religion or photoplay writing. Write on one side of your paper only: put your name and address on each page; always sign your name, but give a title for use in the magazine. Your answers will appear in this department as soon as possible. Don't send communications to other Departments on the page you write your questions. Address your letters to "Questions and Answers, PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, Chicago."

In the Back of the Book

John Bunny? Yes, we got the news just as the June issue was going to press, and we tried hard to give it to you fans then, but the presses had been running three or four days then and we had to wait until this number. It's too bad—we won't see old John any more, anyway, in the new releases. The First Entertainer of the American People has faded from the screen and when we think that he had just spent four or five months away from the camera, it makes us stop and think of the pictures that could have been made in that time.

Seldom has it been the good fortune of an individual, no matter what his position in the human order of things, to win for himself such a place in the hearts of a whole people as John Bunny gained through the films in America and England. Remember how he used to laugh! Just laugh all over, and then stop right in the middle of one of those earthquakes and look serious and bewildered—then laugh again till he looked as though he'd bust. He was mighty good, wasn't he? But good things can't last forever.

It is comforting to us fans to know that in his thirty years of theatrical life, his final success and financial prosperity came through the photo-

plays, after years of struggle in the legitimate. John Bunny was not merely a star, he was a rollicking Planet.

*He's been a jolly, good old chum.
Gone so soon to Kingdom Come.
But he's left us sunny smiles to cheer the way.
And we'll miss him every night,
As the flashing movies' light
Builds for us another Road to Mandalay.*

That reference to his stage life reminds us of something we have been intending to tell you fans for a long time. You go to Regular Shows sometimes—oh, of course you do once in awhile—and when you do go, you must remember where you are. You've gotten into an awfully bad habit at the movies; the habit of not applauding, and actors in the "legit" don't know how to take it. They give you a good act, or a good play and you sit through it with faces that make the "Walrus" look glad in comparison, and it takes all the enthusiasm out of the players. So remember the next time you go, that though John Bunny of the screen sought no applause and needed none, the John Bunnys of the "legit" live on it and you must give it to them.

MRS. M. E. B., CLEVELAND.—Francis X. Bushman has allied himself with the Metro Pictures Corporation and will appear in a month or so in one of their releases. It is understood that the Metro studios have numerous feature plays in which they intend to star Mr. Bushman and it will undoubtedly be of interest to the thousands of friends of Mr. Bushman. He has left Chicago to take up his work at the Metro studio.

K. H., BRENTWOOD.—That should have been Bryant Washburn in the announcement you mention. Any of the Essanay players may be addressed at 1333 Argyle St., Chicago.

D. A. T., WINNIPEG.—You undoubtedly read two or three answers to your questions in the June issue. Hope you received the March number promptly.

A REGULAR FAN was talking with an Englishman the other day and the Englishman asked him how he liked the cinematograph. The Fan replied that he didn't care much for those serials himself!

M. S., SAN FRANCISCO.—You show mighty good judgment in picking William Farnum as your favorite. Marguerite—we refuse to say it again.

J. V., BERLIN, N. H.—Your friend Richard Travers appeared in the April issue of PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE: where were you? The show goes on just the same whether you're present or not: the rest of the fans won't let it stop. Pearl White and Arnold Daly do not come in for more mention, probably because they are being featured in the serials almost exclusively. There are only one or two of these a year.

D. P. C., SOUTH HAVEN.—Kathlyn probably never received your letter at all, as she was out of the United States at the time. Neither she nor Mary Pickford has a middle name.

A. B., TORONTO.—You can secure a sample scenario from the Lubin Company if you send a two-cent stamp to pay postage. For further information exercise a little patience and read PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.

Pauline Bush takes the part of Peggy in "All for Peggy." Norma Phillips is Runaway June and also *Our Mutual Girl*. Ruth Stonehouse is Mrs. Roach, but she is the sole representative of the family in the films. If your local theater doesn't show the films you desire, mention the fact to the manager—it is only a question of booking them.

F. M. E., GRIFFIN.—The first company does not appear to be in business at present; address the Kleine Company at 168 North State St., Chicago. You will find the name of a well known English company near the end of Captain Peacock's article in June. We thank you, as we bow in appreciation.

S. E. Y., WILMETTE.—We suggest you read your letters before mailing them: your stenographer let a hot one through that scored two runs and nearly wrecked the Questions and Answers Department. She wrote us that one of your favorites is "a smashing brunette and the other is oblong." Ahgetout!

C. M. N., WEST HAVEN.—In answer to your question about a sample scenario, the Lubin Mfg. Co., Indiana Ave. and Twentieth, Philadelphia, inform us that they will gladly send a sample scenario to anyone requesting it, provided a two-cent stamp is enclosed to cover the postage. How's that? There is also a form in the March issue of *Photoplay Magazine*, prepared by one of the Universal Company's staff writers.

G. F., HAMILTON, ONT.—You may address Miss Mary in care of the Famous Players Company, Los Angeles, Cal.

THE ABOVE QUESTION reminds us that even the European war and the added postal taxes cannot suppress the Canadian enthusiasm for the photoplays and players. We daily receive letter after letter with the one-cent "War Tax," and today a couple arrived neatly re-sealed and marked "Passed Military Censor." They were from New Zealand.

F. W., SOUTH HAVEN.—Kathlyn would be glad to answer a letter from her South Haven admirers if it is addressed to her in care of the Selig Polyscope Co., Glendale, Cal. We'd rather not answer your other question: it's none of our affair.

MURIEL'S ADMIRER, ELIZABETH.—Miss Ostriche's trouble with her eyes does not appear to be anything of a permanent character and your fears are groundless.

A. J., CHICAGO.—The color of Anita Stewart's eyes is really causing a great deal of disturbance in this office. The Questions and Answers are neutral: the Seen and Heard's after calling upon Anita swears her eyes are gray, while the Editor—and his word is law, after all—says they are brown: he called on her, too. So take your choice.

EMOGENE K., SEATTLE.—Neither Marguerite Clark nor Harold Lockwood are married. You were only one of thousands who have enjoyed them in "The Crucible," for their presentation of this splendid. They would be glad to send you photographs upon receipt of twenty-five cents to cover the expense. Indeed, Little Mary is your favorite in "Hearts Adrift." Send us fifteen cents—we'll send you the issue wherein she is featured—how's that? Fair enough: good!

L. H., ALBANY.—Your questions were not received until after the June issue had been tucked into the big rotary presses, but Anita Stewart is not (raising our right hand) married, nor is she the daughter of Julia Swayne Gordon. Her name is, in fact, Stewart.

J. S. P., DENVER.—You cannot possibly secure any sort of employment with the film companies without making a personal application to the employment office.

FLOSSIE, ALAMEDA.—House Peters is not married to Blanche Sweet. Earle Williams and Anita Stewart are not engaged—it has never been announced at least.

J. W. T., SPRINGFIELD.—You will find your questions hereinbefore and we refer you to those answers.

E. M. V., CHICAGO.—Miss Mary Pickford, Famous Players Film Co., Los Angeles; Miss Kathryn Williams, Selig Polyscope Co., Glendale, Cal. None of the film companies that we know of admit visitors to their studios: Universal City is about the only place where you can witness actual filming.

M. H. W., OBERLIN.—Get in touch with the leading film companies, as listed herein, and have something very definite to offer them when you do.

A. W. E., KANSAS.—There is no such company that we know of.

N. K. N., ROCKTON.—The film companies are companies like any other business house, and they hire their employees in the same manner. Letters to them are of little avail: you must make a personal application.

J. C., CHATTANOOGA.—Address Carlyle Blackwell, Lasky Feature Play Co., Hollywood, Calif.

HERE'S ONE FROM Montrose, Pa.: "To Mary Anderson, The Vitagraph Doll, Sweet as forget-me-nots, fond and true, Fair as the roses, nodding with dew. When we are lonely, sad and blue, We go to the movies, just to see you." From K. D. and B. W. (G. V. B. begged us to be more considerate, Mary, so don't blame him).

When a Feller Needs a Friend

I HAVE heard and wondered if Charles Chaplin, the Keystone comedian, is really dead. Would you be so kind as to give me a little information on the subject, as I like Mr. Chaplin, very well indeed.—*T. H., Flushing.*

I am very anxious to ascertain the truth or falsity of a rumor current in this locality, namely, that Charlie Chaplin, in doing some of his stunts recently, fell and broke his neck.—*L. W., Dayton.*

Say, is it true that Charlie Chaplin's dead? Every second person I meet tells me so, but I don't believe it.—*Prycella of Montreal.*

Is Charlie Chaplin a married man?—*A. E. K., Jeffersonville.*

I heard Charlie Chaplin, the Essanay star, was killed from a fall is it true he is married?—All in one sentence from *Gretchen of Toledo.*

There is a rumor afloat here that Charles Chaplin (Essanay) was killed while doing some of his funny stunts. Regardless of the justice involved, tell us whether it is true. (And that also came from Toledo.)

I have heard Mister Chaplin was killed by falling off a cliff while playing in a picture. Is it true Mister Chaplin has been killed? (From Brooklyn.)

Somebody told me that Broncho Billy sat on Charlie Chaplin the other day and that he's out of commission as a result? Tell us the answer, quick.—*F. R. P., Milwaukee.*





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GREATER BOSTON.—(Don't make your name so long next time, we had to boil it.) Now, as we've told so many others, if you want to know what each company wants, get in touch with them. Business is business, and direct contact always produces better results.

E. M. D., WATERLIET.—Same to you as to "Greater Boston." Write the companies yourself and get acquainted. If you've got something to tell the film companies, go ahead and tell it to them. Don't depend on other people to do it for you. Remember this, however, never submit a scenario without a short, snappy synopsis. Read what Captain Peacocke says. If you send a complete scenario as well as the synopsis, so much the better, but never forget the synopsis.

T. V. S., MERIDIAN.—Are Alice Joyce and Tom Moore separated? Dr. Watson, the needle, quick! Did you read the first article in May PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE—well, then why in the world do you ask such a question? And we did not say that Mary Pickford and Owen Moore are divorced; no, indeed: the Famous Players Company fear for their lives when Mr. Moore is "detained downtown on business."

B. G. T., RICHMOND.—Sorry your letter was not received in time for an answer in the June issue. However, you will have to be content with the answers to "Greater Boston" and "E. M. D."

R. H., BALTIMORE.—We have destroyed our April "copy" and can't say to whom we did refer in the answer to Miss G. F. of Baltimore.

MISS G. E., COLUMBUS.—Your questions are answered just as soon as possible in PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE. You see, the forms for the magazine are all closed three weeks before it appears on the news stands; the June forms closed on April 10. The pool of fire scene in "The Hidden City" was produced by the most extraordinary methods of optical illusion, and to explain it would take pages. Miss Ella Hall is not Mrs. Leonard, and, further, she is still Miss Hall. Neither is Miss Cleo Madison married. George Larkin is with Features Ideal; J. Warren, Warren and Jack are all officially Mr. Kerrigan. Herbert Rawlinson is married, but Miss Anna Little is still fancy free.

A. J., EMINGTON.—White stationery is the best for all general purposes, and in sending manuscripts it is preferable to use an envelope about the 4½ x 9½ size, enclosing one for the return of your scenario if not accepted. The reason for using the large envelope is plain: the manuscript need be folded only twice and is easier for the editors to handle. Double space your lines, and leave at least an inch margin, an inch and a half being better still. Any stationery store handles just such stationery as you will need.

B. H. H., HANCOCK.—We must refer you to our advertising columns for books on scenario writing.

A. R., SALT LAKE.—King Baggot has been interviewed in PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE and probably will be again before many months. He is appearing in a great many pictures at present, but your local theaters are not booking them for some reason.

J. H. W., PROVIDENCE.—Inasmuch as you are only sixteen we suggest you finish school before you think about going into the movies—you may want to be a constable or a bank president; how do you know?

E. C., DETROIT.—You don't need to worry about your scenarios in the hands of the companies you mention—they are entirely reputable. Essanay's address is 1333 Argyle St., Chicago. The companies all pay about the same for material they really want.

T. A. S., KNOX, PEORIA.—Your manuscripts merely are not the sort desired by the companies to whom you have submitted them. While it is true, perhaps, that well known authors, on account of their recognized ability and their established prestige, command a more ready recognition, still the newcomers will always command attention if his manuscripts warrant it.

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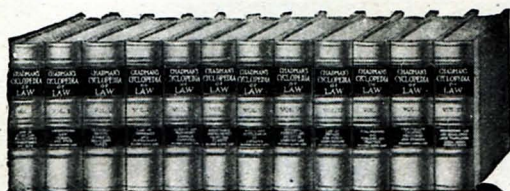
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J. W., ST. LOUIS.—If you saw an item in a St. Louis paper that Ruth Stonehouse is married to Francis X. Bushman, it was very bad misinformation. There is no truth in the statement whatever. Ruth has a perfectly good husband already.

AMORETTA, BRIDGEPORT, CONN.—J. W. Johnson took the part of Kearney in "The Rose of the Rancho," a Lasky film.

S. J. S., RED BANK, N. J.—Francis X. Bushman isn't in Chicago any longer and you will have to address him in care of the Metro Pictures Corporation at Santa Monica, Calif.

F. B., SPRINGFIELD.—Captain Peacocke will give you a glossary of scenario terms shortly, and those words will be defined therein. Crane Wilbur is said to claim Athens, N. Y., as his home town, whence, perhaps, his classic beauty. He is not married and is still with Lubin. Creighton Hale and Arnold Daly are unmarried.

P. H., KANSAS CITY, KAN.—When the public starts mixing the two national pastimes the situation becomes serious; even the war loses its thrill for the moment. Is P. A. Powers one of the owners of the Newark Federal League Club? He is not.

G. B., BALTIMORE.—Edna Purviance is playing opposite Chaplin. The leads in "The Siren's Reign" were taken by Alice Hollister, Anna Nilsson, and Harry Millarde.

ESTHER, ST. LOUIS.—William Lake in "The Deep Purple" is Milton Sill. Alice Joyce's sweetheart in "The White Goddess" was Arthur Albertson. Miss Joyce was born October 1, 1889.

H. R., BECK, ST.—Mary Anderson is the flower girl and model in "Twice Rescued."

RAMBLE, MINNEAPOLIS.—"Gyp" the gunman in Zudora was Alexander Hall; the Earl of Bassett in "Gretna Green" was Willmuth Merkyl; Faith (the sister) in "The Dancing Girl" was Lorraine Huling, and the young Barrister in "The Governor's Lady" was Tom Forman. The "Governor's Lady" however, is a Lasky play, not a Famous Player release.

F. R. W., CHICAGO.—The Selig California studio is at Glendale. You read about Kathlyn's home in the June PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, so that's answered. The Selig Company spell it "Thomas Santschi," and they probably know.

S. C., CHICAGO.—"Beauty to Burn" was an entirely fanciful story, but the plot is laid in and around Chicago, which accounts for the familiar places you mention.

L. B., EDGEWATER.—Your loyalty to Mary Fuller is highly commendable, young man; glad to hear you say so. Your other questions are answered under the foregoing replies and we will just thank you most sincerely for your words of appreciation.

GLADYS, SAN JOSE.—Marguerite Clark is still with the Famous Players and probably will continue to be associated with their plays. Harold Lockwood, however, is now with the American, and we have heard nothing that would lead us to believe he contemplates returning to the Famous Players. It is a first class house you attend, if they book a great many feature plays.

H. J., EVANSTON.—Sorry, but this column isn't wide enough for a picture of Roscoe Arbuckle; you'll have to turn to the March issue.

LEO, NEW YORK.—The cast of "The Millionaire Caddy" is as follows: *Harry Page*, a rich young idler, William Stowell; *Clarence Forbes*, Harry's rival, Edwin Wallock; *Doris Wilson*, a society belle, Adele Lane; *Jarvis Wilson*, her father, Joe Hazelton, and the old *Caddy* is C. C. Holland. Ruth Stonehouse's husband is not in the movies. Neither Anita Stewart, Earl Williams, Norma Talmadge nor Antonio Moreno is married. Just "Questions and Answers, PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, Chicago." We play the game twenty-four hours a day and we're sure to get your letters.

ZELASO.—Marguerite Courtot is not a sister of Alice Joyce—no relation.

LUCILLE, SYRACUSE.—Mignon Anderson is still in the photoplays, appearing with the Thanhouser folks. Beverly Bayne has not been interviewed in **PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE** for quite awhile; she is appearing in releases constantly, so that it is out of the question to say which is the most recent. No, Anita is not married. Thanks; it is through our friends that our circulation has increased at the astounding rate it has.

MISS B., AKRON.—Better keep away from that "movie actresses wanted" ad; just a tip, that's all. No, we've never heard of that company. (Heaven protect the working girl.)

MILDRED, BOSTON.—You are quite right; half the interest in the pictures lies in knowing who the players are. If you know the hero is so-and-so, he is a hundred times as real. Your suggestion in regard to the stories has been under consideration for some time.

J. C. R., MEDFORD.—House and Page Peters are brothers, and Blanche Sweet is not married, the June issue to the contrary notwithstanding.

F. W., NEW YORK.—The cast of "Life's Shop Window" is as follows: Claire Whitney took the part of *Lydia*, Walter Hitchcock that of *Helen*, Stuart Holmes that of *Barnard*, and Theresa Michaelena was the *Indian Woman*. Certainly, any time.

FRIEND FROM KALAMAZOO.—Joseph Kaufman and Ethel Clayton play opposite each other in the Lubin releases. At present they are appearing in domestic drama features produced by Lubin, and their handling of this exceedingly difficult subject is remarkable. "The Blessed Miracle" is, perhaps, the best known of these films.

J. E. B., WINNIPEG.—In "At Dawn" the character of *Sykes* was taken by George Seigmann, and the *Filipino maid* was, of course, Billie West. *The Panther* in the play by that name was Walter Edwards, *Julie Ledru* was Louise Glaum, and *David Brandt* was Frank Borzage. William Garwood is a confirmed bachelor.

A. B. C., ST. LOUIS.—The Fairbanks twins (better known as "The Thanhouser Twins") are thirteen years of age. Jimmie Cruze and Marguerite Snow have been married about two years and a half. Mr. Cruze was formerly on the legitimate stage. *Hassan Ali* of "Zudora" fame is John Lehnberg. Lila Chester is unmarried.

TO STILL THE YEARNING HEARTS of our readers we give, in answer to many inquiries, the casts of "The Pretty Sister of Jose" and of "Wildflower." "Wildflower"—*Letty Roberts* ("Wildflower") was Marguerite Clark, *Arnold Boyd* was Harold Lockwood, *Gerald Boyd* was James Cooley, *Bud Haskins* was Jack Pickford (brother of Mary and Lottie), and the *lawyer* was, to wit: E. L. Davenport. "Pretty Sister of Jose"—*Pepita* was the role assumed by Marguerite Clark, *Jose* was Jack Pickford, their mother was Edythe Chapman, their grandmother was Gertrude Norman (NO! not Mabel!) the *Padre* is William Lloyd, *Sebastiano* is Rupert Julian, *Sarita* (a distant cousin of Sarsaparilla) is Teddy Sampson, and *Manuel*, you know, is Dick Rosson. There! we've gotten that out of our system.

CRANFORD, B. C.—*Teola* in "Tess of the Storm Country" is Miss Golden; in "The Locked Door," *Ethel's* father is Edward Elkas; *Etha of the Footlights* is Mary Charleson. No, Clara and Earle Williams are not related. Earle Williams and Anita Stewart took the leads in "The Right Girl." And so it goes.

FAMOUS PLAYER, PHILADELPHIA.—*Sylvia* in "A Bachelor's Romance" was Lorraine Huling. James Kirkwood is reported to be unmarried. At present he is in the South, filming.

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B. B. MANCHESTER.—Marguerite Clark is with the Famous Players, having appeared in their features many times of late. You may address Violet Mercereau of the Universal Studios, Los Angeles, and Miss Dorothy and Miss Lilian Gish at the Reliance-Majestic Studios, in the same city. The last paragraph of your letter has been turned over to the Editor.

NERO AND HIS FIDDLE were no more care free and oblivious to burning Rome than certain people are to the present day United States: we have received a couple of “Seen and Heard at the Movies” from the Democratic National Headquarters! We are glad, however, that they can find some little ray of good cheer.

B. A. C., SPRINGFIELD.—We believe that you will be better pleased in every way if you send your scenarios direct to the producing companies, than to send them to any intermediary company. Get in touch with your customer yourself—that's what all business houses endeavor to do. Of course, thousands of scenarios are rejected each year, but there are a great many accepted. It is solely a question of merit, and an adaptability to the company's needs.

E. C. M., WINGATE.—The Keystone Company says that they receive an average of fifty scenarios each day, and that the average number returned is over forty-nine. That indicates the difficulties in the way of success in this field. There is no way of telling what may be the reason for the non-return of your manuscript. We would write the company again, enclosing stamped envelope.

F. B., N. Y. C.—We have made diligent inquiries among the various magazine companies and we regret that we can get no trace of such a magazine as you mention. You are out of luck, it appears to us. Wish we could have gotten it for you.

E. S., MARION, S. C.—Photoplay Magazine has no stories for sale from which scenarios may be written. You probably have in mind the various fiction stories which appear each month, but these are written from the scenarios, as the plays are being produced.

SOMEBODY SAID that Slippery Slim intended to become a model for pretzels in a pretzel school, but we doubt it; probably Idle Gossip.

MISS H. A. C., WATERTOWN.—You can do nothing toward securing a position with any of the moving picture companies without calling at their employment offices personally. There are any number of film companies in Los Angeles and vicinity, but there is a bumper crop of aspiring stars. A rather complete list of the studios is given herein after.

W. M. O., AUGUSTA.—No, the producing companies do not advertise for scenarios, for the simple reason that they are flooded with manuscripts. It is on account of this vast number of manuscripts, many of which are absolutely worthless for any purpose whatsoever, that several of the companies will not read scenarios submitted by persons not members of their own staffs, but rely entirely on their editors, who know their players and their needs.

K. P. C., DORCHESTER.—You must get in touch with the companies and find out by experience what are their wants and their actual requirements. If you are going into scenario writing seriously you can not depend upon others for advice of this sort—find out from the companies themselves. Mary Pickford's sister, Lottie, has already returned to the films, and is the bright luminary in the “Diamond From the Sky,” a serial now running. Lottie's friends are very enthusiastic over her ability. You stole a march on us—we try never to decide bets, but of course, we have to answer questions! Keep your eye on Captain Peacock: you'll get some real instruction from his articles.

J. L. H., NORFOLK.—Your friend is not in the movies at present. Your other question is answered under “When a Feller Needs a Friend.”

A. F. EVERETT.—Address Arnold Daly, Creighton Hale, Pearl White and Edwin Arden at the Pathe Exchange, 25 West 45th St., New York City. You are digging into the past too much in your other question.

L. S. WASHBURN.—No, even though you might be a type, we'd not advise you to trail Broncho Billy. We sometimes doubt whether he keeps a very serious lookout at that; it is just as we have told many others—Don't! But if you must, you've got to go to one of the employments offices of a company.

ANNA M. SAN FRANCISCO.—Your interest in Walthal and Mae Marsh will undoubtedly be rewarded in the next few issues of PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE. Your appreciation of "The Birth of a Nation" is very real—it is the appreciation of all who are permitted by the censors (bless their dear little minds) to see it. Its success in New York City has been marvelous and at the present the Chicago censors are pondering over the question whether our citizens are of sufficient mentality to view it without its ruining them. You may address Miss Marsh in care of the Reliance-Majestic studios, in Los Angeles. Did you see her in "The Avenging Conscience"?—just a little part, but Mae Marsh—that's sufficient.

F. L. SMITH, NEWARK.—We know of no absolutely unflammable film on the market, but perhaps some of our readers may. We'll see.

M. D. WEST, BROOKFIELD.—Pauline Bush is Peggy in "All for Peggy." Pictures of all the players you refer to have appeared in recent issues of PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE and more will appear in the near future.

BABY MINE, COVINGTON.—You have apparently chosen an appropriate title; and it is because we don't want to encourage youngsters to run away from their homes and mammas that we universally discourage would-be Pickfords and Bushmans. Take a good night's sleep and you'll feel better.

B. C. LITTLE ROCK.—I turned your guesses on the lips over to the Contest Editor and he's going to look them over. Hope they are right. We'll have some more puzzles for you before long; don't be impatient.

ESTELLE D. C. ORANGE.—You might perhaps be able to visit one of the film studios, but probably not. They have work to do, and a great deal of it, and the companies find that they cannot throw their studios open to the public.

FRANCES X. C. ALEXANDRIA.—Beverly Bayne comes from Minneapolis. Francis X. Bushman is not a nom-du-theatre, but is his real name. Sorry you couldn't guess more of the lips. You'd be surprised, indeed, to see the heaps of answers, and how in the world you fans can guess so many of them is a mystery to me. It just shows how interested you really are.

ROXIE THE FIRST.—Lorraine Huling took that part in "A Bachelor's Romance." Hazel Dawn is starred in "The Love Route."

AN HONEST CRITIC.—Players are selected for various parts because of their qualifications, not because they are or are not married to each other. Yes, the Famous Players are among the leading companies. Mary Pickford has a sister Lottie (in "The Diamond From the Sky") and a brother Jack.

H. D. OTTAWA.—Earle Williams is not married; an interview with Marguerite Clark will appear before many years; we don't know the plans of your Essanay friends, they have not been announced. It is strange that some of the players are opposed to having their marriages known.

J. B.—You will have to stick to it and show them that you are really determined. Perhaps you may land it.

OAKY.—You're a regular literary camel, but for heaven's sake have pity on the Answer Man. How'd you like the interview with your Indifferent Idol? Hope we can give you one equally as good on your Selig friend before long.

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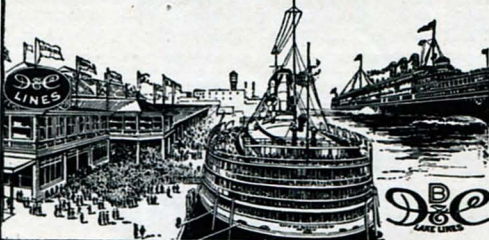
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JOYCE-LOCKWOOD ADMIRER.—You have been correctly informed, for Marguerite Clark was born in 1887 and Pauline Frederick in 1884. In one of the answers above we talked about Anita's eyes and you will have to read that; we understand that she is furious at Earle Williams for his remark; all of which leads us to believe they are brown! No, we won't publish your questions if you don't wish us to, nor use your name in answering.

VITAGRAPH FAN.—House Peters' wife is not in the movies. The picture of Anita and Earle Williams, on page 46 of May PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, is from the Vitagraph film, "The Phantom Sweetheart." We'll have some more contests before long.

E. F., NEW YORK CITY.—Don't see why it takes nerve to ask for an interview with Violet Merseaux; wish you had spoken about it before, for you will have to wait a little while now. But be patient.

KITTY OF VANCOUVER.—House and Page Peters are brothers. House is married, but not to a player. Come again; you Canadians are great fans.

MARGARET E. P., SCHENECTADY.—Write Mr. Romaine Fielding, Phoenix, Arizona, about the Pansy Club. We admit that your shadow is magnificent, and apparently growing none the less. Better leave that ice cream alone; guess it isn't good for you. You are a great little discoverer, and thousands of others are making the same discovery about PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE'S leadership.

CAPTAIN PEACOCKE.—We want to say just a word for the benefit of Captain Peacocke. The Captain is a mighty busy man, and he has found that he cannot take the time to go over your manuscripts and scenarios, and if you send them in for his criticism they will have to be returned to you. His department endeavors to cover every point of general interest, but of course there are so many that it will take a number of issues. We suggest that you make a scrap book for his articles and file them away, perhaps making notes on the margins so that it will be easy for you to refer to points quickly and easily. In this way you will have a book made up on the subject, and it should cover practically everything in the field.

P. F. B., NEW CASTLE.—You will have to wait a little for an article on William E. Shay; we have not had one on him for a long time, but he is about due for a write-up.

E. D. C., PHILADELPHIA.—Crane Wilbur and Pearl White are not married to each other, nor to anyone else.

L. M. R., SALEM.—For that list of companies you are referred to the next few pages. You will find all the names there that you can possibly use.

C. H., OXFORD.—You ask whether the day of the amateur movie writer is past? It is, only in this sense: the producing companies have come to realize that the public demands high class photoplays, and the mediocre scenario is no longer acceptable to any of the editors. When the movies first appeared they were looked upon very lightly; anything was material and anybody was considered able to act before the camera. The day of the "ham" is so nearly closed that it may really be so considered, and the same is true of low grade scenarios. You must secure permission from the author in order to make a scenario from a copyrighted story. Lubin will send you a sample scenario if you will send return postage.

G. M. T., KINGSTON.—Richard Travers is unmarried and may be addressed at 1333 Argyle St., Chicago.

J. P., KANSAS CITY, MO.—House Peters is; Earle Williams is not; nor is Marguerite Clark, nor Blanche Sweet, nor Lillian Gish, nor Mary Fuller, nor Harold Lockwood.

MISS M., WM.—She was; they were specially posed "in her own backyard."

L. O. T., BENTON HARBOR.—Pronounce it "Kew-nard," accent on the last syllable. We have not received an announcement of Florence Lawrence's return to the photoplays as yet.

T. J. B., SYRACUSE.—The interviews with the players are written sometimes by specially engaged writers, or, as is more usual, by some of our staff writers who are in the section of the country where the players may be. Beverly Bayne and Earle Williams are unmarried; Ruth Stonehouse is married.

JACK, DAYTONA, FLA.—You may address Earle Williams and Anita Stewart care Vitagraph Co. of America, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Harold Lockwood, care American Film Co., Santa Barbara, Cal.; Marguerite Clark, in care Famous Players Film Co., and Edith Storey, in care of Vitagraph. We've listed Estabrook for early attention.

BUSHMAN'S GREAT ADMIRER.—That clipping you sent us is very interesting, but we do not think it should be taken literally. The writer probably intended merely to convey the idea that Mr. Bushman had moved his entire household to California, and that his stay will be permanent.

J. M. W., PADUCAH.—Edna Purviance is the girl who played opposite Charlie Chaplin in "The Nitely Elopement." The individual introduction of each well known player, as practiced by Edison in many of its films, adds interest and personality to the pictures.

J. L. G., WASHINGTON.—We shall answer you as we have J. M. W., just above.

E. K., NEW YORK.—If you had read the heading of this department you'd never have asked that question; it's none of our business and we must decline to meddle in it.

S. G., NEW YORK.—Same to you as to Paducah and Washington.

F. V., HOUGHTON.—Marguerite was born in 1887, according to Hoyle and the last census. Don't know when we'll "chatter," rather believe in Darwin's theory of evolution. Vivian Rich is not married, and—who is Bosworth's wife! For the love of—Mrs. Bosworth, of course. She is known professionally as Adele Farrington and was a very noted actress of the legitimate stage.

M. D. C., KANSAS CITY.—Harold Lockwood and Marguerite Clark are both unmarried. Rosemary Theby is not the wife of Harry Meyers. House Peters is married to a non-professional. Earle Williams is not married. Carlyle Blackwell is married to a non-professional.

A. O. R., HARTFORD.—The only way to do is to write them up in scenario form and submit them to various companies.

E. D. J., JR., BOSTON.—"Essanay" stands for the two initials "S and A"—Spoor and Anderson.

F. M., MUSKOGON, MICH.—Lottie Pickford is married to a non-professional.

H. A. K.—Matt Moore is a brother of Owen and Tom. Blackwell is with Lasky now.

A. H., FAIRMONT, W. VA.—No, those pictures did not appear in PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.

W. A., N. Y. C.—Mack Sennett was one of the original Biograph Company before going with the Keystone. That is why the reappearance of the old Biograph releases is creating so much interest. Mary Pickford, Blanche Sweet, Florence LaBadie, Mae Marsh, Lillian Gish, Henry Walthal, Robert Harron and David Griffith are all former Biographers.



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Studio Directory

For the convenience of our readers who may desire the addresses of film companies we give below a number of the principal ones:

UNIVERSAL FILM MFG. CO., Mecca Bldg., New York City or Los Angeles, Calif.

THOMAS A. EDISON, INC., Orange, N. J.

ESSANAY FILM MFG. CO., 1333 Argyle Street, Chicago, or Niles, Calif.

FAVORITE PLAYERS FILM CO., 213 West 26th St., New York City, or Los Angeles, Calif.

KALEM COMPANY, 235 West 23d St., New York City; Jacksonville, Fla.; or Hollywood, Calif.

LUBIN MFG. CO., Indiana and Twentieth, Philadelphia.

MUTUAL FILM CORPORATION, 71 West 23d Street, New York City, or Los Angeles, Calif.

SELIG POLYSCOPE CO., Garland Bldg., Chicago, or Glendale, Calif.

VITAGRAPH COMPANY, Locust and East 15th St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

THANHOUSER FILM CORPORATION, New Rochelle, N. Y.

BOSWORTH, INC., 220 West 42d St., New York City, or Occidental Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif.

LASKY FEATURE PLAY CO., 120 West 41st St., New York City, or Hollywood, Calif.

ECLAIR FILM CO., 225 West 42d St., New York City.

PATHE EXCHANGE, 25 West 45th St., New York City.

RELIANCE-MAJESTIC, 29 Union Square, New York City, or Hollywood, Calif.

KEYSTONE COMPANY, 1712 Allesandro St., Los Angeles, Calif.

BIORAPH COMPANY, 807 East 175th St., New York City.

N. Y. MOTION PICTURE CORP., Longacre Bldg., New York City, or Santa Monica, Calif.

CALIFORNIA MOTION PICTURE CORP., San Francisco.

GAUMONT COMPANY, 110 West 40th St., New York City.

KRITERION, 1600 Broadway, New York City.

WORLD FILM CORPORATION, 130 West 46th St., New York City.

GEORGE KLEINE, INC., 166 North State Street, Chicago.

FOX FILM CORP., 130 West 46th St., New York City.

AMERICAN FILM CORPORATION, 6227 Broadway, Chicago, or Santa Barbara, Calif.

M. F. L. MONTCLAIR, N. J.—House Peters' wife is a non-professional. A picture of their home in Hollywood appears in the July issue of PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE. Mr. Peters was formerly on the stage before becoming a devotee of the camera, in its many phases. Your letters of inquiry are very welcome.

MASARU TANAKA, HONOLULU.—The Million Dollar Mystery has not been published in book form as yet, incidentally increasing the mystery.

R. D. LACONIA, N. H.—In Lubin's "A Double Roll" Raymond McKee and Frances Ne Moyer took the leads. Arthur Housman, William Fables and James Harris took the leading parts in Edison's "It's a Bear." The two latter were the man and the bear, who changed places, the tramp becoming the bear and vice versa.

RANDOLPH, UTICA, N. Y.—The cast of "Frauds" is as follows: Zelda—Edna Mayo; Kendrick—Bryant Washburn; Eldridge—Thomas Comerford; Mortimer—Royal Douglas; Daisy—Peggy Sweeney; Crawford—Addison Maderie; and the sheriff is Harry Dunkinson.

F. J. T., SEATTLE.—The cast of "On the Stroke of Twelve": Irene Bromley is Gertrude McCoy; Her Aunt Ellen, Mrs. Wm. Bechtel; Arthur Colby—Richard Tucker; Sidney Villon—Bigelow Cooper; Villon's valet—Wm. West; Henry Holden, Villon's clerk—John Sturgeon; Rupert Hazard, the inventor—Duncan McRae; the Judge—William Rice; the District Attorney—Robert Brewer; Arthur Holmes, defendant's attorney—Robert Kegerreis; The Detective—George Wright.

U. OF C., BERKELEY.—In "The Lily of Poverty Flat," Lily is Beatriz Michelena; Joe—Frederick Lewis; Col. Starbottle—Clarence Arper; Sanchez—D. Mitsoras; the desperado—James Leslie; Lily's mother—Nina Herbert; Truthful James—Frank Hollins.

R. M. C., ST. LOUIS.—The Pike's Peak Films Company have advised us that they are no longer in the market for scenarios as they are heavily overstocked.

R. L. S., CHICAGO.—The desert island scenes in "Hearts Adrift" were taken in California.

MRS. C. E. G., GALVESTON.—There is a list of film companies given in this issue and we refer you to that. Read the first part in "The Back of the Book" about John Bunny. However, you ought to see the older releases of him as they reappear. You must address Mary Pickford in care of the Famous Players.

P. S., UTICA, N. Y.—We can supply the October PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE on receipt of 15c in stamps. About thirteen or fourteen episodes in the new "Exploits of Elaine." The Pathe studio is at Bound Brook, New Jersey. We shall try to give you those pictures as soon as possible. Pearl White has been married.

W. J. S., DENVER.—The moving picture industry, as any other good business, is already infected with the wild-cat-stock plague. In this or the next issue of PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, Mr. Paul H. Davis, who is recognized as one of the leading authorities in the country on the financial end of the moving picture industry, will have an article on this subject.

C. R. R., KANSAS CITY.—Kay-Bee, Broncho and Domino brands are produced by the New York Motion Picture Corporation at Santa Monica, Calif. The Mutual producing companies are the New York Motion Picture Corporation, the American Film Manufacturing Company (American and Beauty brands), Santa Barbara; Thanhouser Film Corporation (Thanhouser and Falstaff brands), New Rochelle, N. Y.; Majestic Reliance (producing the films of those two names), Los Angeles; and the Keystone Film Company (the famous Keystone comedies). The film companies publish no lists of film wants. "The Script" will probably give you as much information as any publication there is.

269-B., NORFOLK, VA.—We have told the Editor about Joe King, and you'll have to watch the result.

ADMIRAL, WASHINGTON.—Charlie Murray is Keystone's "Hogan" and King Baggot is with the Universal Company. You are wrong on the next remark you make. Mabel Normand is not married to Mack Sennett. Your information is incorrect. Both are single. The blonde playing opposite Charlie Chaplin is Edna Purviance.

C. J. S., PROVIDENCE, R. I.—In another place in this department you will find the list of companies you desire. Here's the other list: Alice Joyce, Kalem Co., 235 West 23d St., New York; and Helen Holmes, Kalem Co., Glendale, Calif.; J. Warren Kerrigan, Grace Cunard and Theda Bara, Universal City, Los Angeles; Pearl White, Pathe Frères, Bound Brook, N. J.; Maurice Costello, Edith Storey, Antonio Moreno, Earle Williams and Helen Gardner, Vitagraph Company of America, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Francis X. Bushman, Metro Pictures Corporation, Santa Monica, Calif.; Edna Mayo, Beverly Bayne and Ruth Stonehouse, Essanay, 1333 Argyle St., Chicago; Betty Hanson, Fox Film Co., 130 West 46th St., New York City; Ruth Roland, Balboa Amusement Producing Co., Long Beach, Calif.

E. V. A., KANSAS CITY.—George and Dolly Larkin are brother and sister.

J. A. W., NORFOLK, VA.—If you send a large stamped envelope it is sufficient; if more postage is necessary, you will have to pay it when the letter is delivered to you. The Biograph and Selig companies advise that they can no longer supply sample scenarios.



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CURIOSITY OF OTTAWA, CANADA.—The various actors are paid according to their ability and the advertising value of their names, perhaps. Most of them will not agree with this, however.

D. R., CUBA, N. Y., and I. M. P., N. Y. C.—In just a little while we'll tell you all about Henry Walthall.

PHILADELPHIA FAN.—PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE is always glad to look over manuscripts for possible use in its pages. I think you are a little too anxious about your manuscript, and probably by the time you read this you will have heard from the company to which you sent it.

D. E. B., PASSAIC, N. J.—The list of companies you desire was published in the June issue and also appears in this number.

W. E. O., PHILADELPHIA.—The same to you. You probably saw the list before your letter reached this office.

E. H. S., PLYMOUTH, WIS.—In "Runaway June" June Warner is Norma Phillips, Ned Warner is J. W. Johnson, Gilbert Blye is Arthur Donaldson, Tommy Thomas is Marguerite Loveridge, Charles Cunningham is Charles Mason, Edwards is Ezra Walck, Mrs. Villard is Elizabeth Drew, Marie is Evelyn Dumo and Anna is Grace Ady.

M. O. S., LOS ANGELES.—We have commented on the information you gave us and thank you for it. Kerrigan is appearing in current Universal releases.

SUNDANCE, WYO.—We advise you to write to some of the companies listed in this department, but you had better plan to take a trip to one of the movie camps.

R. MCM., GARDENVILLE, N. Y.—Friends! Well, I guess we are, we're good friends already. "I feel we are going to be friends for a long, long time." That is the spirit—come again. Address Ed Coxen, care American Film Mfg. Co., Santa Barbara, Calif., and watch for his picture later.

M. F., DAYTON, OHIO.—Your questions are answered under several other heads and we refer you to them.

L. T. D. H., BILLINGS, MONT.—We can find no record of Marshall P. Wilder as a photoplayer, and rather doubt that he appeared in the play you mention because of the fact that he was a lecturer rather than a player.

J. S., STRONGHURST, ILL.—Write to Florence LaBadie, care Thanhouse Film Corporation, New Rochelle, N. Y., and Marguerite Snow, in care of the Metro Pictures Corporation, 1463 Broadway, New York City. Better send 25c each for pictures, however.

A. M. R., MIDDLEBURY, VT.—The Million Dollar Mystery has not appeared in book form so far, though one of the Chicago publishers tells us that an edition is contemplated.

L. J. M., BALTIMORE.—Your letter has been referred to the Editor, and he says, "We'll have to see what we can do for them."

G. E. AMITY, OREGON.—The scene actually happened as it appears, with no faking of any sort. Pearl White is twenty-five.

L. M. S., ROCKFORD, OHIO.—The Perils of Pauline were a Pathe feature in serial form.

P. T. P., CALIFORNIA.—The Essanay company that Charlie Chaplin is playing with has moved from Niles to Los Angeles.

W. H. S., JR., MONTGOMERY, ALA.—Cleo Madison is with the Universal Film Mfg. Co. in Los Angeles and she is unmarried. Grace Cunard speaks perfect English in spite of her French birth. Gerda Holmes is the wife of Rapley Holmes, but neither are with Essanay at present.

M. A. C., WATERLOO, N. Y.—Baby Cruze took part in the Million Dollar Mystery, but of course it was a very little part! The Thanouser dog belonged to Jack Harvey, but has died since the Million Dollar Mystery was solved.

YOU WOULD BE SURPRISED to know the large number of people who write photoplayers asking for free pictures. Many of these people are not even thoughtful enough to send return postage. It has cost one of our player friends a staggering sum to send photographs to admirers and the company with which she is playing will not repay her for any part of this because it feels that she and not the company is receiving the advertising from it. When you write your player favorites send at least enough to pay postage, and you should send sufficient to cover the cost of the picture as well—a quarter and postage will nearly always do so.

A. B., BELDING, MICH.—With all her art, with all her charm, with all the love she has won in the hearts of our people, Mary Pickford, the original American Maid, has a wonderful array of crimes, felonies and misdemeanors to answer for, to-wit, she has inspired more people with the wild desire to become photoplayers than there are players before the present day camera. Again the Answer Man sends forth a frantic "Don't." He has been reading the wonderful adventures of "Mollie of the Movies" and hopes the screen struck will do the same: from such as "Mollie" oh, Lord, deliver us. Why do they do it?

D. C., PHILADELPHIA.—Mrs. Bryant Washburn is Mabel Forrest and she appears at times in the Essanay pictures. Ella Hall, Mary Fuller, Anita Stewart and Earle Williams are not married. "Harry Wilkerson" in the Master Key is Harry Carter.

JAWN, PORTLAND, ME.—A good letter; we like that, there's some punch to it. No, we are pleased to ease your brooding heart by saying that Blanche Sweet is not married. But Mabel is not either; don't care what anyone says, she isn't. That's all. Tell us what release your arch Keystone blonde appears in and we will do the rest. Call again in your fantastical mood.

A. F. S., PAUL'S VALLEY, OKLA.—Most of the addresses you ask for are just a little way ahead, but Mary Fuller's address is Universal Film Mfg. Co., 1600 Broadway, New York City; Mary Pickford's, Famous Players Film Co., Los Angeles, Calif., and Anita Stewart's, Vitagraph Company of America, Brooklyn, N. Y. Sorry we can't answer you direct.

MAGGIE PEPPER, ROCHESTER, N. Y.—That's an immense way to express your appreciation; we thank you. About Farnum, you will have to wait a very little while, because the Questions and Answers does not want to scoop the Editor.

KATHERINE E., NORFOLK, VA.—We have told the Editor about your wish for an interview with Grace Cunard and believe he is capable of being persuaded.

HORTENSE, ST. LOUIS.—Well, St. Louis, we like to get such letters as yours—something in them besides hoos married to hoo. Do the players work Saturdays and Sundays? Like any industry that depends on the Weather Man the work has to be done when the skies are clear and that means, many times, Sunday work. Most of the players lunch near the studios whenever they get the time. Now about those baby pictures: how did we get them? In some cases we wheedled the players into loaning them to us; sometimes we had to ask mother to loan them; and the rest we borrowed from the film companies, who probably in turn borrowed them from the players. Pretty nice little stunt, don't you think? Pearl White is not married now; that is the authentic information, and if her summer plans include falling in love, you shall know about it later. Her home address is, like that of all the players, a profound secret, as otherwise they would be annoyed to distraction. However, the Pathe Freres studio is at Bound Brook, N. J., which is very near New York. Better write her again.



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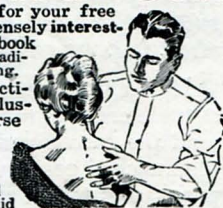


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Interviews

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OF PRACTICAL INTEREST

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By Paul Hazlitt Davis
Wall Street Authority

Studio Lighting

The Magic and the Magicians
of Electric Sunshine.

THE LITTLEST FAVORITE—A reigning queen of four.

FICTION

"The Picture Gang"—

first of Johnstone Craig's series of
Motion Picture Detective Stories.

"The King of the Movies"—

That long-delayed Mason-Lasky
Novelty, promised for July.

AND A WHOLE VOLUME OF TIMELY TALES

All the News

Personalities

Superb Illustrations

"Use Sempre Giovine"

Says
Ruth Stonehouse
Film Star Actress

"After having used Sempre Giovine for my complexion a long time, I can say with all assurance that everyone who is seeking a superior skin cleanser should use *Sempre Giovine*. The Pink Complexion Cake is delightful. It is so convenient and it keeps my skin and complexion in perfect condition—soft, smooth and clear. All my friends, as well as myself, swear by *Sempre Giovine*."

What better assurance of merit can we ask than this heart to heart message from charming Ruth Stonehouse?

Sempre Giovine

(Pronounced Sem-pray Jo-ve-nay, Meaning "Always Young")

A thoroughly superior skin cleanser—entirely different from anything else. It freshens the skin—restores a healthy glow to the cheeks—clears the complexion.

Comes in cake form—convenient and economical. Simply applied. Just rubbed gently upon the face and wiped off with a towel. All impurities come with it.

Ruth Stonehouse—her friends—all women who know—use "The Pink Complexion Cake." Why not you? Ask for a cake *today* at your favorite toilet counter.

A Miniature Cake Free

Send for a liberal 7-day cake of Sempre Giovine today. First results will astonish and delight you. Sent upon request. Enclose 4c in stamps to defray charges of mailing, and include your dealer's name. Write today.

Marietta Stanley Co.
Dept. B146 Grand Rapids, Mich.

Miniature Cake Coupon

Marietta Stanley Co. Dept. B146, Grand Rapids, Mich.

Please send me a seven day cake of Sempre Giovine. I am enclosing 4c in stamps to cover cost of mailing.

Name

Address

My Dealer's Name

